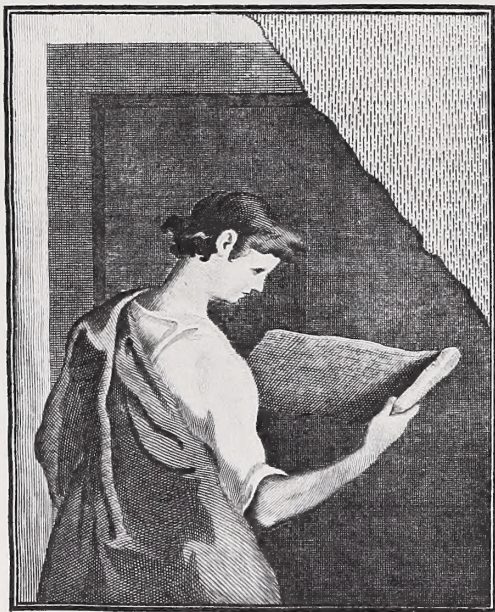



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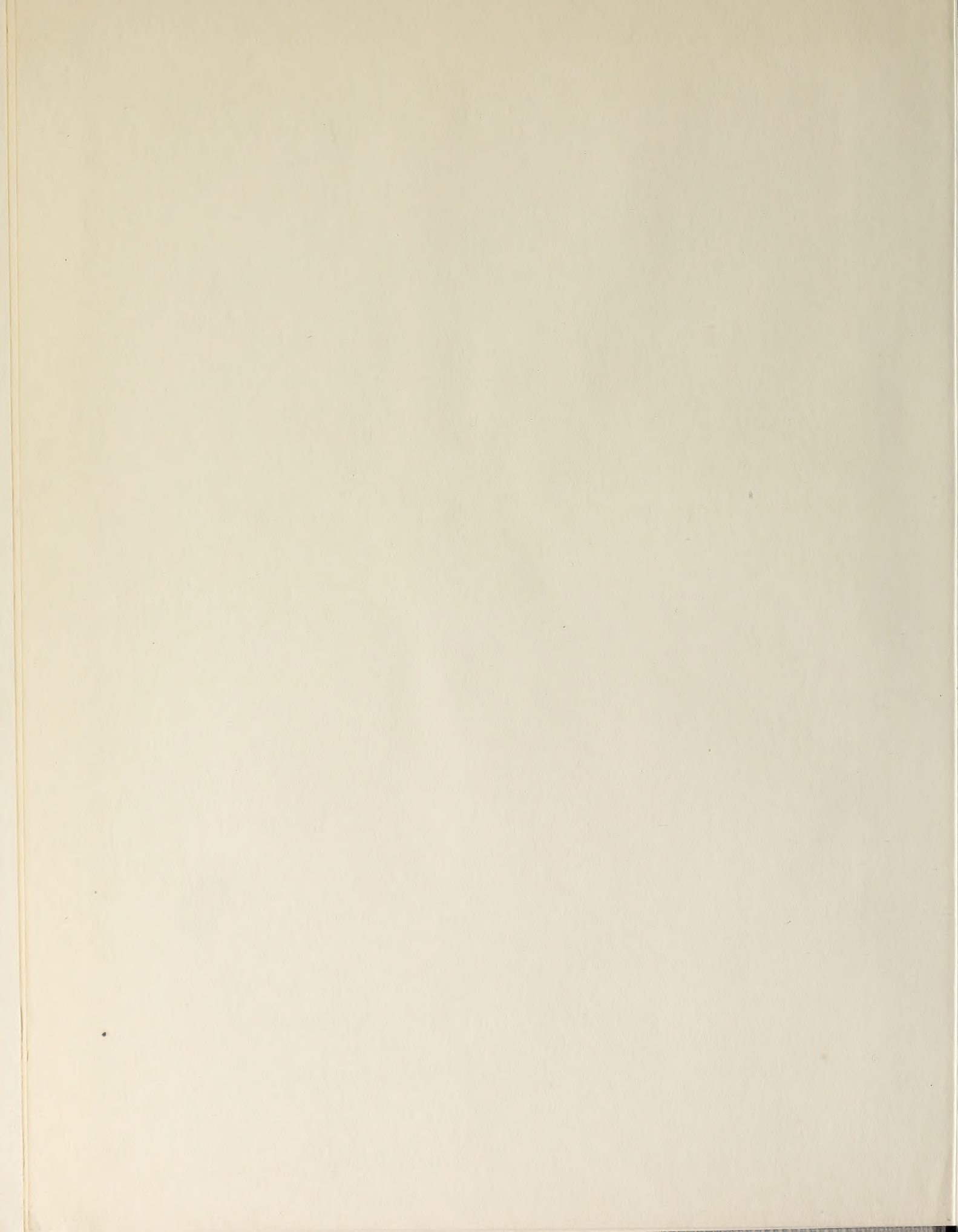














# THE ARTS

VOL. IV, No. 1

JULY, 1923



THE ARTS PUBLISHING CORPORATION  
211 EAST 19<sup>TH</sup> STREET, NEW YORK CITY

*fifty cents a copy*

*Five dollars a year*



# BOUND VOLUMES *of* THE ARTS

THE publication of this issue of THE ARTS marks the ending of the first half year of publication under the present management and the completion of volume number three.

Many of our readers have expressed a desire to have their copies of THE ARTS bound so that they may be kept for permanent reference purposes. Arrangements have therefore been made to have the magazine bound in volumes of six issues.

The first six numbers of 1923 are now in the process of binding. The cover, in stiff cloth, will be a pleasing blue of a slightly darker shade than the cover of the regular monthly issues. The title of the magazine will be lettered in black type on the front cover and the number of the volume lettered in black on the back of the book.

In the front of each volume will be bound a title page and index which will make it possible to locate any article in the volume quickly. The book will be constructed in every detail so as to appeal to the best taste and will be a valuable addition to the library of anyone interested in art.

Inasmuch as we are binding only a limited number in addition to those for which orders have already been received you should not delay sending in your order. All orders for this volume will be filled as they are received until the supply is exhausted.

The price including the copies is \$6.00. If you have these six issues intact, however, you may return them to us in exchange for those supplied in the volume. This will mean a reduction of \$2.50 from the above price. All carriage charges are extra.



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# NEW ARCHITECTURE *in* NEW YORK

. . . "New York's architecture is its own in conception and in fulfillment. It is indigenous and can be matched nowhere else in the world. Like all great art it has grown from the conditions of our life and may be considered by us, as it is by all visitors from foreign parts, as an expression of our composite genius." . . .

*Extract from New Architecture in New York*

By CHARLES DOWNING LAY



Mr. Lay's appreciative article on New Architecture in New York will appear in THE ARTS for August. It will be illustrated with several original photographs by the distinguished artist, Charles Sheeler.

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## WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A MODERN PICTURE?

PAINTING and sculpture are the only two arts which, in their contemporary manifestations, people are permitted to overlook while still retaining some sort of claim to cultivation. A person whose bookshelves held nothing later than Thackeray would be a curiosity. Even in our schools and universities boys are taught something about contemporary literature.

But the fact seems to be entirely ignored by some people that many of the best minds in the world today are expressing themselves through the mediums of painting and sculpture, and that to shut ourselves off from the revelations of these best minds is to deprive ourselves of untold pleasure.

Just as you couldn't possibly imagine not having contemporary books in your library, so really you shouldn't be able to imagine living in rooms that are entirely barren of contemporary art.

One of the most wonderful rooms in New York is a room whose walls are decorated by a modern American painter. And in that room Chinese sculpture, paintings by

CÉZANNE, drawings by INGRES and various other examples of art, separated by time and race, live together on the happiest terms.

There is not the slightest doubt about it, a house without any contemporary pictures is a house that is half alive. When we close our minds to contemporary thought we have stopped living, and the painting and sculpture of today are important branches of contemporary thought.

Why deprive yourself of all the fun? Would you like never to see a present-day play or read a present-day book? Why live without present-day art? It's one thing to see a picture in a gallery and quite another to have it in your room where you can look at it often and get the full joy of it.

Every season in New York there are inspiring exhibitions of contemporary art. But don't be just a gallery trotter. Make up your mind that next season you will buy at least one work of art by a living artist—not to "encourage" the artist, but simply for the joy of it—because you want to!



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# THE ARTS

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## AUGUST

NEW ARCHITECTURE IN NEW YORK, *By Charles Downing Lay*  
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MEETING OF ST. JOACHIM AND ST. ANNE (Detail)  
*Arena Chapel, Padua*

GIOTTO

# THE ARTS

VOLUME IV

JULY, 1923

NUMBER 1

WHEREVER painters congregate you can hear, at one time or another, an attack upon the architects, who, by many painters, are considered the most insidious enemies of contemporary art. To put roughly the gist of one painter's recent attack, it amounted to this:

"The architect is trained as an imitator and is afraid to stray far from precedent. He is afraid that if his clients should enliven their houses with modern paintings he might find himself involved in the problem of creating an original setting. To escape the danger he cultivates in his clients a taste for that which is old and accepted and which consequently can be arranged in a soporific harmony for which there is a well-established precedent. Whenever possible he builds his rooms in such a way and desecrates them so ingeniously that contemporary paintings are shut out. He is also ignorant about modern art because the books haven't told him just what to do with it and because he knows that an original modern work would disturb the deadness of his own imitative construction."

But the architects have a few complaints to make on their side. I told an architect what the painter had said about his noble profession and he did not like it at all. His words came out too fast for memory, but I did catch a few phrases. They are not calm or collected, but they are warm:

"Ignorant! Why, if architects were as ignorant about painting as painters are about architecture New York would be a desert. We wouldn't have any buildings.

"We architects have to practice our profession. We can't 'search' and 'experiment' until we are old men. When we build a house it has to be a house that can be lived in and that meets certain conditions of life as it is lived today.

"I can't put up a little imitation cubistic hut and then convince people that they ought to be able to live in it because I have created for them something absolutely original. A lot of good it will do them if I've forgotten to put a bathroom in it.

"I'll build you a house such as you never saw before. It may not have any bathroom or coatroom or stairs or cellar, and it won't be fit to live in, but it will be an unique creation of form, I guarantee."

At this point the architect gesticulated and, as it were, moulded in air a most amazing structure.

"That's what your painter friends are doing. They are out there alone doing just what they want to do without any regard whatsoever for the living problems of other people. They think their little unique canvases are the whole solution of life, and if you gave them a job like decorating the new Bowery Savings Bank on Forty-second Street they would not know how to go about it."

Such were a few of the pleasanter remarks that my friend the architect made. He used some profanity that I have left out for the good of the country. And he said something about a lurid ambition he had to take those painters with their overgrown egos and lock them up in a room with some of his clients, and see where their egos were when they came out.

I almost decided that he didn't like painters particularly when he finally blurted out:

"If your painter friends would think a little less about their egos and get a little more in touch with life they might learn something."

I don't know why he accused me of having painter friends. If I have I hope they won't allow my architect friend's display of anger to pass unchallenged.

FORBES WATSON.





THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT  
*Assisi, Lower Church*

GIOTTO



THE MIRACLE OF THE SPRING  
*Assisi, Upper Church*

GIOTTO





CHRIST APPEARS TO MARY MAGDALENE (Detail)  
*Arena Chapel, Padua*

GIOTTO



CHRIST APPEARS TO MARY MAGDALENE (Detail)  
*Arena Chapel, Padua*

GIOTTO





ST. FRANCIS GIVING HIS MANTLE TO A POOR MAN  
*Assisi, Upper Church* GIOTTO



RETREAT OF JOACHIM TO THE SHEEP-FOLDS  
*Arena Chapel, Padua*

GIOTTO



# THE BACH FESTIVAL AT BETHLEHEM: AN EXPRESSION

By MRS. FRANK HOWE RUSSELL

**C**HIMNEY stacks lifting their sheer black line to the sky. Groups of them in geometric patterns of straight upstandingness. Lines of them marching down the acres of flat bottom land which borders the twists and turnings of the Lehigh River. Miles of arid, dun-colored ground, hard-trodden. Masses of begrimed architectural shapes cubistically fitting into one another in hard unyielding outline—and about and around and over all—a never lifting haze of smoke. Some such is the first impression of one who travels to Bethlehem and the Bach Festival in late May of any year.

The Bach pilgrim usually arranges to stay the night between the two days of the Festival. In spite of the careful work of the Bach Festival Bureau, Bethlehem's one new hotel is a miniature chaos of meeting friends, renewed acquaintance, demands for rooms and yet more rooms, and a demoralized luncheon service running perilously on towards four o'clock.

There are those who still cling to the old ways—still delight to find lodgment in some welcoming little house, with its bisque ornaments, its Dutch spotlessness, and even still, occasionally, its feather bed!

From such a background one wanders forth, tuned to rejoice in the old world Bethlehem; the shaded red brick pavements; the narrow little side streets showing neat front lawns, some charming doorways, and glimpses of garden loveliness. One goes, of course, to the Moravian settlements in the heart of the town. The pleasantest approach is by way of the old graveyard which lies between New Street and the parochial school—across the wide gravel path and under the over-arching trees, past the old graves of bygone Moravian days, the flat headstones marking scarcely a break in the green covering. One sits here sometimes in the early evening after Saturday's Mass is over, watching the moonlight through the trees, resting in the quietude and in the curious sense of space that is tangled in one's thoughts with Wisdom. Through the graveyard and down a little slope to the squarely-built white plaster church with its enchanting cupola and clocks. It is from high up in this cupola that the trombones announce the festivals and anniversaries of the Moravian Congrega-

tion. It was from high up in this cupola that they once sounded the chorales which still usher in our Festival. Inevitably with the remembrance comes regret—the setting is so perfect—and that music is so rightfully its crowning glory. How should they have gone astray, one from the other?

Inside the church the Quaker-like bareness is filled with glad remembrance, for the Moravians have many "love-feasts" which are fraught with spiritual beauty and significance. Standing in the sun-lighted room one pictures the Christmas Eve service. It is at six o'clock and wholly wrought of song—the noble shapes of the chorales, the age-old hymns with their marvellous words. There comes a moment when all the congregation sings:

"Praise the Lord whose saving splendor  
Shines into the darkest night."

The doors are thrown open and trays of lighted candles are brought in. Little beeswax candles in tissue paper holders, one for every child, they shine with a pure, radiant light; and at the close of the service the children carry their lighted candles out into the night.

Here, in this quiet spot, removed from the drive and bustle of the new Bethlehem, one grows in understanding, for Mr. Wolle is a Moravian; the simplicity and strong beauty of those old chorales are his spiritual inheritance; he, too, as a little child, must have carried his lighted candle.

Below the church and a few steps further down the street is the picturesque center of the Moravian community life; the widows' house with the remains of its once charming gardens, the "single sisters'" house, built about a grass quadrangle and boasting a sun-dial over the center door. All of the old world these, each stone instinct with the memories on which those first Moravians sought to build their new-world Bethlehem. One looks with delight—would linger—unaccountably drifts by, for no extension in time and space comes out to meet one and bridge the gulf between the then and now; they stand revealed quite simply, two picturesque old houses on either side of a commonplace little street, for in that passing moment the imaginative glow is gone. And all at once one's understand-

ing floods—Aliveness! and the meaning of that Bach music—breaking through tradition, going where it needs must go, singing its message to those who, having heard, have turned to hear. And with the knowledge, pitifulness toward the old Moravian ideal which would shut its music from the world; toward the childishness which could think to rebuild its church so that the Bach Festival might find no place within it.

One turns from these thoughts, for half past three draws near, and the way lies back across the river over which we came. For, on Dr. Wolle's return from California (that abortive attempt to be free of old associations which after seven years of travail ended where it had begun), the Festival flowered again, against the old background to be sure, but in a new environment. Upon the reorganization of the choir, the Packer Memorial Church of Lehigh University became the new home of the Festival. There, at the edge of the wide campus which stretches hillward, reaching higher and higher levels until it merges into the woodland beauty of Sayre Park, the people gather from many distances, year succeeding year. Here, during the intermission between the sessions the audience disperses itself to sit under the trees, or wander over the campus and into the woods beyond. In Christmas Hall, one of the oldest of the college buildings, a light supper is served, a custom reminiscent of old world festival seasons.

A taxi will whirl one down Main Street, across the bridge, and into the center of the Festival throng in three minutes time, but by far the happier way is to take the car which travels down New Street (the name itself, a pleasant sound) past the old graveyard wrapt in serenity, across the bridge which spans the bottom lands, until 4th Street and "far as we go" joins one to a veritable pilgrim band. From this point New Street climbs the hill to the church, and as we go upward there drops down to us the sound of the first chorale calling to worship.

Under the trees the people gather; the chorus at the side door forms in lines of black and white and disappears; the sound of the trombones fades away and the listeners move slowly towards the church. Inside the rustle of adjustment lingers, subsides. A figure almost unnoticed slips from the choir room to the conductor's desk. There are moments of intense stillness. The Festival is begun.

To hear a Bach Festival is at once a glory and a fulfillment, but the beginning of understanding lies in the hearing of many Festivals past and to come. So only can one commence to grasp the significance

of the genius which so recreates Bach's music that light may shine into the hearts of men.

For it would seem that, while man cognizes an objective three-dimensional universe, handling with no misapprehension its material realities of length and breadth and thickness, his subjective knowing still bears the hallmarks of the two-dimensional world. Within the fastnesses of his soul he revolves upon "a plane surface," thinks "on a line," and sedulously excludes the third dimension of feeling from his mental concepts. As a phenomenon of evolutionary development this wears no strangeness, but for the average musician it has its drawbacks, for music is a spiritual reality of four-dimensional space for which he is lacking his three-dimensional point of contact. Having developed no word picture in which to define what he feels, he is forced into definition of what he thinks, and there results a technical jargon in which tone-quality, phrasing, the massing of effects and many others, originally intended as symbols, have become acceptable in lieu of the music itself.

From this dimensional confusion arises a musical absurdity, for as "things in themselves" these values do not exist. Being inherent in the emotional impulse which creates them, they cannot be perceived apart from it, yet we think that we do so conceive them, and from their contemplation we have schooled ourselves to derive a certain assurance and satisfaction.

In the B Minor Mass as it unfolds under Dr. Wolle's direction, we are face to face with a spiritual reality before which the lesser thinking shrivels away. Rather must we reverently search within ourselves for those hidden springs of light from which that music lifts, for amazedly we recognize that "the former things have passed away," giving and receiving, we are no longer audience and performer, but one in the wholeness of the creative impulse.

What, then, is this impulse and from whence does it take rise? Let us suppose for a moment that those who tell of four-dimensional possibilities have spoken verity—that entity is not a flash in the dark of separateness, but a vibration of light in the group consciousness through which it travels. If this were true the genius mind, inevitably foreshadowing man's further knowing, might, in its moment of "aliveness," see the world consciousness of that moment "whole," and, like a burning glass, transmit that greater light through the medium of an art-form tuned to respond to the all including vibration. Because no deflecting word or other picture intervenes between the emotion which gives



rise to its form and the form itself, music might be such a medium. Because his vision lifts beyond the need of individual expression, beyond our nationalistic boundaries of time and space and, in its wider understanding, sums up the past and holds within itself the future, the music of John Sebastian Bach could be so tuned. And to those who see in our immediate world problem, not alone the breaking up of an outworn social and political order, but the inevitable on-sweep of evolutionary force striving to establish man's consciousness at a new and higher level, the Bethlehem Bach Festival will come each year with a majesty of self-revelation from which there is no appeal.

The man who has wrought this thing is probably unconscious of the miracle, for genius does not analyze its impulses. But it is perhaps significant that, in response to many appeals that he edit the Bach scores, Dr. Wolle has steadfastly refused, giving as his reason that performance can never be twice the same, and "marks of expression" faithfully followed one year would be useless the next. Of undoubted meaning is the conception of the programs. Remembering that these are planned twelve months before they are given, it is with something like awe that, turning back to the Festival season of 1917, six weeks after America went into the war, we read the list of cantatas given on the Friday afternoon and evening:

"To Thee He Hath Shown, Man, the Right Way";  
 "The Spirit also Helpeth Us"

"For we know not what we should rightly pray for;

Therefore the Spirit for us intercedeth with inexpressible groanings,

The Searcher of hearts ever knoweth the mind dwelling in the Spirit,

Because He pleads for all the saints  
 According to the will of God."

"From Depths of Woe I Call on Thee";

"Watch Ye, Pray Ye";

"Give the hungry man bread,

And them that are desolate bring to thy house.  
 If any thou seest naked, so cover him.

Hide not thyself from thine own flesh."

"Let Songs of Rejoicing Be Raised";

"When Will God Recall My Spirit";

"Sing to the Lord a Glad New Song."

And our second year of war, 1918:

"My Spirit was in heaviness and deep affliction,  
 But, Lord, Thy consolations have my soul restored."

"World, Farewell!"

Actus Tragicus: "God's Own Time Is the Best."

"Now Shall the Grace and the Strength, and the Rule, and the Might of our God and His Christ Be Declared."

Tombeau: Ode of Mourning, with its closing chorale sung by both choir and audience.

"Wake, my heart, the night of dread

Fades before God's day flying.

Christ hath risen from the dead

Death's relentless night defying;

Stilled is now my soul's unrest,

Through Christ's grace the world is blest."

Magnificat.

Two years later, the note of warning:

"There Is Nought of Soundness in All my Body";

"How Brightly Shines Yon Star of Morn";

"Sing Ye to the Lord a New-made Song";

"Sleepers, Wake!"

Again that sense of awe as we realize that the Friday sessions of the last two years have been given to the Passion Music—in 1922 the more dramatically human of the two, the Passion of Our Lord according to St. Matthew; this year, that marvellous record of spiritual vision, the Passion of Our Lord according to St. John.

But it is the second day of the Festival which our hearts await, for it is through the music of the Mass that fulfillment comes. It has seemed sometimes as though the Friday sessions were in reality a gathering up and fusing of the forces which, during the past twelve months—laboring, devising, hoping, fearing—have made and remade man. What has it meant, this world struggle—how far have we come upon our quest? And with that first cry of the Kyrie we know—for through it sounds the heart of all the world; in exaltation, in anguish unspeakable, in triumphant self-assurance, in the quiet of a deeper knowing, and only a few weeks since, a self knowledge clear-eyed and reverent as it beholds the new world itself creates.

The giving of the Mass in May, 1918. A year of war and the meaning of war, a year of increasing knowledge of the spirit and the meaning of togetherness. How should one speak of "tone quality" when the agony of a tortured humanity cried aloud "Kyrie Eleison" and again "Christie Eleison"—how tell of "massed effects" when the spiritual willingness of a crucified world breathed through the "Crucifixus," to be suddenly transfigured above all earthly things in the music of the "Resurrexit"?

Then May of the succeeding year—the year of armistice which brought no peace. The cantatas of that Friday are full of the gladness of our ongoing:

“The Lord Is my Shepherd”;  
“I With my Cross-staff Gladly Wander”;  
“O Teach me, Lord, my Days to Number”;  
“The Lord Is a Sun and Shield”;

and in the evening, a deeper vibrancy of the same living fire,

“Bide With Us, for Eve Is Drawing Onward”;  
“Strike, oh, Strike, Long-looked-for Hour”;  
“Thou Guide of Israel”;  
“O Light Everlasting.”

But as the music proceeds we are aware of a growing disquiet within us, for an untoward thing is happening; where there should spring a multi-colored radiance, a curiously brittle quality in the chorus tone has sharpened and defined the lines of sound. Disturbed and questioning we listen. Does the trouble lie with the choir itself or—startled, we glimpse it—could it be that something in the soul of man makes war upon that music? With a feeling in our hearts strangely like fear we wait upon the morrow, and then, at the beginning of the Kyrie, happens an astounding thing—for at the moment of gathering up the chorus for the first attack, the slight figure of the conductor is suddenly contorted as though it wrestled with a demonic power—a terrifying instant of suspense—and with the release, a wave of sound sweeps through the church and into the beyond—a cry of repentance, a heart-broken plea for mercy such as the world will never hear again.

Two years later, and these things are forgotten. Our country, disentangling herself from internationalism, has gone back to “business as usual” and prosperity looms again on the near horizon. Never, surely, has the Bach Festival achieved such brilliance of performance. Before the assured tone of the choir technical difficulties vanished away—with an unanimity of attack, of climactic effect, of all the words of our two-dimensional jargon, the voices leagued themselves together and marched triumphantly through chorus after chorus. We had not known that the Bach scores boasted such timpani, such strident, blatant brass. In the “*Cum Sancto Spiritu*” the voices mounted with such thrilling security that the director ceased to direct, while the chorus pursued its own way to a superb close. And here, for the first and only time in the history of the Bach Festivals, the audience burst into a storm of applause.

Self knowledge and with it the group consciousness—but as the “Hosanna” thundered forth we saw a world which looked with level eyes at God, and saw there its own image.

Only, the “*Credo*” bedrocked on each tremendous beat, unshakable, steadfast, strong.

One did not go to the old graveyard that evening, but sitting on the grass above the roadway, surveyed a world in ruins—while the younger generation of the campus, returning from a ball game, covered one’s festival garments with gasoline and dust.

But on the homeward way, remembrance—“*Credo in unum Deum*”—might it be—

In the late May of the year 1923, we come again from many distances to Bethlehem.

During the past two years, despite our country’s increased prosperity, civilization has been at a deadlock and the question of its possible disintegration has been argued pro and con. From historical and biological analogy, cause and effect have been deduced, and we have witnessed the extraordinary spectacle of a race raised to the high places of the intellect, using its equipment to pronounce upon and further its own doom. The dispassionate nature of the contention has been its most alarming feature—against that un-resilience the light of our inner knowing shattered itself in fragments again and again. But of late—is it reality or only a mirage of the world longing—here, there, everywhere, a sense of something lifted.

The deep questioning in our hearts is linked today with a near anxiety, for it seems incredible that Mr. Wolle, recently so ill, can sustain the strain of the Festival, or that the chorus, lacking several weeks of training, can support the demands the conductor makes upon it. Yet in the afternoon session, only a lack of margin bore witness.

The St. John Passion is that one deeply loved of those who know Bach’s music. Linked with human experience but lifted above the realm of human drama, it prefigures that moment in the divine consciousness of man when separateness and at-oneness strive together that wholeness may be born.

The greater part of the Passion itself is narrative, and the poignancy of the recitative in its intervallic lift and fall, is a marvel of sustainment. Across the telling of the story break the ejaculatory choruses of the multitude, flaying, scourging. From out the heart of it sing the chorales. Never, perhaps, will music again fulfill itself so simply, so wholly, as in those utterances of Jesus—“Whom seek ye?” “I am He.”



The Passion opens with a chorus, whose words lead to the high places of the spirit:

"Lord, our Redeemer, Thou whose Name in all the world is glorious, show us in this Thy Passion, that Thou, the true and only Son for evermore, e'en from humiliation sore, dost rise victorious."

But the music! From what wholeness does it spring? We listen with growing amazement—for those melodic voices, contrapuntally conceived, meet, fuse and lift in the harmonic beat-progression of our modern world.

It was in the second half, the evening session, that what we dreaded became apparent; imperceptibly the chorus tone lost in color, imperceptibly the tempo slackened; little by little the throbbing, springing beat of it dropped in vitality and volume

—it was so tired, so physically spent. Then, realization of a strange thing—the story of the narrative continues, in a beauty and pathos undiminished, and all within the church sing the chorales with gladness. Does it help? Who can tell of those things—we only know that through the Resurrection chorale which closes the Passion, "Aliveness" lives again, and the glory of that prayer shines round us, and we are comforted.

At the beginning of Saturday's session, the still expectancy in the church is upgathered in the last chorale of the trombones. As it draws to its ultimate close, the choir rises, wave on wave, the figure of the conductor gradually becomes a focal point of inner fire, and blending, obliterating the last tone of the chorale, the first Kyrie sweeps out upon us.



SCULPTURE (Stone)

CONSTANTIN BRANCUSI



SCULPTURE (Marble)

Photograph by Charles Sheeler

CONSTANTIN BRANCUSI

## CONSTANTIN BRANCUSI

*A Summary of Many Conversations*

By M. M.

NOTE: The writer has attempted to limit himself to ideas suggested to him in conversations with Brancusi, but these conversations were in no sense formal interviews.

THE work of Constantin Brancusi is the expression of a cosmogonic conception. Like the sculptors of the Middle Ages who put into their art their meditation, their prayer and all the hope of their lives, Brancusi puts into his sculpture the philosophic system of a modern monist and the spirit of the philosophy of an old Taoist. His art absorbs all his intellectual life.

For Brancusi, art does not exist by itself. From its beginnings to its modern conception, art has been an instrument for the propagation of the religious

idea. The artist has been the fanatic who knew how to materialize the visions of his faith. The greatest masterpieces of the past synchronize with the periods of the greatest religious exaltation. The exaltation past, decadence always followed, and that decadence invariably fell into imitative realism.

In other times it was faith that by necessity created art; today it is art that creates by itself a faith that is necessary to us, for the day has not yet arrived in which man, conscious of the universal beauty, will not need art to satisfy his æsthetic needs, and in which, free from all conventions and prejudices, he will get directly from nature what he can only get now through art.



Long ago, religion gave to man a conception of anthropomorphic forces, creators of all things, and men revealed through art the personification of those divinities; today philosophy makes us conceive of an unique generative act, an universal law, impersonal, undefined, from which emanates all that exists. It is that universal law that art must manifest, conforming its principles to the principles of that law, breaking away from conventions which are now useless and misleading.

To give the sensation of reality, even as nature gives it to us, without reproducing or imitating, is today the greatest problem in art. To create an object that gives by its own organization, is what art aims to realize, and to do that it must enter into the universal spirit of things, and not limit itself to the imitation of their images. A work of art thus conceived, tends towards absolute equity, and absolute equity is the perfect expression of beauty.

In the past, faith built up, unconsciously, forms adequated to religious sentiments; today art consciously creates forms to express the principles of the universal law.

We do not yet appreciate the sculptural quality of nature. Beauty in nature still remains closed to our comprehension, and art alone can give us the key to the understanding of beauty.

From the forms of the microcosmos to those of the macrocosmos, nature's variety of sculptural conceptions reaches the infinite. But in its infinite conception of forms, nature follows an invariable and constant law. Each one of its forms is a living being, an individual having its own life, its own inevitable character. Art must enter into the spirit of nature and create, as does nature, beings with forms and lives of their own.

If art must enter into communion with nature to express its principles it must also follow the example of its action. Matter must continue its natural life when modified by the hand of the sculptor. The plastic role that it naturally fulfills must be discovered and preserved. To give matter another role than the one that nature intended it to have, is to kill it.

Wood, for example, is already and under all circumstances inherently sculptural. One must not destroy it, one must not give to it an objective



A VIEW OF BRANCUSI'S STUDIO

resemblance to something that nature has made in another material. Wood has its own forms, its individual character, its natural expression; to want to transform its qualities is to nullify it and to render it sterile. And the same thing happens with other materials such as stone, marble and metals; they must all continue their own lives, when, from natural sculptures they are developed into artificial sculptures under the thought and labor of man.

Matter should not be used merely to suit the purpose of the artist, it must not be subjected to a preconceived idea and to a preconceived form. Matter itself must suggest subject and form; both must come from within matter and not be forced upon it from without.

Generally, sculptors proceed with matter by addition when they ought to act upon it by subtraction. To use a soft material and keep on adding to it until the preconceived form is attained and then to inflict it upon a hard and permanent material is a crime of lese-matter. All materials have within themselves the sculpture that man wants; he must labor and get it out, eliminating the superfluous material that covers it. Sculpture is a human expression of nature's actions. The artist should know how to dig out the being that is within matter and be the tool that brings out its cosmic essence into an actual visible existence.

Anthropomorphism has made man reproduce himself to express the natural and the supernatural. Full of the idea of his own self, he has disregarded the life of matter.

In the early times of Christian art the artist understood the plastic possibilities of the stone. Their greatest sculptures, the cathedrals, were abstract sculptures, non-representative, but with a definite and concrete significance. Representation appeared in the cathedral in the form of man, animal and plant, but these were adapted to the stone, they were details of the great unity and equity of the ensemble. Those visionaries, exalted fanatics, wanted to render visible the harmonies of the universe,

their abstract monuments included the illustrations of their rituals for their better understanding, but it was the stone that commanded the forms of those illustrations. When fanaticism waned and religious art became the "mirror of nature" imitation soon brought art to its death.

The African negro savages also preserved the life of matter in their sculpture. They worked with the wood. They did not wound it, they knew how to eliminate the unnecessary parts of it to make it become a fetish sculpture. And the African wood sculpture remains a living and expressive wood under a form given by a human feeling.

Christian primitives and negro savages proceeded only by faith and instinct. The modern artist proceeds by instinct guided by reason.

Art was before the door entering the realm of mystic divinities. One could read at the entrance of the religious monuments, "You who enter here, uplift your soul to Heavenly things." Today art opens the door to enter into the creative principle, into the absolute beauty of the universal law.

Those who have preserved in themselves the living harmony which exists in all beings, their own nature, will not fail to understand modern art, for they will vibrate to the feeling of nature's own laws.

Nothing has done more harm to modern art, and as a matter of fact to all art and healthy reason, than the avalanche of pseudo-artists who, having nothing to say, have wanted to speak a language of which they knew nothing. Let us not mistake modern art with modern artists, let us not mistake reality with appearances.

\* \* \*

These are the ideas of Brancusi. This is the philosophy that keeps him at work, hatching, as he puts it, the beings for which he lives.

The first man to write a treatise on the Eternal Principle and its Action, was the old Taoist of whom we only know that "he loved obscurity above all things and that he deliberately effaced all trace of his life." Brancusi is the first man to put into sculpture the monistic ideas of this great philosopher.







SCULPTURE (Wood)

CONSTANTIN BRANCUSI



SCULPTURE (Wood)  
*Collection of Mr. John Quinn*

CONSTANTIN BRANCUSI





SCULPTURE (Stone)  
*Photograph by Charles Sheeler*

CONSTANTIN BRANCUSI



SCULPTURE (Marble)  
*Collection of Mr. John Quinn*

CONSTANTIN BRANCUSI





SCULPTURES

CONSTANTIN BRANCUSI



SCULPTURE (Wood)  
*Collection of Mr. John Quinn*

CONSTANTIN BRANCUSI





SCULPTURE (Marble)  
*Photograph by Charles Sheeler*

CONSTANTIN BRANCUSI



SCULPTURE (Wood)

CONSTANTIN BRANCUSI





SCULPTURE (Wood)

CONSTANTIN BRANCUSI



SCULPTURE (Metal)  
*Photograph by Charles Sheeler*

CONSTANTIN BRANCUSI





SCULPTURE (Metal)

CONSTANTIN BRANCUSI



SCULPTURE (Wood)  
*Collection of Mr. John Quinn*

CONSTANTIN BRANCUSI



# FRAMING AND HANGING OIL PAINTINGS

By CHARLES DOWNING LAY

ALL our solicitude for art and the artist will produce but a meagre result unless we buy current works of art. The reason we do not buy them for pleasure as we buy automobiles, furniture and clothes is, I think, because we do not know how to use them. We act as if every picture were a million dollar Rembrandt, that is, property, instead of being, as it should, a simple thing of no great value to be enjoyed and, if we like, thrown away. This serious attitude toward pictures as property discourages everyone and makes them unduly important, so that we buy them with too great care and are discouraged by the problem, which has been made too serious, of framing and hanging them afterwards.

This, indeed, is a problem which has been too much for the buyer as it has been for the architect and the interior decorator, who constantly evade it and furnish their rooms in ways which require less intelligence. The good taste of our people has been so emasculated by teaching that often they do not know what to do with a picture if they get one. They see the incongruity when it is placed on their damask walls, but they know not how to make it fit. Yet a few trials and their native feeling will probably solve the difficulty. It is not unlike getting a pair of new shoes. Some walk out in the first pair, some make many trials and others have theirs made to order. The pictureless room of today was, too, a revolt against Nineteenth Century habits of plastering a wall with pictures from floor to ceiling and brought in many ways relief. But the pleasure in pictures is too great to be given up entirely, and I think I see now a returning interest in pictures as a part of the pleasure of living too great to be foregone.\* The popularity of landscape wall papers is only one sign of a reviving interest in pictures.

We cannot propagandize for art, teach it in the schools, fill our newspapers with it and still keep it on cold storage in museums. It must some day become familiar and a thing to be kicked about the home.

The first annoyance in using pictures in the home is in the frame, and in this, artist, dealer, architect and decorator are seldom of any help. Yet it is usually the frame which offends our taste in a Nineteenth Century picture, as it does to a lesser degree in those of today. The fat and over-ornamented mouldings of the end of the Century annoy us now.

Reframe a Nineteenth Century picture and the chances are it will look better. Whistler knew how to frame, but his frames will not serve every purpose and sometimes seem a little dull. If pictures were sold without frames it would be easy to find one to suit picture and room.

Frames must not offend by glaring incongruities of style and one should not suppose that a frame which will be right in a house of the early Republic will also serve in a Louis XV boudoir. It must also have that subtle quality of unobtrusiveness combined with a pleasant aspect. Further, it should be of a quality to suit the picture. An obviously cheap frame on a worthy picture is always disturbing. It must above all be suitable in size, in moulding, in decoration, in color, for the picture. These are quite obvious conditions, yet how seldom do we see them perfectly fulfilled? There are no rules for success in framing. Good pictures outlast the taste in frames and deserve a new dress once in a while. It requires only some patience and feeling for the surroundings and for the beauty of the picture itself, which will develop quickly if we cease to regard them without exception as property.

Hanging the picture is a delightful adventure. It must have a wall space of agreeable size or be in a group which is itself in proportion to the space around it. The light in which a picture must be seen we all know must come from the same direction as it does in the picture, but we should go further than this and pay some attention to the color and intensity of the light. I have found that some pictures look better in a cold northern light, like that of the studio, where they were painted and that others are more pleasing in a sunny room. Some pictures, too, must have less light than others and look best in a dark corner, not because they have defects to hide, but because the diminished light brings out their full beauty. It seems to me that a brilliant open air picture requires a brighter light than an indoor portrait.

The color of the room, of the furnishings, of the bric-a-brac, have an influence on the appearance of the picture, and a good combination can be found by experiment. One might perhaps buy pictures for a definite place in the room as over a mantel, but if one buys for love of the picture, which precludes buying them to fit spaces, it is easy to move it from spot to spot and to change its surroundings

\* See *Interior Desecration*, *Sat. Eve. Post*, April 7th, 1923.

until the right place and associations are found. I do not like the fixed picture which is always in the same place, but like to move pictures from room to room and find that I see them with new eyes and discover new beauties when they are in new places. This may be trouble for some people and is, perhaps, impossible in a house with period rooms, but in a house which is all of one style it is a charming occupation to change to another frame or another wall, which for the time may give a new idea of the beauty of the picture.

As the Philadelphia Madeira fancier of former days used to spend his Sunday morning in the attic sampling and decanting, so the picture lover might now spend the time rearranging his favorites!

One serious annoyance in hanging pictures is that our furniture is often too high. As one sits most of the time when indoors one should not be forced to look up to see pictures but should have the bottom of the picture not far above the level of the eye. This brings the chair rail on which the bottom of the frame should rest not more than thirty-six to forty-five inches above the floor. No pictures should be hung above a five-foot bookcase or highboy. I dislike, too, the custom of tipping the top of the picture forward, and believe it is unnecessary when pictures are hung low. They look better flat on the wall, but the easiest and pleasantest way is to stand them on a shelf or low bookcase, which obviates wires and makes rearranging easy.

In arranging hangings and bric-a-brac it is a question to be decided by test whether contrast or harmony of color be more pleasing. Certainly bric-a-brac can help pictures, but it is equally certain that the beauty of a picture can be scattered and lost by the unsuitable color of surrounding objects.

Pictures hanging in a group are often more pleasing if strong lines in one picture continue in the next, which seems to tie them together without dissipating the beauty of either. The line of hilltops against the sky in one picture should meet that of the other, or if there be no such strong lines in the picture the frames should be of the same width and on the same line. Pictures of the same size may often be used as a frieze or border, but they must be similar in strength or value. In general, I think harmony of value should be sought when pictures are hung in groups. Dark pictures and light pictures hanging together are not so pleasing, and perhaps harmony of value should exist between all the pictures in a room.

I have never thought that it was an offense to put a vase or a piece of bronze partly in front of a

landscape, but there should be some harmony between the shapes of the picture and the shape of the object in front, as well as harmony of subject. One would scarcely like to put a bronze Venus in front of a portrait of an ascetic elderly lady, except in a spirit of frivolity.

There is infinite amusement to be found in arranging the things in a room to play up to and heighten the beauty of a picture, but it may be beyond the power to achieve of those who hold the furnishing of the home sacred and must see always the same thing in the same place.

Hanging pictures by long wires from a hook on a moulding near the ceiling is an ugly scheme. The pictures must somehow be fastened to the wall or hung from a nail or other device which is hidden behind the picture.

The color of the wall is important, but its serenity is of greater importance. One might imagine a scheme of wall decoration designed for a room in which the pictures must always remain in place, which would substitute a design in color for the more ordinary monotone. Such a design would take into account the color and the strong lines of the pictures and compose pictures, frames and wall in one scheme of decoration. The same flowing lines which go through the picture might follow around the room. The chance of failure is great, but one success would be worth many failures.

Glass over a picture adds to the brilliancy and harmonizes like a glaze, but it should be given up, for the reflections are in themselves ugly and make it hard or impossible to see the picture.

Artificial lighting of pictures should be that of the room, or if that is not sufficient for one's connoisseur friends, a portable reflector, not too brilliant, should be used rather than a light over each picture or any gallery scheme of lighting. People who are sensitive to color may wish to see the picture in a whiter light than that of the tungsten bulb which is bright yellow, and in this case a white opaque bulb will be better. The blue bulbs which give a white light are hard on the eyes. In galleries they often use two ordinary bulbs to one blue, which seems to be more pleasing than blue alone.

If we cannot buy pictures and outgrow them and pass on to something better it must be that pictures mean little to us, and that our hearts are in the safe deposit box with the securities.

To have our interest in pictures aroused and to understand them so little that we cannot pass on from the beauties of the Barbizon painters to the Impressionists, to Degas and to Cézanne, and later,



shows a limitation in our capacity to understand and to enjoy which is not flattering. It is the quality of the picture, not the style of the time, which makes a picture valuable, and high quality is not confined to any age.

The pleasure in pictures is the commonest of human delights and is never satisfied by the chaste simplicity of the decorated room. In the lowest hovel we find pictures treasured, for there, as in the millionaire's palace, they open wide vistas of the past, of the happy future, and free the spirit for

wider adventures than the flesh is able to command. Spiritually they minister to our highest desires for order, in a too disordered world, and for harmony in a life which is sometimes out of tune, and for balance when the blindfolded lady of the scales seems indeed blind to injustice and cruelty. Their influence for happiness cannot be denied no matter how little our spiritual growth has progressed. For those whose eyes have learned to see is there any greater joy in this world than the joy which pictures give to us?



ROOFS

CHARLES DEMUTH



MARY WIGMAN

## MARY WIGMAN---ADVENTURER IN RHYTHM

By JOE U. MILWARD

**A**LMOST twenty years have passed since the first conception of the dance as an art stirred the art centers of Europe and America; until Mary Wigman, the Dresden dancer, appeared in Berlin this season, the vision had remained unfulfilled.

Before this new interpretation of the dance, the dance never attempted to do more than amuse by setting stories or fables to music in which human bodies functioned, not as means to a composition in the plastic sense, but as puppets representing an idea, a part of the illustration of the story which had been set to music!

Then came the conception of the human body, of its innate rhythmic movement, and of its emotional significance when used without the encumbering fable or story. If the vision had been carried out in its entirety, the development of the dance as an art would, unquestionably, have reached its accomplishment long before this. But the dancer felt

the need still of something external to serve as a background or impetus to his own expression. So music was used. It is upon this stumbling block that the vision was wrecked.

Not only the dancer was confused, but the audience found that in its highest achievements interpretive dancing had no need or relation to the music, and, in its lowest, it added nothing to the music, for it was attempting to do what had already been expressed by music. Thus interpretive dancing is little better, and in many cases nothing more, than the old pantomimic ballet, only that in the case of the former the aim is to interpret an already formed and crystallized emotion while the ballet interpreted an already formed and crystallized idea. The greatest exponent of interpretive dancing, Isadora Duncan, has verged between these two perhaps because she is too much of a creative artist to follow music slavishly, and too much of a propagandist for a



new method of living to dispense entirely with ideas. In her latest achievements she has left the realm of the dance almost completely and has become a tragedienne, half dancing and half acting the Wagnerian rôles. Perhaps she may yet evolve through this method a dance which will be pure, but this seems unlikely.

Into the midst of this stagnation of the development of the dance as an art comes Mary Wigman. By avoiding both the interpretive and the pantomimic this new dancer has succeeded in making an art of the dance by using the human body as a medium to create as profound and moving an art as music and painting. She has seen the mistakes of the earliest experimenters in the dance of confusing the end with the means, the mistake of using music as a means when music in itself is an end. She saw that the aim of the dance is to give an emotion of the same intensity as that received from music, but not the same emotion. Walter Pater made the same mistake when he said that all the

arts attempt to approach music; this is again confusing end with means. What is nearer the truth is that the arts attempt to exalt us to the same ecstasy that music does, but by different means, through a different medium.

The steps by which Mary Wigman has reached this purification of her art were cleverly shown by the arrangement of her program in three parts. The first part was danced to an accompaniment of rhythmical folk music which contained no very definite interpretative content, but the thunderous limbs of Mary Wigman evoked all the strength that is the peasant. Here was the pure, primitive, unintellectual, impersonal rhythm from which the greatest art is produced. One felt that from the first Mary Wigman was inspired by the purest instincts.

The second part of the program was a direct outgrowth of the preceding part. Through a process of refining, eliminating, and synthesizing the raw material was converted into art. Another step



MARY WIGMAN

forward in the development of the dance was taken by eliminating melody. Mary Wigman danced to a gong which was beat upon by a musician who stood at one side of the stage, watching her movements. At the first stroke she began. The rhythm commenced with four-four time then gradually became more complicated until many different rhythms were being played. The simplest and most obvious response to this rhythm would have been the Oriental linear dancing, but Mary Wigman danced against the rhythm, using her body as a sculptor creates his work, in the mass! The result, so profound in its beauty, was nearer to the accomplishment of the slow motion pictures than anything else.

Then came the last part, and the greatest, in which Mary Wigman achieved complete expression and the dance as an art became an accomplished fact! A gong sounded, then silence; Mary Wigman appeared and danced without music or sound of any kind! The absence of music, instead of detracting from the beauty of the dance, heightened it. One

movement followed another as inevitably and as justly as in a Bach fugue one voice follows another! A musician could have composed music that the dancing of Mary Wigman implied! It would be easy to say that her dance *was* music or moving sculpture, but this would not be true. She succeeded in giving us the same ecstasy but it was because she followed not the rules of another art but the fundamental laws of creation, using rhythm to express our innate conviction of the organic structure of the universe of rhythmic permanence. This was evidently the feeling of the audience who watched her dance, for there was a hush as if they were afraid that one sound from them would break the spell and cause great tragedy, as would the awakening of a somnambulist.

To speak of the beauty of the body of Mary Wigman, of her perfect co-ordination, of her marvelous spirit seems trivial; they were incidental to her accomplishment as an artist, and the final development of the dance into an art.



MARY WIGMAN





PETER

E. AMBROSE WEBSTER



LANDSCAPE

ELIZABETH HOWLAND

## THE PURITY OF PROVINCETOWN

By ALEXANDER BROOK

THERE is no pride equal to that of the person who has risen early, save the pride of the person who hasn't slept all night—as a wit once remarked—and in turn one might say that there is no pride equal to that of the person who lives in an art colony save the pride of the person who has never been to one. But many of the latter body have swallowed their pride in behalf of Provincetown, for it seems as if nearly every celebrity and student in the world has been there—if we are to judge by the proud statements of the former group.

Situated as Provincetown is, on the tip end of Cape Cod where the breeze is always invigorating and the sea ever inviting, picturesque fishermen's huts crowding each other along the two main thoroughfares which are connected by unbelievably narrow streets, it has been the home for many years of several flourishing art classes. Provincetown, however, dates back to a time long before the artists arrived, for it is here that the Pilgrim Fathers were supposed first to have set foot on the new continent, and should you have any reason to doubt this you will here find a tremendous tower

(an exact replica of one in Italy), to commemorate the event. Many years ago some Portuguese fishermen who came from the Azores to fish off the Newfoundland banks fell in with those from Provincetown. They were invited to come to the Cape and finding it convenient for their occupation, they settled there with their families and now form a very definite element of the population. Their swarthy coloring and strong features are in marked contrast to the blond New Englander. After the Portuguese came the artists.

Two or three painters were there before Charles Hawthorne appeared on the scene, and to him probably is due the credit of putting the place on the map so to speak. His class has ever been a flourishing one, which accounts for many things, chief among which are numerous dashing, hot and heavy, big and lightsome canvases exhibited annually at the Independents. Hawthorne's best known pictures are those of the fishermen. They go to church at three o'clock in the morning before putting out in their boats and it is possible that Hawthorne sits up all night to catch the saint-like expression that



his portraits depict. The natives of Provincetown are very law abiding and religious, and do not allow the students to paint on Sunday. Hawthorne goes them one better, for in his catalogue he says: "Students may paint every day except Saturday." This reservation has never been made before but then, as he remarks again: "The town is unique even for New England."

One's general impression is that the natives are not at all excited by the artists' presence, but accept them probably in the same way that they accepted the Portuguese—as an inevitable influx. The natives are sufficiently important in numbers for them to meet the visitors on even ground and as they are not of a too grasping or inquisitive nature, all dwell in peace and quietude. Though one sees students hanging onto the rotting pile of a rotting pier by one hand, and painting precious picturesque pochards with the other, whilst some peek through a knot-hole in the fence just to get the exact view of a certain sand dune, still Provincetown is not an "art-arty" art colony such as Woodstock or Lyme.

Another and successful class is conducted by E. Ambrose Webster who spends his summers at Provincetown and winters at Bermuda. His brilliant canvases show that he is well acquainted with



CHICKEN THIEF

KARL KNATHS



ICE IN THE HARBOR

ROSS MOFFETT

the intense color of the tropics and the sunlit waters of the Cape. George Elmer Browne also has a class here. Richard Miller, E. Frank Carson, Max Bohm, Tod Lindenmuth, Nancy Ferguson, Gerrit Beneker, Lucy L'Engle, William L'Engle, Edwin Dickinson, Marylka Modjeska, Margery Ryerson, Alice Laughlin, Paul Bartlett, Elizabeth Howland, Karl Knaths, Ross Moffett and Agnes Weinrich are a few of the artists who are or have been closely associated with the life of this settlement.

It is the above named painters and others who are responsible for the successful exhibition held every summer in the building owned by the Provincetown Art Association. This society was organized in 1914, since when it has bought and remodeled for exhibition purposes an attractive old building, has actually paid in cash for the entire establishment, has put money in the bank, and—this last example of opulence is almost grotesque—has demolished certain adjacent buildings as being too shabby for the æsthetic eye. But artists will be artists and there is no saying what mischief they may commit in a mad rush for the good, the true, and the beautiful.

One of the most individual spots in Provincetown is the meeting house of the Beachcombers Club. An old wharf, unimproved in any way, it resembles from without many another wharf, but once inside its walls one realizes that though what had been there remains untouched, what has been added was put there with good taste and a sense of humor. Amusing posters and inscriptions, harpoons, whale skulls, ship models, old bottles, furniture made from driftwood and—*mirabile dictu*—a large portrait by Hawthorne—his very self bareheaded



STILL LIFE

AGNES WEINRICH

on a ship's deck, the raging sea behind. This retreat makes an agreeable meeting place for the members, who are all artists (other professions are not admitted), where they play billiards or sit with their feet in the water if they choose. The ladies of Provincetown did not like the idea of being barred so they started a club of their own which they named the Sail-Loft Club—a name undoubtedly befitting the place but not the members—so, at least, the Beachcombers thought when they nicknamed them the Haircombers.

To the public in general Provincetown will be more readily associated with the Provincetown Players, originally a small group of playwrights, painters and players who spent several summers there about eight years ago. Having grown tired of visiting one another and doing a lot of talking and drinking without an audience, they conceived the thought of presenting a one-act play. A wharf was rented, devoid of furniture, and the spectators were requested to bring their own chairs. Neith Boyce, I believe, had the honor of being the author of the first play produced which met with such unquestionable success that others were immediately planned and staged. They had much talent to draw from,

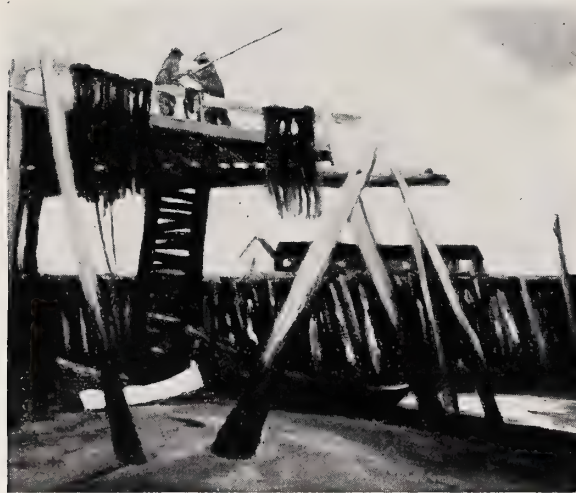
for glancing over the names of the more prominent writers one can readily gather the standard of the productions. Eugene O'Neil, Susan Glaspel, George Cram Cooke, Hutchins Hapgood, Harry Kemp, John Reid, Max Eastman, Hippolyte Havel, Louise Bryant, Bayard Boysen, Mary Heaton Vorse and Joseph O'Brien were the writers, and many of them took part in the performances. Ida Rauh, Edward Ballentine and Mary Pyne were the actors. Their success in Provincetown was such as to warrant renting one floor of a house at 139 McDougall Street, New York City, whence they swiftly rose to fame and the photogravure sections of the Sunday newspapers. Then, as usually happens, they began to have misunderstandings. Changes in managers and actors followed rapidly, and now very few of the old guard are left. But this has no longer to do with their birthplace, so let us return.

Mabel Dodge, as she then was, expressed or partially expressed herself by decorating in true New England style a lighthouse, which had been purchased at an auction for three hundred dollars by Samuel Lewisohn, and finally came into the possession of Eugene O'Neil. In those days, too, Maurice Sterne and Leo Stein dined in the com-



pany of many others at Cesco's, a well-known restaurant conducted by an Italian of that name. Marsden Hartley, Charles Demuth, William and Marguerite Zorach, Stuart Davis, Glen Coleman and Olaf Nordfeldt were some of the painters who then added color to Provincetown. The last named was for a time instructor at the Modern Art School, now no longer in existence.

Provincetown boasts the only town crier in the United States. This is not surprising for it retains much of its quaint character. Not often is its serenity marred by feuds or scandals; and when this personage walks through the streets ringing his heavy bell and calling out the events of the day, they are not such as to make either the old man or those who hear him, blush.



FISHERMEN  
TOD LINDENMUTH

# THE BOOK THAT REVIEWED ITS READERS

By ALAN BURROUGHS

NONE of "the little group" had ever heard of a book which, instead of being reviewed, reviewed its readers; but an excellent volume by Jan Gordon made its appearance among them and gave a beautiful example of this phenomenon of the worm turning. Come to think of it, the situation was the same as in some circulating libraries where readers think nothing of the rule anent "defacing" books. In that walk of life some publications have been reviewing their public ever since libraries were invented. For whenever one marks a printed word, underlines, double stars or writes an expletive on a printed page, he sets down something of his proper nature or an insight on his improper manners. What he reads is an intelligence test. His comments are his answers, the description he writes of himself.

Jan Gordon's book, *Modern French Painters* (London, John Lane, The Bodley Head Limited, 1923), made the rounds of the group as if by magic. Doubtless someone owned it. It certainly was read; and, with the abandon that only the artistic temperament knows, people scribbled replies and contradictions enough to build up little pictures of themselves or rather a little picture of the group. To place the remarks by the handwriting was of course comparatively easy; the underlinings were more difficult. But between chance remarks and telltale habits of mind one could read fairly well this review of half a dozen people which one volume created within a month.

Here is Miss A——'s decisive hand scoring several paragraphs in the chapter on the Women Painters—all that bit dealing with the slavery of women artists to the masculine ideal and that sage remark—"Sentimentality is the refuge of the slave from the facts of his existence." But she could not have been reading it with much clearness, for she neglected his chief point—"Masculinity is not the sign of the most free of women; it is only the sign of the emancipated slave tribe which is not sure of its freedom." Others, probably Mrs. B——, who is far from masculinity with her daisies and bouquets of fall flowers, and Mrs. C——, Cleopatra, her friends call her, have indorsed the final sentence of the chapter. Strange as it seems, they agree "that the woman artist is more likely to find the greatest possibilities of original development by deliberately emphasizing her feminine qualities, by rejecting the teaching of, and by ceasing to use men masters.

And it must have been a masculine hand which added the words "Ha! Ha!" to the author's statement that "these paintings of Marie Laurencin make one think of those impromptu tales which mothers invent for their children upon a winter's evening." If it was my French friend D——, he must have read (in the June number of *THE ARTS*) Marie's own statement of her ambition—"that men should have a voluptuous feeling when they look at the portraits I paint of women."

But that chapter is not the most interesting in the book and caused less disturbance among our half dozen than the one on Cubism and Picasso. All the readers seem to have given hypothetical shouts on reading Jan Gordon's epigram on Cubism; he calls it "the plain roast meat of art, basted with a little philosophic and mathematical gravy." And they all appear to have wagged their heads wisely over the statement, "Even if Cubism at last proves too difficult an art to produce and to enjoy, the effects of Cubism upon the thoughtful artist must have a profound result on the art of the following centuries." All but E——, a radical, fresh from a jaunt in Paris, considered the author justified in feeling that Picasso's mind does not work "quite at first hand." Indeed, late one evening Pablo and his "chameleon" tendencies came in for a good roasting; and I noticed that those of the assembled company who had read *Modern French Painters* counted him out in shortest order.

At first glance I can not believe that Jan Gordon's sturdily built analysis of the French schools had an effect on any of the group with the exception of F——. On this last named, who has carried his own work to a more ambitious degree than all the rest, it left a good impression; he said so. But he also said he didn't care for analysis in general. The others showed their interest merely by leaving thumb prints and "dog ears" on the pages in question—which, after all, is one kind of comment. In intelligence tests, omissions tell almost as much as direct answers. And in this book the absence of written comment may hint at reactions quite legible within obvious limits. Miss A—— doubtless was struck dumb with the wonder of it—the art of a century dissected before her virgin eyes so as to show the very essentials of tradition! Mrs. B—— might have been dumb for other reasons; theories are so complicated. I'll give even money that the



seductive Mrs. C—— thought the author very clever indeed and felt it so sincerely that she forgot to be clever.

At any rate the relation between artist and nature from Turner to Bracque makes a subject of heroic proportions, full of sudden changes in point of view. Nature, says the author, is the frame about the artist's experiences, and the value which has been put on this frame gradually has dropped from a great sum to nothing at all. "We see that within a meagre century the whole of civilization has been altered because we no longer take nature for granted; because we superimpose ourselves on nature." The landscape with figures gave way to the landscape for its own sake, which gave way in turn to the study of the light in nature (Impressionism, of course), to the study of nature as a problem in color arrangement (Gauguin), as a problem in space relations (Cézanne) and finally as a problem independent of all representation (Cubism). Jan Gordon also adds a note about the color organ and the art of the future, pure color, foretelling the best part of Willard Huntington Wright's theory which has been published under the title, *The Future of Painting*.

Let me quote other passages, scattered sentences which our six readers thought worth their notice.

"What to us now is the primitive grasping at realistic appearances was to Ucello's own century the very mirror of reality." No, adds Miss G—— who paints realistically herself; *still* is mirror of reality.

"Manet is a hasty Velasquez with a Japanese accent." An unknown hand puts the word "very" opposite this. Manet indeed is "very" to our generation and we care little to explain whether we mean very hasty or very Japanese.

"The developments of modern art . . . have developed inexorably. One has no more reason to condemn them than a flat earth faddist has to condemn our earth's unfortunate rotundity. Picasso is but a cog in the wheel of time." Heavily starred!

"*The true use of knowledge is to deepen our sense of the marvelous, no revelation can do anything more than increase our sense of wonder.*"

"Practical D—— here comments— 'or make you despair!'

"But the artist of today is not trying to add little by little to the list of objects which can be allowed to fit matter as beauty containers. He is trying to state clearly that beauty lies in *everything*; that from his point of view beauty has nothing to do

with mental conceptions which have been formed by the aid of other senses. He is trying to free the eye from the prejudices imposed upon it by things learned and things heard. He is trying to destroy the illusion of the picturesque and to build up in its place a sentiment for the pictorial." Industrial subjects in American art, adds F——.

"Cézanne represents the foundations, while Van Gogh is the banner waving from the uppermost pinnacle. Cézanne represents a method upon which a new classicism of art can be built. Van Gogh is an example of triumphant individuality. Cézanne's ideas, even in the hands of a lesser man, would have been fruitful to future generations; Van Gogh's art in the hands of a lesser man would have been nonsense." Mrs. B—— underscored the last word and wrote "it is"; but she, poor soul, cannot understand why anybody raves over ugly pictures.

"One cannot hold that an artist always is at his best. He follows a wavering course which is dictated by his digestion, his love affairs, his financial worries and other irritants or stimulants . . . Renoir's worst work is almost fit for the tops of chocolate boxes. Renoir, in his best work, is the Titian of the Impressionistic movement." Marked with evident approval, several times.

"Though Cézanne has now become the idol, the Giotto of the modern movements, Gauguin has often had the prior influence. The three most powerful exponents of the modern movement, Matisse, Picasso and Derain, all came into modern art through the impulse, not of Cézanne but of Gauguin." Miss G—— who has graduated from her Gauguin period and is one of our best little Cézannes, puts down her foot. "I don't believe it."

"With the death of adventure comes the decay of culture." Underscored by all.

"We cannot limit the boundaries of art until we are sure of the boundaries of the human mind." The Cubistic E—— feels there are none.

"After all, the logical conclusion is only the logical conclusion of one aspect, it must neglect a host of other points of view. Human existence is possible because we are not very réceptive to logical, but prefer harmonized or balanced, conclusions." All the women could have taken this to heart, but only Miss G—— left her stamp of approval; she likes to be assured that her lack of logic is excusable.

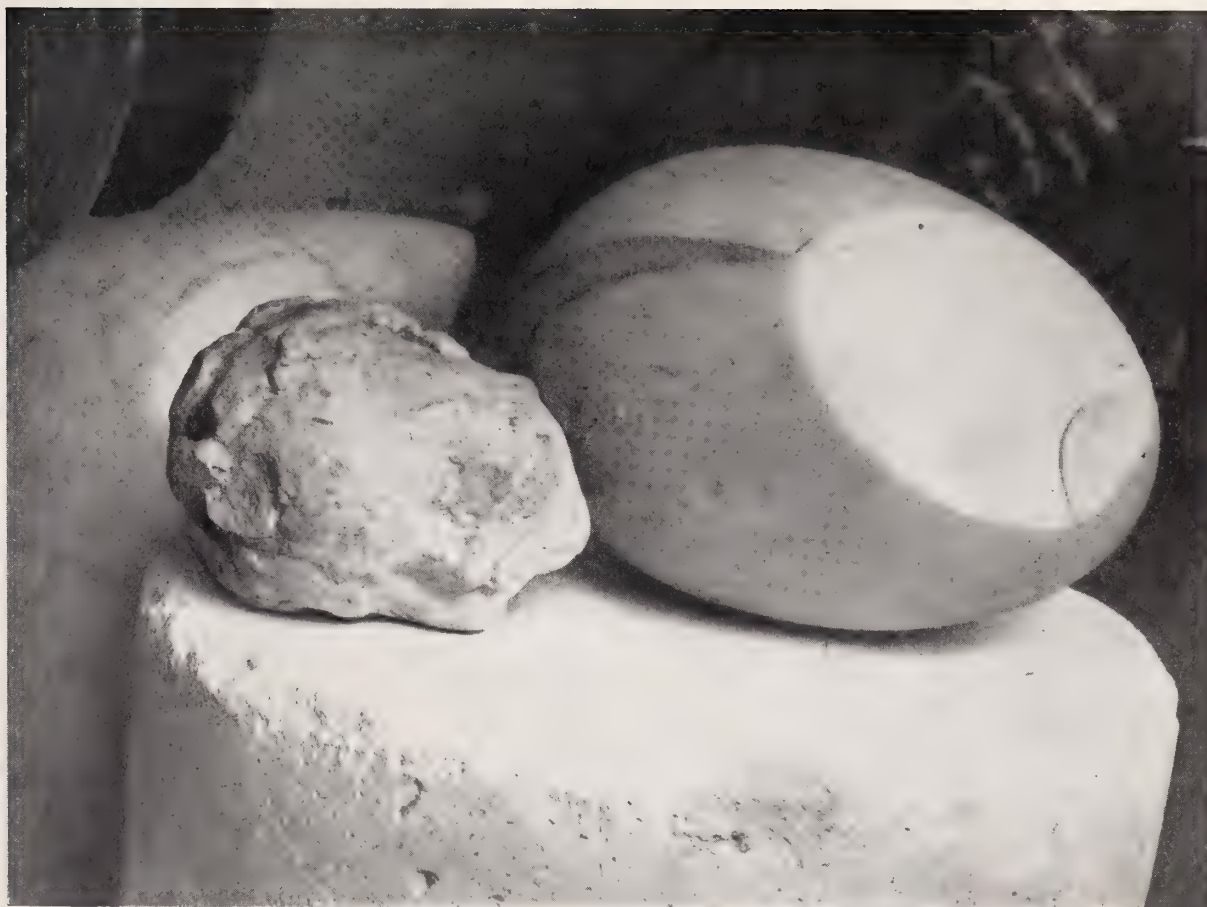
So runs the material which Modern French Painters has brought out of the darkness of groping minds. One who has not talked at length over

friendly problems of art and style could not believe how real is the self-ignorance of young artists, how damp the foggiess of their thought. Their language is not the idiom of words and grammar, but that of instinct and taste. They are the last people capable of judging a book on æsthetic tendencies.

Yet Jan Gordon's persuasive volume puts them all in a position to judge. It bundles the lot of them onto a common ground where they actually become conscious of one another's point of view. Artists who have never granted a contemporary's claim to rightness and individuality become convinced of their broad-mindedness.

Here we see a heterogeneous group, among whom is at least one extraordinarily gifted person, admiring the same thing in spite of the differences between them. The author intended a book for the use of "the ordinary man who is interested in art, or for

the art student who is still at the outset of his or her career"; but his work pleases both the above mentioned F——, a mature artist, and dear Mrs. B—— who is almost convinced she doesn't know what she does when she paints. It takes the words out of their mouths. It leads them to incriminate themselves on its margins. It makes their controversies seem less bitter; and, by excluding most of the author's personal feeling, it sets good example before those apt to be most personal in their feeling. I think this at bottom made his success with our little group. I only wish an out-and-out Academician or a person accustomed to the art of the Carnegie International Exhibition (former régime) could have been one of the group. His or her reactions would have made this æsthetic stew still more interesting. It might have been too easy for this book to review such a reader.



STONE AND SCULPTURE

CONSTANTIN BRANCUSI



## BOOKS

DIE PRIMITIVEN DES JAPANHOLZSCHNITTS, BY JULIUS KURTH. (1922, VERLAG VON WOLFGANG JESS, DRESDEN.)

DER FRÜHERE JAPANISCHE HOLZSCHNITT, BY CARL EINSTEIN. (N. D. VERLAG ERNST WASMUTH A. G., BERLIN.)

KATSUKAWA SHUNSHO, BY FRIEDRICH SUCCO. (1922, C. F. SHULZ & Co., PLAUEN IM VOGTLAND.)

DIE KUNST DER JAPANISCHEN HOLZSCHNITTMEISTER, BY LUDWIG BACHHOFFER. (1922, KURTH WOLF VERLAG, MÜNCHEN.)

ALL of the four books under consideration are handicapped by the assumption on the part of their authors that the field of Japanese prints can be adequately illustrated by reference to German collections alone. This assumption leads to nonsense. For example, I translate from Dr. Kurth (freely, but not too freely), that "he'd like to see anybody bring together such a group of prints of the Torii School as these seventeen examples!" (*"Es soll einmal wieder eine ähnliche Galerie von Torii-Drucken zusammengestellt werden, wie unsern 17 Nummern!"*) Such an announcement is impressive; it might even be convincing; but it can hardly remain so in the face of Dr. Kurth's temerity in going on and reproducing his seventeen examples. For the reproductions give the reader an opportunity to judge for himself; and unfortunately for Dr. Kurth's statement, it at once becomes obvious to the initiated that there is no collection so poor among the twelve or fifteen great French, American and Japanese collections, that it cannot, all by itself, make Dr. Kurth's "Galerie" of seventeen selected German examples look like the proverbial thirty cents. Similarly, in each of these books, the reader is continually perplexed by encountering a curious unwillingness to see beauty, even century-old Japanese beauty, when it happens to be located outside of Germany.

Japanese prints have been known to Europe and America for only a little more than half a century; and it is a matter of common knowledge that, speaking in general, Germany has been the last country in the western world to which the finest art-treasures would have been likely to gravitate during that period. No such discrimination between the best and the third-best has been exercised in German collections as has been characteristic of the great French, American, and Japanese collections; Ger-

man interest in prints as "documents" has been more active than has a pure æsthetic interest. Industrious scholars, not artists or humanists, have set the fashion there. Dealers will tell you that the place to dump rubbish has been the Yokohama tourist market, or the German market. The result, if one may judge from the four volumes before us, has been that the writers of such books as these have simply not had adequate materials available in their own country; and, unfortunately, their curiosity apparently has stopped at the national border. They have failed to follow the example of the brilliant and admirable pioneer in this field, their fellow-countryman, Von Seidlitz, who went chiefly to French collections for his material. In this they are making a costly mistake; for the truth is that most of the supreme prints have long since found home in either France or America.

But now as to these four books in detail.

Dr. Kurth's volume on the Primitives does not pretend to be more than a summary of a voluminous work on this subject which, he states, he has had in preparation for many years. It consists of a brief account of dates, school-relationships, and other somewhat dryly noted facts that are of limited interest. He reproduces forty-two prints, (twenty-three from his own collection), of which about a dozen are adequately representative of the art of their creators; and he adds notes that are catalogue descriptions rather than illuminating comments. Astoundingly, he omits from his list of artists the name of Toyonobu, whom we now know to have been one of the most gifted of the Primitives; and he confidently says that the obscure but interesting artist Tamura Sadanobu survives to us in only two works—whereas the fact is that there are in American collections at least half a dozen more examples of his art.

Herr Einstein's volume on the Primitives is an inoffensive essay of twenty pages, followed by forty reproductions, of which two-thirds are quite inadequate as examples of the genius of the various artists represented. The volume is appropriately dedicated to Frau Tony Strauss-Negbaur, from whose collection all the illustrations are drawn. Fine as the Strauss-Negbaur collection may perhaps be, it is obviously insufficient as the sole source of material for the Primitives. No Kwaigetsudo print is shown us; and the only Toyonobu reproduced is a most woeful specimen of the work of that brilliant artist.

# THE ARTS

VOL. IV, No. 2

AUGUST, 1923



THE ARTS PUBLISHING CORPORATION  
211 EAST 19<sup>TH</sup> STREET, NEW YORK CITY

*fty cents a copy*

*Five dollars a year*



## BOUND VOLUMES *of* THE ARTS

**T**HE publication of THE ARTS for July marks the ending of the first half year of publication under the present management and the completion of volume number three.

Many of our readers have expressed a desire to have their copies of THE ARTS bound so that they may be kept for permanent reference purposes. Arrangements have therefore been made to have the magazine bound in volumes of six issues.

The first six numbers of 1923 are now in the process of binding. The cover, in stiff cloth, will be a pleasing blue of a slightly darker shade than the cover of the regular monthly issues. The title of the magazine will be lettered in black type on the front cover and the number of the volume lettered in black on the back of the book.

In the front of each volume will be bound a title page and index which will make it possible to locate any article in the volume quickly. The book will be constructed in every detail so as to appeal to the best taste and will be a valuable addition to the library of anyone interested in art.

Inasmuch as we are binding only a limited number in addition to those for which orders have already been received you should not delay sending in your order. All orders for this volume will be filled as they are received until the supply is exhausted.

The price including the copies is \$6.00. If you have these six issues intact, however, you may return them to us in exchange for those supplied in the volume. This will mean a reduction of \$2.50 from the above price. All carriage charges are extra.



### THE ARTS PUBLISHING CORPORATION

211 EAST 19TH STREET

NEW YORK CITY

## *By Request*

We have been asked frequently by artists to reproduce the work of Toulouse-Lautrec. Why the artists have made this request can be seen in *The September Arts*, where the reader will find a vivid appreciation of Toulouse by Alexander Brook, accompanied by Forty-two Reproductions of the artist's work.

## TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

OWING to the acute illness of the editor the publication of THE ARTS for August was greatly delayed. We regret this fact and to meet such contingencies we have increased our staff. But the addition of two new members to our staff has

also been made necessary by the encouraging growth of THE ARTS. In October we shall move to larger offices, where we shall be happy to welcome you at any time.

THE EDITOR.



## SUMMER ACTIVITIES

IN July and August the art galleries of New York are quiet places, which does not mean, however, that hard work is not being done. Much of the most important work of the galleries goes on at that time. The wise director of a gallery takes advantage of the summer season to arrange his activities for the coming winter. Exhibitions are not made in an hour or a day. Frequently they represent months of correspondence and travel, a trip to Europe, visits to the studios of the artists.

The hit or miss type of exhibition seldom amounts to much. It may contain a few pictures that more than make up for the general heterogeneous effect. But the exhibition which really benefits the artist and

exhilarates the visitor is the result of long and careful selection.

After the paintings and sculpture are chosen only the first step has been taken. Then comes the hanging of the pictures, the placing of the sculpture. And at this point the best selected exhibition can be turned into a success or a failure. No amount of labor and discrimination is too much for such interesting work, which offers to the gallery director an opportunity to prove whether he himself is or is not an artist. With these thoughts in mind the Whitney Studio Galleries have devoted the summer months to the selection of the work which they will exhibit this winter in six special groups.



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AUGUST COVER—ALTAR AND INCENSE BURNER

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THE PARADE

GEORGES SEURAT





KWAIGETSUDO NORISHIGE  
 Courtesy of the Imperial Museum, Tokyo

# THE ARTS

VOLUME IV

AUGUST, 1923

NUMBER 2

EVERYBODY knows her; she is a lady. And older married women are fond of saying in a tone of voice, suspiciously sympathetic, that they don't understand why she has never married. She was such a pretty girl and now, at forty-three, dresses better than ever before. The walls of her house are covered with the most pallid derivatives of gray, green and blue, against which the refined old furniture and objects of art are a contrast as warm as the politest restraint will permit. Of *the* old masters she has none, but her name appears every now and then as the lender of a bit of lace, or a French fan, or an Italian brocade to a very special exhibition with which the curator of decorative arts edifies periodically all ladies of this type.

Once or twice a year she goes alone with the curator of decorative arts himself to an auction sale and he, with quite flattering deference, asks her opinion of something that he would like to buy for the museum. Once or twice a year he tells her that her taste is so infallible that he sometimes dreams of the thrill that it would give him if he could lift her lovely little house bodily from its foundations and exhibit it in the museum. He almost touched her hand one day when he reached the cool peroration which he delivered to her on the educational value of such an exhibition.

At this lady's dinners, never more than eight are present, and of this number at least one is an architect, another a collector "in his own modest way," another belongs to the museum staff, and so forth. Actors and movie stars are never met there. Refined spinsters from Boston are frequent, professors of fine arts occasional.

But once the little house trembled, for a nearly radical artist, represented in the museum by one of his least radical drawings, was invited. The lady added phrases to her usual invitations which were almost excited.

The radical artist came, looked and listened. But he said nothing about the lady's good taste. It came out that he knew Gertrude Stein and Marcel Duchamp, that he was very fond of prize fights and wrestling matches, that a photograph of Jack Johnson, which he had cut out of a newspaper, was, in his opinion, the greatest modern portrait, and that this, together with a photograph of a zinc mine, and the insides of a moving picture camera were the objects he prized most in the world.

He told the lady that he hated all Italian furniture, the curator that he hated all museums, the professor of fine arts that the word art ought to be removed from the dictionary, and the Boston spinster that she'd better get a lover before it was too late.

After he went they talked about him and all agreed that he had shown the most shocking, the most execrable taste!

When he had closed the door and was on the sidewalk he cursed and muttered:

"Dead! dead! dead!—and God! what awful taste!"

FORBES WATSON.





PORTRAIT

JEAN CLOUET

# PORTRAITS

By KENNETH FRAZIER

Look where we will, with our inward eye, we see all about us portraits of those who have gone before. They look down on us from the walls of our mental chamber, a wonderful array, emperors and peasants, princes of the Church and artisans, nobles and common folk. Even from far-off China we know certain noble souls. Their portraits reveal what their inner nature was.

And so vividly do these portraits impress themselves on our mental vision that they make the faces of the living seem nebulous and vague. Who of our contemporaries is so real as Bartolomeo Colleoni astride his horse these many centuries? For we are too near the living to know their true appearance; we need a seer to show us what they look like. Abraham Lincoln passed through life as an ugly man; we can now see that certain aspects of him were of a rare beauty. In fact we require a visual representation of a man to form a focus in our minds for the different ideas we get of him through reading about him, or reading his own writings. And unless we have such a focus we never can breathe the breath of life into our conception of him: without it we only catalogue his qualities in our minds and never succeed in fitting them together so as to make a rounded whole. But once give us a splendid visual image of the man, and all the different impressions of his qualities fall into place.

This is so true that those of whom we have only inferior portraits remain nebulous as human beings.

Had we a great portrait of Shakespeare who would attribute his writings to another?

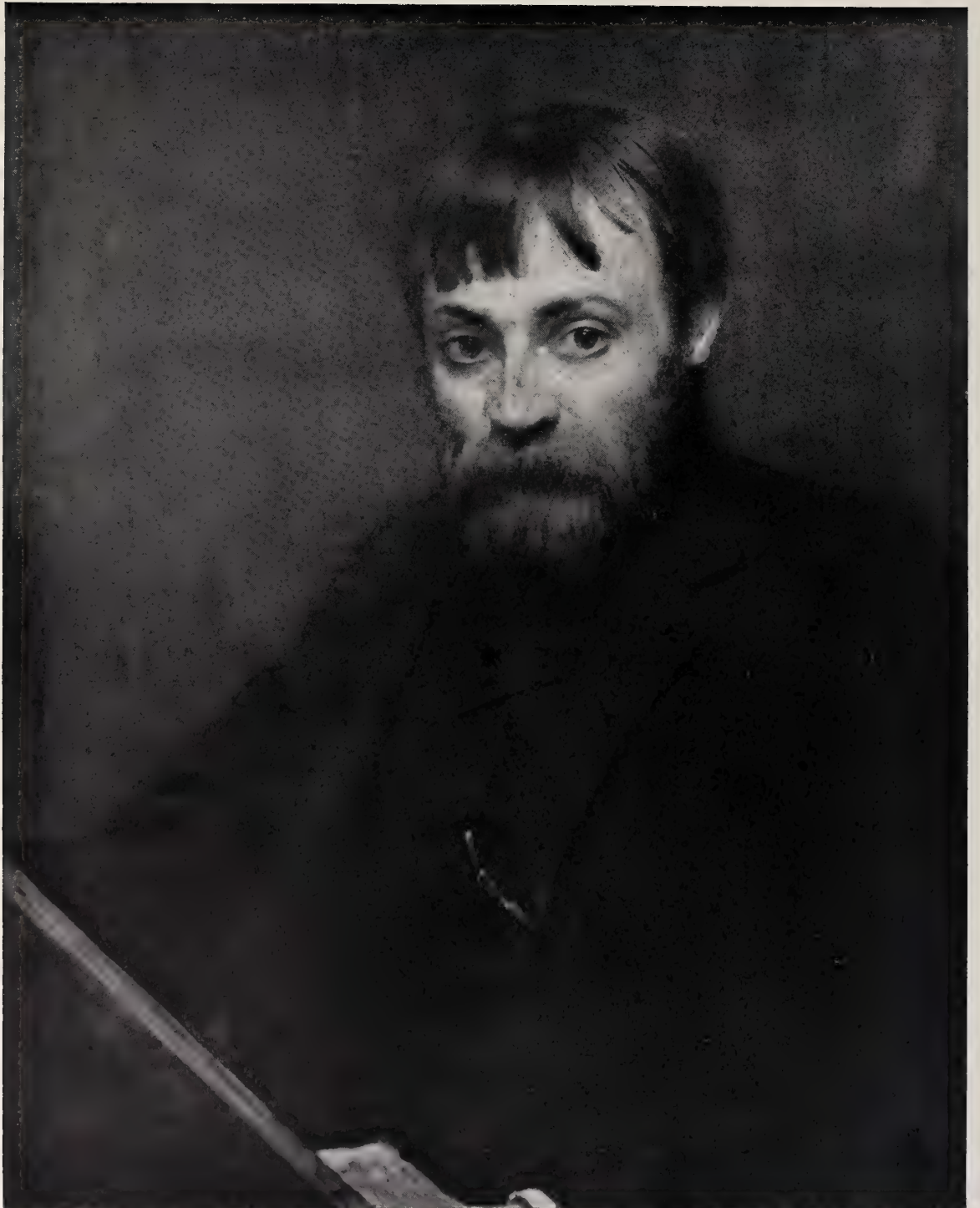
Of late historians have been trying to humanize Washington for us, but in order to do so, they have first to wipe out the impression we get from the portraits of him, done as was the fashion in the eighteenth century to show not so much the man as the figurehead. And these portraits of him take precedence in our minds over what we read, and actually mask for us the intimate man.

In all this vast gallery of portraits, that fills our memory, there is scarcely one picture that gives the beauty of a woman's face as the Tanagra and Hellenistic figures give it. Possibly some of the early Italians have suggested it. We look at Titian's woman and say to ourselves, a woman with such a nose, or such eyes must have had great beauty, and we try to believe it, but somehow we remain unconvinced. That quality which the figure makers of Tanagra caught has slipped between the meshes of his net. And when we come to the court beauties of, say, Sir Peter Lely or Godfrey Kneller, we can only wonder that they were ever considered beauties.

Is this because woman's beauty is of a fashion like her sleeves, or is it because it is so subtle that like a fragrance borne to us on the wind, it vanishes when we try to track it to its source, or again is it because it demands youth to appreciate it, and youth has not the craft to fix it for all time on canvas or in stone?







PORTRAIT OF JOE EVANS

ALFRED Q. COLLINS

# NEW ARCHITECTURE IN NEW YORK

By CHARLES DOWNING LAY

## I

THE buildings of New York are as interesting sights to the visitor and to the native as the complicated life itself, and taken together they form one of the features which make our daily round of activities so pleasant. They are full of surprises, of stimulation to contemplative thought, of reminiscence of the past and of intimations of the future. They are, mostly, a constant delight to the eye and they are often the cause of a deep emotion, which, I think, is an æsthetic emotion; dimly recognized by most people, but felt subconsciously by all.

The architecture of New York has passed through many stages of too original design, of copying of unaccustomed styles, of true creation, of changes in taste, of tearing down and rebuilding, some of which we regret. There remain, however, a sufficient number of examples of experiment and of achievement to give one an historic or archæological thrill. We forget sometimes that New York is as interesting historically as any place in the East, and that much of our early history and of the stirring events of the past may be read in its streets, its buildings and its names. But, no matter how interesting the monuments of the past may be, our chief delight must be in the buildings of the present. New York's architecture is its own in conception and in fulfillment. It is indigenous and can be matched nowhere else in the world. Like all great art it has grown from the conditions of our life and may well be considered by us, as it is by all visitors from foreign parts, as an expression of our composite genius. The critic, of course, sees the beginning of a change in the character of our architecture with the use of the skeleton steel frame, or the elevator or what not. But without determining the particular cause, we know that the architecture owes its origin, growth and development to mechanical invention, as does the city itself. Nor can this be considered a cause for lamentation, since the result appears to be so fertile in accomplishment and in promise of beauty.

It is an artistic achievement no less important because it is largely commercial. Our architecture shows today not only the effects of mechanical and technical advance, which for a time promised to overwhelm us with skyscrapers, but also the effects of intelligent legal control exercised through the law which restricts the height, the area covered and the use of all buildings. This law is popularly known

as the Zoning Law and briefly it divides the city into various districts in which a building may be one-and-a-half, or two, or two-and-a-half times the width of the street in height. The height, however, is fixed only so far as the cornice line is concerned; back of that the building may rise by means of sloping roof or by setting back each story, to any height which the size of the lot will permit. In short, it encourages a pyramidal shape for the building above the height or cornice line permitted. A large lot, therefore, permits a large base for the pyramid, and hence a considerable height. The result is completely exemplified in several blocks on Madison Avenue (above 42nd Street) and in many in Park Avenue, which have been wholly rebuilt since the law went into effect. In these blocks we see a uniform cornice line and above that, receding as they go up, several more stories which seem to seek the heavens, and like hills scrape the clouds as they float by.

The variations of skyline, which are thus permitted, are infinite and to the spectators entrancing. One is always lifting one's eyes to the hills of New York.

The tendency of the law is further to put a premium on a large lot, or a whole block front, which becomes a better proposition because of the additional height one can go above the cornice line. This has helped our architecture in doing away with the block front made up of tall narrow buildings all different in architecture, in stories, in height and in style. The law permits, for instance, a building on many avenues and streets one hundred and fifty feet high and, if it occupies the block front on an avenue, it is two hundred feet wide, a pleasant rectangle for the designer. One minds less the difference in large units separated by a sixty-foot street than the jumble of six or eight different things in one block which we were formerly accustomed to seeing.

The blocks are now, besides, all harmonized by the uniform cornice line which binds them together as the thought binds the sonnet.

There are, as it seems, changes in taste and in the attitude of architect and public which show that architects are designing buildings and not details only. Our buildings show the tendency toward organized and, therefore, vital design, which is so strong in modern art. This proves, I think, how far we have gone from romanticism and its literary pre-



occupations toward a simple expression of æsthetic emotion. Architecture in New York is more closely allied to modern art than the architects themselves would be willing to admit and shares the vigorous spirit of discovery and adventure with poetry, music and painting. Our architecture is so vitally new that it has no kinship with the *l'art nouveau* of Europe, which has always appeared new only in its details and not at all in approach or in fundamental conception.

There seems to be in New York today a distinctly national spirit being expressed. Though our architects are many of them trained in the *Beaux Arts*, they seem to leave that sterile and dull style in Paris when they return, as if resolved to be and to give expression to their own selves and their own country.

## II

I have stood at twilight, when New York presents its most magical appearance, on Madison Avenue looking up to the west and have been thrilled by the simple forms, big planes and the large masses which give a severe grandeur to the successive blocks above 44th Street. Around the corner on Park Avenue I am thrilled again by the piling peak of the new Ambassador Hotel, which seems mounting to the stars. On Lexington Avenue, at 49th Street, there is the new Shelton, occupying nearly a whole block front and rising in a tower with corner buttresses to an impressive height. It is not a tower on a building, but it is itself a tower and is completely organized by skilful design as a unity which has no displeasing features. It is all in brick except the stone base of two stories. The ornamentation is almost negligible but satisfying, and in perfect scale. It is a really thrilling example of vertical movement in composition. It is now the outstanding feature of the upper Island, and can be seen in all its majesty from far in Queens. No one, I believe, can look on the Shelton from near or far without some lifting of the spirit, yet it is a commercial proposition intended to provide bachelor apartments for the young men of the city. I have enjoyed it most when seen from Park Avenue and 49th Street where it gives an impression of size which is overwhelming.

Similar in design and in beauty is the new Fraternity Club at Madison Avenue and 38th Street, which should be seen looking down from 42nd Street with the Metropolitan Tower in the distance.

All these may be properly described by our picturesque word as skyscrapers, but are yet towers. Our zoning law still permits the tower as in the

Heckscher Building, 57th Street and Fifth Avenue, which, though lacking the charm of carefully studied detail, is yet an inspiring sight as it rises above the fixed cornice line of 57th Street. It has added much to the Plaza, and few more pleasing sights can be seen in New York than the Hecksher Building from the vicinity of the Sherman Statue.

The buildings of Park Avenue are an interesting group—Grand Central Palace has aspects that are pleasing, and the Park-Lexington Building to the west is more pleasing. A fascinating view from the east side of the avenue is that of the top of the Pershing Square Building, which shows its upper stories above the Grand Central Station and looks like a villa on the hilltop.

It would be interesting to trace the development of towers from the Produce Exchange, which was only a belfry, through the Garden Tower which has some offices, the Singer, all offices, the Metropolitan, the Woolworth to the Standard Oil or the Shelton.

The Standard Oil tower, as yet unfinished, promises to equal our other towers in aspiring beauty. It is a new point of interest in our famous skyline, which varies from day to day, growing always in complexity and delighting all with its rugged pinnacles. Mount Manhattan, it seems to me when seen from the rivers, and, indeed, it has actually the height above its base of many noble mountains. Towers appear in our view like trees which we have planted and forgotten, but awake some morning to find standing against the sky in a group long familiar but now changed.

Although it has been said that a tower like the Woolworth does not pay a good return on the investment, the case cannot be the same when the whole building is a tower like the Shelton, and we need not think that because of the building law and the financial problem we shall have no more towers. Indeed, I think we shall some day see a super-tower building higher and larger and more impressive than any.

There are, sprinkled over the whole city, many little gems of buildings which satisfy all our strict canons of taste and give us an austere thrill by the perfection of their chaste beauty. They are proof of our skill in design and execution and of our erudition and give great pleasure, but they have not the emotional quality of our skyscrapers nor are they so typical of New York. Among the most interesting of these are the Guaranty Trust, Broadway, the Assay Office, Wall Street; the Alexander Building, Fifth Avenue, and Chalif's, on 57th Street. But there are probably a thousand others scattered from farthest Brooklyn to the borderline of the Bronx.

There are private houses of surpassing excellence in any style, and although they are unmistakably American they are not characteristically New York. We have not of recent years developed a style of city house which is all our own, except, perhaps, the apartment house, but that is not easily distinguished from an hotel or office building unless one sees the lackeys in front.

There are few great interiors in New York, and none that are completely satisfying.

The halls of the big railroad stations are impressive. The hall of the Metropolitan Museum is noble in conception. The Bowery Bank is the finest banking room, and gives one a vigorous impression of space and of organization. The hall of the Cunard Building grows in beauty with every visit and gives satisfaction because it is so completely done. It is one of the few commercial buildings with decorated walls. The painting of the dome is pleasing and shows how desirable it is to have color in our interiors. The hall of the Metropolitan Museum, in its ugly plaster and grey limestone, suffers by comparison. Our interiors often show lavish expenditure, but often seem done too naively for the sole purpose of making a great show.

### III

It is difficult to tell whether some tendencies in our architecture are due to a change in taste or to economic causes, but it is certain that there is a marked inclination to keep the surfaces of buildings plain and unbroken—except by windows which are without mouldings—and to make the most of unbroken walls. The Macy addition has an impressive blank wall toward Seventh Avenue; so has the Bainbridge Building at 37 West 57th Street, and the east side of the Bush Terminal is famous. The Cammeyer Building was the earliest on Fifth Avenue to omit all mouldings, except in the Verde antique marble frame of the ground floor windows. The Bainbridge is the furthest yet in the direction of plain surfaces on the façade, for the large plate glass windows are without mouldings and are set so far forward that they are almost flush with the stone work. The Bar Association office building on 43rd Street, is similar and extremely pleasing.

We might think that architects, knowing the cost of machine cut mouldings, had thought to abandon them to save, but it is more likely, I think, that they are tired of them, because of their dull perfection. Such a thought occurs when one sees the Bowery Bank, which is a brilliant and interesting design enriched by thought rather than mouldings, and appealing to the imagination as do few buildings

except the towers. What mouldings there are on the front have had the curse of the machine taken off them by Romanesque carving.

Someone will ask, perhaps, why I say nothing of public architecture. It is, perhaps, because I think our public buildings are often archæological and too literal translations of the classics, correct but somewhat dull and pedantic. We have, indeed, done the classic for so many years that we seem for the moment to have exhausted its possibilities in New York.

For many years architects experimented with the classic orders, playing all possible combinations with them, from a rationalistic use, which appears to have structural integrity, to surface ornamentation with the thinnest pilasters and mitigated cornices. But they seemed to tire of it, and of late the orders have been reserved for decoration of base and top and the intermediate stories have been left plain. Vertical lines being harmonious with such tall structures, many compositions with vertical lines predominating have been tried, among them the Woolworth Tower, the Bush Terminal and pseudo-classic efforts, such as some of the buildings of the Grand Central group, where stone piers like pilasters rise from base to top between the windows. The effect in this case is produced by having cast iron panels painted in dark colors on top of each window and reaching to the window sill above, so that the windows and the spaces between, up and down, become one dark streak. This has the merit of producing a vertical composition, but it is essentially dull, being nothing more than stripes, and shows, besides, an indifference to color, which is one weakness of our present architecture. Our pleasure in the Woolworth Building comes partly, I think, from the white terra cotta and the free use of gold on the pinnacles. It would be interesting to see brilliant color on the cast iron between windows in the Grand Central group. A composition like this, but wholly glass between the stone piers, is the back of the Library, which is of easier proportions to handle, but is so skilfully done that it remains today one of the great façades of New York, and is æsthetically completely satisfying.

From this experimentation with vertical compositions has grown the present mode which reaches its furthest development so far in the Bowery Bank and the Shelton, but which has by no means reached its consummation.

The tendency is strong to simplify the sixteen or more stories to the cornice line, and to enrich the top, which should become, as it were, a beautiful finial on a simple shaft, but this cannot be, for the



height is so great that all detail is lost to the man in the street. What use is a cornice if one cannot see it? So must the designers of the Belmont have reasoned when they increased the scale of the cornice to make it visible. But that was unsuccessful, and, of late, heavy cornices have been generally abandoned.

I expect to see not only a super-tower in New York, but also compositions comparable to Peregeux and *les Saintes Marie de la Mer*, where other forms than cubes or right rectangular prisms are used. These buildings have not, like classic, a determining scale which limits their possible size. Indeed, the classic style for our enormous buildings is impossible. A column never can be made as large as one pleases, for it must increase in size as it increases in height, and soon becomes unwieldy. To keep it in proper scale means only a few stories high and necessitates superimposed orders like the American telephone and Telegraph Building at Fulton Street and Broadway, or the Park Avenue Hotel, or its use as decorative detail on one small part of a building like a hundred examples in New York.

In brick and steel or concrete anything is possible. A cylindrical tower, if it be big enough, would offer no great difficulties in planning and, set on a square plot, might give just the right amount of court space at the corners. It will be interesting to see if someone does not carry the idea of our new cylindrical court house further.

The materials most suitable for the shell of the present day building is brick, but concrete, with a surfacing of some sort, might do as well. As yet we use concrete with timidity in the forms we are accustomed to using for steel, but it is a material which adapts itself to any form, and the stream line design to which we are accustomed in motor cars must some day appear in concrete buildings; first, perhaps, in a theatre where the influence of the stage set designers would tend to make it easy to accomplish. Is it not strange that there is no satisfactory theatre or auditorium in New York? They are all on old models, tawdry and vulgar and heavy in decoration, or, at best, chaste but dull. The nearest approach to modernity of feeling is in the Brooklyn Academy of Music.

The churches, too, are far from modern in feel-

ing, and though beautiful in their details and often moving in their spaces, are somewhat too archæological, and lack the vitality of contemporary design. I can imagine a congregation of the community style housed in a modern building and gaining thereby in power, for we must always feel that the church which abandons the ritualistic traditions of the past is incongruously housed in a structure of an antique style.

With so much that is inspiring and beautiful in the architecture of New York, it is strange that some owners are such poor business men as to accept the dull and uncomprehending designs which are so surprisingly common. The opportunities that are missed are heart-breaking and, worst of all, seem bad business, for it is incontestable that a good design has a close relation to a profitable venture, and unless the project be wrong-headed in the beginning, the value of a building is increased measurably by the beauty which a skilful artist is able to put in it, and nowhere can one find more talented architects than in this country, and nowhere is better architecture being done. More of us must learn that good art is good business in architecture as in opera.

If we really have an interest in art we must be enthusiastic about our own present art, which in the case of the skyscraper is as new, original and moving as any other style was in its early days. That our artistic impulse finds its expression largely in commercial buildings may be regretted by some, but it does not change its value æsthetically. To compare it to other styles is useless. All we can say is that it is important; how important must be left to the judgment of the future to determine.

If one wax enthusiastic about New York it must be forgiven. It is a fairy city no mortal hands, it seems, could be responsible for—these straight canons cut, as if in the living rock, below a town on the hilltops. Seen from a distance, its rugged crags appear to be reaching for the clouds. No light that shines on sea or land has half the mysterious beauty of New York in early morning or late afternoon, and nowhere does the sun set in such majestic splendor as at our street ends. As reality, it is unbelievable; one must conclude that it is but the fantasy produced by some magic rubbing of a sorcerer's lamp.



NEW YORK

*Photograph by Charles Sheeler*





NEW YORK

*Photograph by Charles Sheeler*



THE PUBLIC LIBRARY, NEW YORK  
*Photograph by Charles Sheeler*

CARRERE AND HASTINGS  
*Architects*





SINGER BUILDING  
*Photograph by Charles Sheeler*

ERNEST FLAGG  
*Architect*



METROPOLITAN TOWER  
*Photograph by Underwood & Underwood*

LE BRUN  
*Architect*





THE WOOLWORTH BUILDING  
*Photograph by Underwood & Underwood*

CASS GILBERT  
*Architect*



BUSH TERMINAL BUILDING

HELME & CORBETT  
*Architects*





THE BUSH TERMINAL  
BUILDING



THE ASSAY OFFICE  
*Photograph by Underwood & Underwood*

YORK & SAWYER  
*Architects*





PERSHING SQ. BUILDING (in background)  
*Photograph by Charles Sheeler*

YORK & SAWYER  
JOHN SLOANE, *Architects*



CUNARD BUILDING

BENJAMIN MORRIS





HOTEL AMBASSADOR  
*Photograph by Charles Sheeler*

WARREN & WETMORE  
*Architects*



HECKSCHER BUILDING

WARREN & WETMORE  
*Architects*





THE PARK-LEXINGTON BUILDING  
*Photograph by Charles Sheeler*

WARREN &  
WETMORE, Architects



FRATERNITY CLUB  
*Photograph by Charles Sheeler*

MURGATHROYD & OGDEN





THE SHELTON  
*Photograph by Charles Sheeler*

A. L. HARMON, *Architect*



LOOKING OUT  
Reprinted from the June issue

KATHERINE SCHMIDT

## YOUNG AMERICA---KATHERINE SCHMIDT

By ALAN BURROUGHS

NOT where a traveler goes but from where he comes is commonly the main object of a country fellow's curiosity. That was the question which Stevenson heard in the Cevennes so often that he wrote it down as the "sacramental phrase"—*D'ou 'st-ce-que vous venez?* And the country people of æsthetics, the scattered number who read art criticisms and reviews, relish the same question as did the little girl on the bridge of Langogne. Their curiosity takes a more intellectual turn; they like to know the course of what has been

before thinking of what may be. But the insistence with which they discuss origins and antecedents, influences and causes reveals a love of gossip rather than a thoughtful curiosity. Though they may intend a painstaking look into the future they actually take delight in raking over the past.

Criticism has often been narrowed down to a question of *why*. To guess *what* will come out of given circumstances is not considered safe. And indeed it is not. Art knows no *in statu quo*. Why expect that later on conditions will be less violent





KATHERINE SCHMIDT

*Photograph by Yasuo Kuniyashi*

and change less sudden? The possibility of æsthetics being put on rails, so that the next stop can be foretold as surely as the destination of a railroad train, involves the destruction of all vitality in æsthetics. One cannot conceive of a living art that follows an especially prepared roadbed. It must, if alive, have independence and arrive where it will, as it will. The years and the undertow of social life, the shifts of international politics and fashions probably have more influence on a good artist's life than the schools out of which his work appears to come. Rarely does one dare guess at the conclusion of a contemporary life; like a timetable or the weather, it is "subject to change without notice."

Nevertheless we can chance it with Katherine Schmidt, whose careful painting, our present subject, has been visible in various group exhibitions,—the Independent, the Brooklyn Society, the Salons of America and the New Gallery exhibitions. Last winter she had a room to herself at the Whitney Studio Club and took a more definite place as one of the successful graduates of the Art Students' League. But a visitor who had seen only an occasional picture or her few paintings at the Whitney Studio Club would judge Katherine Schmidt too lightly. Although some solid painting goes into all her canvases, a general impression of laboriousness seemed to drag on even the lightest of those compositions and still lifes. Also her work is too intimate to look its best in a formal gallery where it must make its effect under difficulties of light and distance, or in competition with bolder pictures, more adroitly finished though less ambitious. Katherine Schmidt handles small canvases with great feeling; and to get the most of what she has to offer one should hold her pictures at arm's length, set them in an easy light and see them in simple surroundings. This proves her individuality. It means she has more than surface qualities such as anyone could pick out at once. It suggests a future. Were she doing completed work at this moment it would not be worth while writing about her. As was hinted above, her past we consider of minor importance; it can be summed up in one word, Renoir. Her admiration for the great painter has been the stimulation under which she has developed. Beyond that we do not care to answer the question, *D'ou 'st-ce-que 'elle vient?* Whence comes this youthful artist?

Where Katherine Schmidt is going, however, is a question well worth the trouble. She has accepted Renoir's technical means and his "realization of form" and has so absorbed her training that she now

is ready to forget it, exerting her own individuality to more advantage.

Looking at some reproductions of early Renoirs an admirer can readily see that the essentials of the later and greater pictures appeared there in the less mature work. Years ago, had we seen the first work, we might have noticed the rotundity and luscious coloring. But does not the happy painting of the couple dancing contain in some degree the great qualities of Renoir's later work? Try to reverse the process. Look at Katherine Schmidt's present work and guess at what she will do later on. I imagine I see possibilities in her femininity—a certain intensity of affection for the subject before her. She appears to enjoy painting textures and clothed figures (always women), probably because of an unobtrusive but feminine love of materials. She likes draperies. And she lingers over a still life with all her heart. She has a fondness for forms and colors that one can call motherly, if one dare run the risk of being thought sentimental. Many young women are credited with this maternal feeling in their art, but few have it to a convincing degree.

On the other hand, even a brief meeting with Katherine Schmidt leaves one with an impression of intellectuality and character not associated with the "motherly type." She has said that what she would like to do is sculpture in paint, to draw a face so that one realizes the back of the head, as well as the front. In her work she attains thoughtful arrangements. She composes with care and exerts herself to use the depths, as well as breadth and height of her canvas. She follows a classical lead—seemingly a strange one to women artists. And she denies the value of the intellect in art with such logic that one believes she can scarcely avoid it. Her brain begins working, she says, after she has laid aside the brushes. By the same token it works before she sketches in her next picture. And in one way or another she has made the masculine characteristics of forethought and balanced thought a part of her painting. Katherine Schmidt is now twenty-four. The reader will wonder whether she will mix femininity and classicism or will have to lose one in order to develop the other. Here guess work plays its part. We have tried to point out that mature work from this artist will probably show either or both of these qualities which already appear in her individuality. The combination would be most interesting and because of her seriousness and determination, quite likely to occur.

Such an event would make of her a great artist. Of the few women who continue painting in complete maturity, few have overcome intellectual prob-

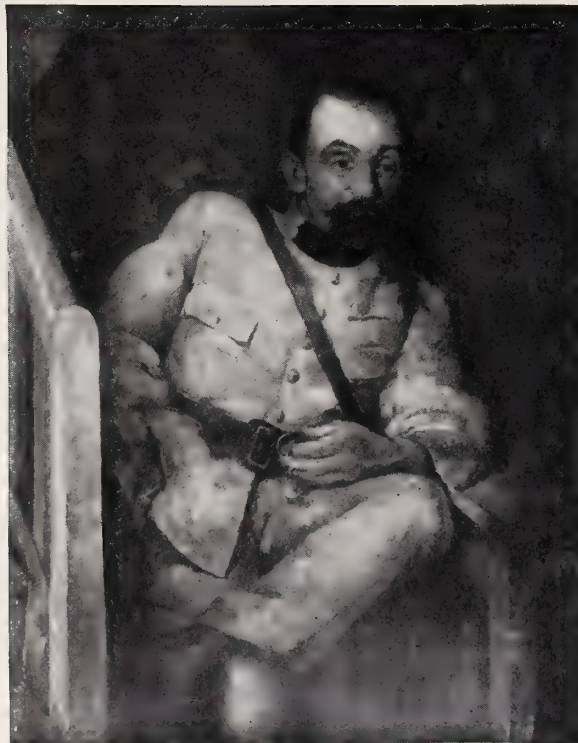


lems or seem to have been at the same time intuitive and thoughtful. A great painter seems always on the outside of boundaries, trying to do more than he can to perfection, leaving one stage half finished in order to be on the next. A great painter seemingly never exhausts his talent. And a woman artist who could be a feminine intellectual (using both terms in their broadest sense) would command a vast respect. Her work would be the envy of artists more gifted in control, but less fortunate in creative energy.

Renoir, strangely enough, was the type of man who nearly approaches this ideal. His sense of color and what one has to call his tactile sense were luxurious and sensitive to a feminine degree; his control of energy and his sense of balance were decided and masculine. At least, it seems to me, these qualities may so be termed.

Katherine Schmidt has started on an ambitious trip. To her certainly we put that other "Sacramental phrase"

*How far are you going?*



ELIE FAURE

DIEGO RIVERA



TOTONAC  
PALMATE SCULPTURE

## ELIE FAURE AND OLD MEXICAN ART

By JOSÉ JUAN TABLADA

**E**LIE FAURE'S *History of Art* is being published in New York, translated from the French by Mr. Walter Pach, painter and critic.

I quite agree with Mr. Thomas J. Craven in his criticism of this work when he says: "The most interesting and seductive history of the subject that has yet appeared . . . Pages gleam with brilliant images sharp and startling like the realistic metaphors of Conrad, etc., etc." This is indeed true. Faure's *History of Art* far surpasses in literary interest the "Apollo" of Salomon Reinach and is a stronger aid to the reader to perceive and enjoy the spiritual emotions concealed in human works of art. In that sense he complies "with that end for which critics exist," as Clive Bell affirms, "putting the public in the way of æsthetic pleasure." Reinach's "Apollo" was considered, before the publication of Elie Faure's *History*, the most reliable and complete

popular work on the subject. It may not be considered so today, perhaps because compared with Faure's work it is too archæological, and for that reason fails to impress the public with the excellence of works of art. On the contrary Elie Faure is not archæological enough. Certainly his style is rich in the vivid imagery and lyric enthusiasm which Reinach's lacks, but in comparison it lacks (in instances I shall indicate) that information and scientific knowledge which in Reinach's work is often excessive and at the expense of literary effect. Read interchangeably with each other the qualities of both authors would give a very happy result, counterbalancing one or other in due proportion, science and fancy, real facts and sentimental interpretation.

Where my opinion does not coincide with that of Mr. Craven is when he adds to his commendation of Faure's *History*: ". . . even the prehistoric





TOTONAC SCULPTURE

epochs, which most writers approach with timid speculations, are brought before us with a logical swiftness and certainty of detail that are inescapable."

There is in Elie Faure's *History* one chapter entitled "The Tropics" which appeals especially to the Mexican reader, including as it does a dissertation on ancient Mexican Art. Why has the French author included this subject in a volume devoted to Mediæval Art? The artistic manifestations disclosed to the Spanish Conquerors in Mexico were nothing but the remains of past cultures inherited by the Aztecs, who never proved themselves creators and who, in the realm of culture, only reaped the spoils of their military victories over Nahoas, Toltecs, Mayans and "Tlachichiques" or whatever name should be given

to their more highly civilized ancestors. Even the uncertainty about their real names marks their prehistoric character. If their artistic development confers on them the right to be considered on a superior level to troglodyte or bushmen, then their creations belong to ancient, surely not to mediæval art. Art in Mexico is older than history itself. Its products appear, even before chronology can establish a date, in places whose names are lost to geography, under circumstances of which the earliest chroniclers were ignorant. Even when not impossible it is difficult to ascribe the date or to trace the origin of the monuments found by the Spaniards in Mexico. Was the Calendar Stone, of probable Toltec origin, one thousand or more years old? Is the colossal diorite head, as some contend, the only head not submerged in the sunken Atlantis, or is it Toltec, Totonac or what not? Only in one instance it is possible to read a date leading to the discovery of a definite purpose, the memorial stone in the erection of the Great Temple. All other monuments are still in archæological limbo, subject to hypothetical probation, that is to say beyond history's reach—in short, prehistoric.

This is not the only fact that Elie Faure has overlooked in dealing with old Mexican art. He has disregarded many others more important. He states, for instance, that the Aztecs inherited "the blood thirst" from the Toltecs, cites the good God Quetzalcoatl, a kind of Buddha or Bodhisatva, deeply merciful towards every created thing. He speaks of temple doors shaped like faces with sharp teeth to crush skulls and tear bodies that were impossible to enter without sinking in blood up to the knees. No temple had such doors; if they ever existed it was only in the pictorial manuscripts as innocent symbols of Mictlan or the Land of Death, a region invariably sad and sombre in universal mythology. The author writes of mounds made with heaped skulls rising as high as the pyramidal temples. . . . We quote at random and could quote many passages where the author's mind loses the ground of evidence to soar aloft in fullest fancy.

In one paragraph the author makes an estimate as high as eighty thousand for the number of prisoners slaughtered at the consecration of the great Tenochtitlan Temple. Admitting that the conquerors and missionaries had political and religious reasons for exaggerating all the real facts to excuse implanting their swords and crosses in the land, such statements seem foreign to a general appreciation of art works. As strange would it be to inquire how many human lives it cost Europe for the foundation of Napoleon's throne, in an attempt to analyze the



TEMPLE CONSECRATION STONE



the work of such artists as David D'Angers or Horace Vernet.

Only for the sake of establishing the "*milieu*" where, according to Taine's theory, such works were produced, may these facts prove useful. The ancient Mexican environment gave birth to the strongest expressions of fright, pain, anguish, and a positive artistic attainment.

How can we moderns, sons of a civilization that has carried to catastrophic extremes wars and collective slaughters, be the judges of those primitive peoples who took the lives of their brethren in sincere mystic exaltation and not for the lure of material gain? All through his disquisition on Mexican Art the French author shows a proclivity to exaggerate its barbarous and cruel aspects. His mind seems to have a morbid trend, almost a "sadistic complex" to notice only the more fiendish features, passing hastily over many oases where, if he could not see heavenly visions, he might find less ghastly thrills. So quickly he flies that in passing he gives wrong names and attributions to all the gods he mentions. Breathlessly he goes through the Mayan prodigies. He never glances at the wonderful palmar stone carvings of the Totonacs, nor at the genial "Smiling Heads" of the same artists. That cosmic and monumental emotion conveyed by the Calendar Stone he disdains also. Pictorial manuscripts, the charming realm of sumptuary arts—with unique features such as the exquisite feather work—embellished fabrics, jewelry, ceramics being totally disregarded, fail to soothe the alarmed feeling provoked by an arbitrary and superficial observation.

The main point in Faure's appreciation of the subject is the stress he lays on the Aztec's characteristics, making thereby a wrong generalization. It is evident that he limits his field of observation to the Aztecs as many writers are prone to do, mistaking the historic notoriety that these people enjoyed for being dominant when the Conquest took place, for a solid cultural superiority. That is a common error misleading the judgment of many writers. But in fact the Aztecs compared with Toltecs, Nahoas or Mayas were less than Romans compared to Greeks.

That Elie Faure has restricted his observations mainly to the Aztecs is made clear by a footnote in his book, wherein he acknowledges his gratitude to Mr. Auguste Genin for the precious information mostly contained in his "Poèmes Azteques." He also thanks Mr. Briquet for the great number of photographic documents furnished by him. I know both poems and photographs and I must confess that the importance given by the French author to these documents has greatly surprised me. The photo-

graphs as a whole are a rather poor affair. They only comprise a record of objects kept in the Museum of Mexico City thirty years ago, when that institution had a lesser importance than it acquired afterwards. At that time the majority of the monuments preserved there were those of the Aztecs.

The poems were Aztec too. Poems of youth and lyric enthusiasm, rhetorical and eloquent, perhaps, but without the slightest glimpse of the real primitive soul. Poems of a didactic nature, as whatever the old priestly chroniclers wrote the poet rhymed, wrapping around the doubtful assertions his own "*furor poeticus*" which was fated to be enhanced afterwards by Elie Faure's fancy. These poems with Monsieur Briquet's photographs have evidently provided a great deal of the raw material out of which the French art critic shaped his views on old Mexican art.

Had he consulted other sources whose only drawback is that they are not French, for instance the works of the Germans, Seler and Lehmann, of the English Joyce and Fry, of the Americans Holmes, Maudslay, Maler, Saville, Thompson . . . his Appraisal of Mexican Art would be less tainted with tragic coloring, less thrilling perhaps, but at least more complete and accurate.

After reading this sombre, mutilated and depressing reflection of old Mexican Art upon the soul of the French critic, it is refreshing to open an unpretentious, firmly-based scientific book and read:

"The Mayas produced one of the few really great and coherent expressions of beauty so far given to the world and their influence in America was historically as important as was that of the Greeks in Europe."

This book: "Ancient Civilization of Mexico and Central America" is the work of Professor Herbert J. Spinden. Perhaps his pages do not "leap with images as vivid and sharp as mediæval illumination" as those of Elie Faure, according to an enthusiastic reviewer, but surely they have the advantage of thorough scientific information woefully absent in the French writer's volume.

Elie Faure's appreciation, were it not for the brilliant and startling style, would be (apart from its insufficient scope) as time worn and rancid in its views as the writings of Waldek, Charnay and Le Plongeon, published before or about the middle of the past century. Such obsolescence is striking now, when the downfall of old Greco-Roman art standards compels modern artists to go to the primitives in Etruria, Asia, Africa and America, in ardent search of the Lost Paradise . . . its golden fruits: direct vision, pure form and sincere expression.

# THE PRINTS OF KWAIGETSUDO

By ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

## I

THE almost fabulous rarity of prints by those artists who, in the Japan of two hundred years ago, worked under the name of Kwaigetsudo, has made evident for some time past the desirability of an attempt to list all the surviving examples and to bring together, in one series, reproductions of all the designs. It would be too much to hope that complete success has attended on the present effort to locate every existing Kwaigetsudo print; doubtless there remain somewhere in the world several additional sheets which have escaped notice, and which will have to be added to the list by some future student.

Thirty-six Kwaigetsudo prints is the total number discovered by this search. Two are in England, seven in Japan, nine in France, and eighteen in the United States. Several of them are unique examples of the design represented; in other cases, as many as three, four, or even five different specimens of the same print have survived the vicissitudes of time. We have no way of knowing just how large were the original editions issued; but we may reasonably suppose that they consisted of at least several hundred copies. If one considers the fact that these prints, when issued, were sold to the careless populace for a mere trifle, and were regarded as ephemeral amusement-pictures,—and if one recalls the succession of fires and earthquakes that have swept Tokyo,—and if one has ever had most of his possessions destroyed by the mildews and moths of a Japanese rainy season,—then one does not wonder that so few sheets have survived; one rather marvels that any have survived at all.

The whole number of different designs that have been found is only twenty-two. Knowing the fondness of the Japanese mind for certain round numbers, is it too venturesome to conjecture that perhaps there were originally twenty-four designs in the lot, two for each month of the year? I am inclined to believe that each one of the twenty-two robe-patterns can be traced back to elements which are associated in the Japanese mind with the months of the year; and that, with two exceptions, there are two allusions to each month. If this hypothesis is correct, we may some day find two more designs to add to and complete the list. Or, it may be that no examples of these two prints

have been preserved. It is impossible to say. In the following pages are reproduced all the twenty-two designs which we know; they, it is hoped, may serve as a point of departure for the further study of this extremely interesting and somewhat mysterious group of print-artists.

Unfortunately, information that is published for the use of the righteous becomes available for the use of the ungodly, also; and an article written about Kwaigetsudo is only too likely to engage the attention of certain wide-awake and resourceful tricksters in Tokyo, and to encourage them to produce in the near future some very fine Kwaigetsudo imitations and forgeries. Therefore it will be the part of wisdom to be very slow in putting faith in any hitherto-unknown Kwaigetsudo print that may suddenly turn up, unless it is authenticated by more than ordinary evidences of genuineness. No prints are so easy to imitate as these early black-and-white designs; usually a minute line-by-line comparison with an unquestionably genuine sheet is the only criterion that is even partially safe. Superficial marks of age, such as stains, brownness, worm-holes and abrasions, are all worse than valueless as evidence. So, when new Kwaigetsudo prints are brought forward, we shall be likely to ask for rather elaborate data concerning their past history, and to enquire a little skeptically as to where they have been in hiding during the last twenty years. The usual story about the "decayed nobleman in Tokyo" who wishes to sell his treasures anonymously, or the "deserted farm-house at Sendai," where forgotten chests have lately come to light, will hardly be enough to establish a clean bill of health.

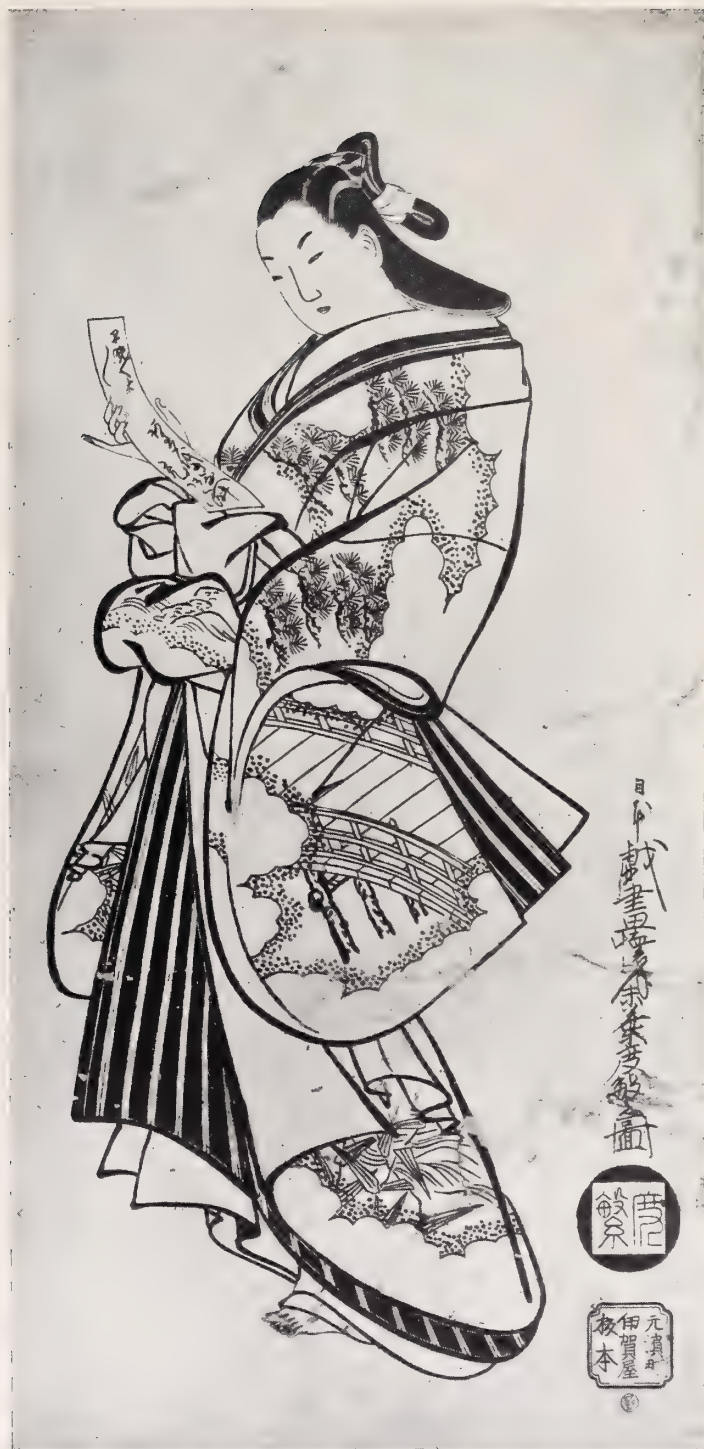
## II

The information at our disposal concerning the five artists who constituted the Kwaigetsudo group is unhappily very slight. The founder of the group, whose leadership all the others acknowledged by signing themselves as "Followers of Kwaigetsudo," was Kwaigetsudo Ando (or, as the name may equally well be pronounced, Kwaigetsudo Yasunori). Ando was a painter of great distinction and originality; but he was not a print-designer,—unless the unsigned print which is reproduced on page 118 herein may really be regarded as his work. Of his life and period of activity,





KWAIGETSUDO NORISHIGE  
 Courtesy of Henry Vever, Paris



KWAIGETSUDO NORISHIGE  
 Courtesy of Kojiro Matsukata, Kobe





目下  
越後  
長門  
系  
集  
度  
級  
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KWAIGETSUDO NORISHIGE  
*Courtesy of Mankichi Yotsumoto, Kobe*

little is known; and that little is confined mainly to the circumstances which, in the Spring of the year 1714, brought his career to a tragic close. It seems that Ando, besides being a painter, was a dealer in rice; and, as such, he and another dealer concocted the ambitious and profitable scheme of trying to have themselves appointed sole purveyors of rice to the household of the Shogun. The necessary amount of bribing of court officials was successfully accomplished; but it then appeared that the favorable influence of these dignitaries was not enough, and that the good-will and interested assistance of some of the court ladies was also indispensable. How better could one obtain this than by assisting some of these haughty but inquisitive ladies toward the enjoyment of certain dangerous and strictly forbidden fruits? And this is precisely what Ando did. He connived at a little plot which enabled the court lady Eshima to escape from the rigid routine of court propriety and attend a performance at one of the cheap popular theatres. These theatres were, in the eyes of the aristocracy, little better than houses of ill-fame; and attendance at them was, of course, an unthinkable thing for a woman of station. Eshima's visit led to the anticipated and desired result,—more visits, and the commencing of a secret intrigue with one of the favorite actors of the day. Ando cheerfully assisted; and he also gratified the tastes of the gay lady by presenting to her a roll of paintings that were highly erotic in character. From April until the following January, this little game was played without detection; then came the discovery of it by the police, and a terrific court scandal followed. The lady was banished to the little mountain-town of Takato, in the Province of Shinano. For Ando, death might easily have been the penalty imposed for such flagrant and disgraceful conspiracy to violate the etiquette imposed by the Shogun on his entourage; but he was lucky enough to suffer only the forfeiture of all his property, and banishment for life to the Island of Oshima, in the Sea of Idzu. Thus, in the year 1714, his career was brought to an end.

Perhaps it is with this year that we must begin, in any attempt to fix the years during which the prints of the Kwaigetsudo school were produced. It may well be that they were all the product of this year and of the one or two succeeding years.

### III

Ando's followers were four; one of these, Kwaigetsudo Norihide (or Doshu) was solely a

painter and not a print-designer; at least no print by him has yet come under observation. The remaining three disciples, whose work is reproduced in the following pages, bore the names of Norishige, Yasutomo, and Noritatsu. Owing to the curious fact that Japanese characters can be read with several different pronunciations, these names may also be read as Dohan, Anchi, and Doshin respectively.

Of the lives and personalities of these three print-artists we know absolutely nothing. Our only sources of information are a few paintings by them (which, it is hoped, some student will soon fully investigate and reproduce for us), and the prints themselves.

These prints are invariably of large size, approximately twenty-three inches high and twelve inches wide. The technique of wood-block printing had not yet been developed to the point where printing in colors was possible; therefore all these prints are in black outline only. Sometimes we find examples in which the orange pigment known as *tan* has been applied by hand to certain parts of the design—a method of heightening the effect which was common in those days.

Of the twenty-two surviving designs, eleven are by Norishige; seven are by Yasutomo; Noritatsu, the rarest of all, is represented by only three; and the remaining one, unsigned, cannot be attributed with any great certainty to any individual. The seals of three different Tokyo publishers are to be found on one or another of the prints.

Ando, the founder of the school, had, in his painting, established a vigorous and free style of drawing which was peculiar to him; the three of his followers who produced prints were content to take his manner and use it with a facility and a fidelity that are equally surprising. Perhaps never in the history of art have men so gifted with a sense of design been so perfectly content to follow with absolute literalness in the footsteps of a leader. And, strangest of all, these three print-designers, Norishige, Yasutomo and Noritatsu, were spiritual triplets; they worked in a style so precisely a single style that it is almost, if not quite, impossible to tell them apart except by their signatures. One hardly knows what to make of such a phenomenon; even in Asiatic art, where tradition and the example of predecessors have more force than with us, it is a most unusual situation. On the one hand, we must admire without bound the vigor with which these three men flourished their unanimous command of a magnificent linear manner; and on the other hand, we are likely to be touched with a certain contempt when we see their amazingly slavish







KWAIGETSUDO NORISHIGE  
*Courtesy of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston*





KWAIGETSUDO NORISHIGE  
 Courtesy of Gilbert E. Fuller, Boston



KWAIGETSUDO NORISHIGE

*Courtesy of William S. Spaulding and John T. Spaulding, Boston*





KWAIGETSUDO NORISHIGE

*Courtesy of Miss Buckingham, Chicago*



KWAIGETSUDO NORISHIGE  
*Courtesy of J. J. Marguet de Vasselet, Paris*





KWAIGETSUDO NORISHIGE  
 Courtesy of Gilbert E. Fuller, Boston

acceptance of the formula which was evolved by their master.

#### IV

The type of figure depicted in these Kwaigetsudo prints had a great influence on the whole future history of the art. The dignity of the tall majestic contours, the grace of the flowing robes, and the somewhat Olympian air of these gorgeous ladies established a tradition; and for almost a century thereafter, the succeeding print-designers were manifestly very much affected by the example thus set. Whether the original creation of this type of female figure can really be credited to the Kwaigetsudos is a question about which there have been considerable quantities of argument. A few years ago, it was assumed that this Kwaigetsudo manner had been derived from the style invented, in painting, by Miyagawa Choshun and Okumura Masanobu; but lately there has been a strong tendency on the part of students to discredit this view, and to regard the Kwaigetsudos as the originators, and the other artists as the imitators. If this later view be indeed the correct one, then Kwaigetsudo Ando must be ranked as one of the most original and most influential geniuses of the Ukiyo School. And his followers, using his style so masterfully in their large single-sheet prints of women, brought this type of print into such favor that generations of later artists could proceed confidently to create their own prints of *bijin*, or "beautiful women," sure of the support of an eager public.

Earlier artists than the Kwaigetsudos had produced large single-sheet prints, chiefly of theatrical scenes; such prints included also a few representations of women; but these latter had been sporadic things, not yet definitely formulated into a type, and not especially differentiated in feeling from the representations of actors. The sudden prominence given to the "bijin" or "oiran" in the Kwaigetsudo prints presents somewhat of a problem. Perhaps the splendid profligacy of the age,—an age which was enjoying peace and prosperity after many generations of civil wars,—expressed itself alike in the luxuriance of the dress-patterns and in the appreciation that was accorded to the superb and immoral woman, the "oiran," who was the only type of woman of that day toward whom an intelligent man could have any kind of attitude that differed much from his attitude toward a menial or a broodmare. Nominally, these women were prostitutes; but actually they appear to have been the only educated and comparatively free women in Japan; at least, it is around them that there cluster a large proportion of those characteristic legends of adven-

ture, devotion, and tragedy which we are accustomed to associate with highly developed personality and romantic love. At any rate, we may be sure that when the Kwaigetsudos made the "bijin" a heroic figure in their prints, they touched a responsive chord in the popular imagination; for the glorification of her in the designs of their successors lasted for a century. The Kwaigetsudos took what was apparently a novel but popular subject, and treated it in a style which, besides pleasing the populace of their own time, is likely to become a lasting element in our internationally shared heritage.

Certainly the Kwaigetsudo style deserves to be classed among the "grand styles." As Fenollosa says of it, "the lines of the drapery are conceived and executed with passionate splendor, in which the power of the Japanese brush to modulate the thickness of its stroke is like the fullness of tone from some great wind-instrument." The sweep of line, which is powerful enough in the pictures to dominate even the extravagant dress-patterns that were the fashion of the day, remains the outstanding characteristic of the Kwaigetsudo technique. The designs resulting from it are perhaps the most imposing in the whole range of Japanese print-history. These sheets represent, in most cases, the isolated figure of a woman in flowing robes, against a background of empty space. So much for the theme; it is nothing. But the treatment consists of a storm of brush-strokes whose power of movement is like that of writhing natural forces; out of this seething whirl of line is built up the structure of the monumental figure.

Usually, the body is merely suggested, under the great swirls of drapery. The face is always a blank, a formula, a conventionalization more abstract than that of Egyptian wall-carvings. But the dominance of the main curves, the vigor of the blacks, and the importunate life that vitalizes every touch and stroke, give to the Kwaigetsudo prints an almost unique fascination, and establish them as unquestionably the finest figure-prints among all the works of the Primitives.

#### V

It is not surprising that the cultivated Japanese gentleman of the year 1714 looked down with polite disdain upon the works of these early print-designers, and upon prints in general. What had he to do with the diversions of the rabble? As such a connoisseur well knew, many centuries of profoundly serious and almost religious devotion to painting had preceded this sudden attempt of a new,





KWAIGETSUDO YASUTOMO  
 Courtesy of William S. Spaulding and John T. Spaulding, Boston



KWAIGETSUDO YASUTOMO  
 Courtesy of the British Museum, London





KWAIGETSUDO YASUTOMO  
 Courtesy of Miss Buckingham, Chicago



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KWAIGETSUDO YASUTOMO  
*Courtesy of Raymond Koechlin, Paris*





KWAIGETSUDO YASUTOMO  
*Courtesy of Gilbert E. Fuller, Boston*



KWAIGETSUDO YASUTOMO  
*Courtesy of Miss Ainsworth, Moline, Illinois*





KWAIGETSUDO YASUTOMO  
 Courtesy of the Louvre, Paris



KWAIGETSUDO NORITATSU  
 Collection of Arthur Davison Ficke, New York





KWAIGETSUDO NORITATSU

*Courtesy of Museum of Fine Arts, Boston*



KWAIGETSUDO NORITATSU  
 Courtesy of J. J. Marguet de Vasselet, Paris





ATTRIBUTED TO KWAIGETSUDO ANDO  
*Courtesy of William S. Spaulding and John T. Spaulding, Boston*

popular school to take the center of the stage with mere wood-cuts. He might well shrug his shoulders and pass by. But it so happened that, at this time, when the possibilities of wood-engraving were first becoming clear to the plebeian Japanese artist, the old aristocratic schools of art were already moribund, and taste among the aristocracy had become a sterile thing of academies and respectable formulas. On the other hand, a vigorous, uncultivated mob, endowed with an inborn delight in significant form, was moving restlessly through the streets of Yedo, the great capital of the empire,—a mob hungry for some easily accessible kind of art which could give back to them a more highly realized sense of the flash and color of their days. This much-desired mirror of popular emotions was what the artists of the Ukioye School offered to them,—and, in so doing, produced an imperishable record of the Japan of that hour, and a haunting symbol of human life as it exists in every country and every age,—life as, at its best, a fleeting thing, gay, veiled by illusions, incomprehensible beyond its mere surface—not so very unlike patterns of foam that sway for a moment above incalculable sea-deeps.

Thus it was the destiny of the popular school, discredited though it was by the respectable aristocracy, to create during the nineteenth century a new kind of art which, though frivolous and willful in its choice of subjects, has outlasted the particular prejudices which condemned it to the contemporary gutter. The fascination of these works has, until lately, been clearer to the Western than to the Japanese connoisseurs; but now that the social barriers of two hundred years ago are purely matters of ancient history, the cultivated eyes of Japan are turning with unmixed admiration to these foam-flowers of Japanese art.

NOTE: The thirty-six known Kwaigetsudo prints are distributed as follows. (References are to the designs reproduced in the pages of this article.)

Imperial Museum, Tokyo. Page 62.

Musée de Louvre, Paris. Page 114.

British Museum, London. Page 109.

Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. Pages 101, 113 and 116.

Ainsworth Collection, Moline, Illinois. Pages 62 and 113.

Buckingham Collection, Chicago. Pages 96, 104, 110 and 112.

Ficke Collection, New York. Page 115.

Fuller Collection, Boston. Pages 97, 102, 106, 112 and 116.

Kawaura Collection, Tokyo. Page 102.

Koechlin Collection, Paris. Pages 101 and 111.

Matsukata Collection, Kobe. Pages 62, 97, 115.

Mihara Collection, Tokyo. Page 100.

Spaulding Collection, Boston. Pages 103, 108 and 118.

Vasselet Collection, Paris. Pages 105 and 117.

Vever Collection, Paris. Pages 62 and 96.

Yotsumoto Collection, Kobe. Page 98.

In the Hayashi Collection, sold in Paris in 1902, was another example of the print reproduced on page 110. In the Bing Collection, sold in Paris a little later, was another example of the print reproduced on page 102. In the Fine Arts Society Exhibition, London, 1909, was example of the print reproduced on page 117. The present whereabouts of these three sheets is unknown to the writer.

It is to be feared that the earthquake which occurred in Japan just as this article was going to press has destroyed a number of the prints above noted; and probably now additional Kwaigetsudo designs will never come to light.





# ARCHITECTURE OF TO-DAY

*To the Editor of THE ARTS,*

DEAR SIR:

Even at this late date of seeing the July issue of *THE ARTS* I cannot resist the temptation of hoping that I may be included among your architect friends. I confess to feeling partially neutral in the specific differences of opinion between your painter friend and your architect friend. I feel that they are talking about somewhat different things rather violently, as all really jolly arguers will. But I enjoy this argument, for they both say important things—passionately.

Your painter friend seems to be vindictive about that type of highly dolled-up, unintelligently designed architecture brought into being to serve the residential needs of those very smug, reactionary newly-rich who just naturally do not want paintings that are not “old and accepted,” that are not, as Thorstein Veblen would say it, conspicuously wasteful. They employ orthodox architects to do the orthodox thing in the nice, dependable old manners of the past—they know they are safe and will be well rated. I get a sort of feeling that, in his heart of hearts, your painter friend would not even want his pictures to hang in such houses. Why does he not put his enthusiasm into the great architecture of today—the achievements of industrial power, capitalism or no, instead of the half things of luxury? Has he not missed the significant architecture entirely?

Your architect friend seems to have an inferiority complex—forgive the vernacular—showing itself in defense of self and profession against what must be his own sentiments about architecture. Architects can and are “searching” and “experimenting”; they do not really have to be saturated with sentimental antiquarianism. The past thirty years’ development of steel and reinforced concrete construction, of elevators and sanitation, of ingenious planning, does not need to be defended against any painter’s charge whatsoever. Your architect friend answered the painter in terms of buildings which ape the ancient styles. Why does he not talk about the Bush Building, or the Hide and Leather Building, the new Shelton Club Hotel, or the Allerton Houses? the Yankee Stadium or Yale Bowl? the Pennsylvania

Terminal train shed? the Valhalla or Ashokan Dams? or Hellgate Bridge? or of numerous power plants, factories, grain elevators? Why does he not point to new social functions of today where new and beautiful architecture is being built of the new materials of today and designed in the thrilling style of today?

Your architect friend said a red hot vital mouthful about the ignorance of painters about architecture. He might well have included art critics and art publishers among the ignorati. Compare the art publications, architectural among them, of this country with those of Holland, Germany, Scandinavia, or Czecho-Slovakia. American publications print and show American sentimental domestic architecture with the accent on “patine,” and city buildings with commercial prominence and accent on ostentation. The continental European magazines show American examples such as I mentioned above where the true æsthetic quality is arrived at by combination of structural necessity with simple rhythms and harmonies of appearance. They “get” our new architecture and pass up our cowardly attempts at tying up modern planning and construction with inherited habits two thousand or more years old.

Like your architect friend, I feel like airing unprintable profanity about the opinion of your painter friend. He is supposed to be more sensitive to beauty than most folks. He has a wealth of æsthetic emotional experience of new forms and shapes and character all around him, just itching to serve as inspiration. The average man is rushed by the times and cost of materials, serviceability, land values, and labor and wage difficulties, cloudy sensibilities to the things being done. But the painters!—and the journalists and critics!—let us not have them in the class of pessimists and cynics, whose lineal descendants two generations hence will “discover” the fine art of the architecture of today. The new architecture is here now, as truly as the new painting, sculpture, or music.

Respectfully yours,

HERBERT LIPPMANN.

New York, August 9th, 1923.

EDITOR’S NOTE: Mr. Herbert Lippmann’s letter is the most interesting reply to the editorial in the July *ARTS* that has been received.

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VOL. IV, No. 3

SEPTEMBER, 1923



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THE ARTS: Volume 4, Number 3, September, 1923; Published Monthly by THE ARTS PUBLISHING CORPORATION at 211 East 19th Street, New York, N. Y.; 50c a copy; \$5.00 a year. Entered as Second-Class Matter January 23, 1923, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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THE dear old hackneyed phrase *I know what I like* has been maligned too many years, for, after all, it's only people that know what they like who ever enjoy painting and sculpture.

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# THE ARTS

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*September Cover—Seated Woman,  
Sculpture by Aristide Maillol.*

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THE PARADE

HONORÉ DAUMIER





FRIENDS

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC

# THE ARTS

VOLUME IV

SEPTEMBER, 1923

NUMBER 3

I HEARD an artist say the other day that during the past few years he had been upset and demoralized by the *modern* painting. He wanted to be in the new movement and didn't want to be in the new movement. Since the "new painting" arrived he can no longer paint as before, and yet he says he can't paint in any other way.

Fatal admission!

All he asks for is merely the thing most impossible to get—a formula, not realizing, in his pathetic bewilderment, that as soon as an artistic formula is stated it is done for. In a sense, nothing has any existence except in its expression. The act of creation both gives life and kills life. When the thing is expressed it is finished. The spontaneous life within it is the only value. Nothing can be repeated. If anything can be taught is doubtful.

If the artist could only be taught how to do a thing and then go and do it! But in the doing is the learning. He must do it first and then, perhaps, he will have learned—a sad dilemma for the groping aspirant.

Samuel Butler wrote in his Note Book:

"If a work of art is for all time it must be independent of the conventions, dialects, fashions and costumes of any time; if not great without help from such unessential accessories no help from them can greatness it. A man must wear the dress of his own time, but no dressing can make a strong man of a weak one." An obvious remark enough, one would think and possibly not particularly helpful, since it merely says that if an artist is not great he is not great.

Are all artists then merely futile if they are not indubitably great? By no means, necessarily. To be thoroughly one's self is to be original and, of course, the depth and breadth and quality of the originality all come back to what one is, not to what one has been taught. Complete sincerity is the rarest of traits. It will not make an artist of one who is not an artist, but it is the first essential requisite and it implies a force of personality so unusual as to be almost identical with originality.

The lack of this trait—call it sincerity or call it originality—explains the uninspired and uninspiring dullness of the mass of works brought forth by a "movement" in art. The devotee of the movement forgets to be himself or expects the movement to do the impossible and fill the gap that a lack of self has left. Thinking to reduce art to a formula, hopeful but misguided, he runs after the bird with his little pinch of salt for its elusive tail.

Suppose he catches what he thinks is the formula and puts the salt on thoroughly, is all made easy? For a day or a month or a year he enjoys the sensation of being a *modern*. And then the grim joke comes out. His work looks like a last year's hat, for the formula only serves for what has been done, not for what is to be done.

There isn't any formula that will make the creation or even the appreciation of art as easy as eating milk toast, and if it could be made as easy, the enjoyment derived from it would undoubtedly be of the same order.

FORBES WATSON.





AT THE MOULIN ROUGE

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC

# HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC

By ALEXANDER BROOK

IN the art of Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec we have perhaps the clearest and most accurate statement of how the man lived, his companions and the world about him. It is utterly impossible to dissociate his art from his life, since they were so inextricably one. His portraits and posters, painted so emphatically of the persons, were all of relatives and intimate friends, while even his large genre paintings of balls, cabarets and theatres were composed of groups of individuals whom he met nightly. With flashes of humor, wit and malice that were always brilliant, never encumbered by unnecessary detail, he would portray with direct simplicity the gestures and attitudes of his associates, their stupidity, verve or degeneracy, selecting therefrom means of producing work of great eloquence. That the personality of his subject was always of enormous interest to him is obvious, and he would attack it with such penetration as to make of the result an intense human revelation. The salient characteristics, the structural peculiarities, the subtleties of facial expression and all his feelings concerning the place and people would appear with biting clarity. These stupendous descriptions neither flatter nor condemn—are simply pungent appraisals of the habits and aspects of his models, doing full justice to whatever of coarseness or refinement might be present in them; for his was no fallacious judgment but a fine human psychology.

His father, the Count Alphonse de Toulouse-Lautrec-Monfa, descended from the sovereign counts of Toulouse, was a furious sporting nobleman of feudal tastes and innumerable eccentricities. Henri was born at Albi (November 24, 1864) while the count was out hunting, the omens seeming to augur the infant's development into just such a dashing and accomplished young man as would befit his station. Nothing was lacking to this end:—birth, position, means, education, influence, opportunity, all were there. At the age of thirteen, however, he fell and broke a leg. In the following year he broke the other. From this time on his legs grew no more and walking became painful to him. His father, perceiving that he could never join in the chase, would have no more of him, and life became full of grief for Henri. René Princeteau, the horse painter, took an interest in the unfortunate boy and the doors of his studio were always open to his young friend; the love of horseflesh proving a mutual bond. Together they would go to the races

to sketch those animals which Lautrec loved so but would never be able to ride, and in this way he drifted towards art.

His first real instructor, (for Princeteau never held that position) was M. Léon Bonnat, his second and last Cormon, both insignificant masters who had no share in the expansion of Lautrec's talent. In the latter's studio, however, he came into contact with a certain group of students, Van Gogh among others, who became his cronies and among whom he enjoyed popularity. Here also he found his preferences: Ingres, Manet, Renoir, Dégas and Forain; Velasquez, Goya and Greco.

The cruel chance that made of him a dwarf brought sorrows incommensurable. Conspicuous wherever he went, he was an object for the scorn of strong men, the cold pity of women and the vulgar jibes of the throng. Thus forced by humiliation from the society of the fashionable world and deprived by his deformity from their pastimes, he turned eagerly to warm Bohemia wherein nearly all are handicapped in some way,—if not, as he, by physical disabilities, at least by lack of education, opportunities or funds. Ample means, winning manners and gifts of mind he had. Such attributes alone were sufficient to gain him consideration and esteem in this less exacting circle. He expanded; he felt freer than ever before, since here at last was a refuge for his bruised and sensitive spirit.

From then on he lived in a section of Montmartre that became to him a miniature world where his favorite *Bals*, cafés and music-halls were within convenient walking distance, if walking with Lautrec could ever be convenient. He had almost a home life among various houses which he would visit with presents for the fair inhabitants. To them he was a friend. They liked his polite speech and generosity; and whenever there was a holiday, birthday or event to rejoice over, he would give a party, usually mixing the cocktails himself. To the Moulin Rouge he would go nightly, his bowler hat pushed to the front of his large head, the short legs propelling the heavy body with difficulty, finally disposing himself at the table customarily reserved for him by his friend, Oller, the proprietor. There he would remain the greater part of the evening, his eyes and hands never idle, fidgeting, applauding or shouting scurrilous remarks, becoming more and more excited over Valentin's eccentricities or Jane Avril's contortions. His familiarity with these





AT THE HANNETON BAR

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC



DANCER RESTING

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC



resorts was not that of a spectator but that of a participant. It is doubtful if he were a less important part of an evening at the Moulin Rouge than La Goulue herself. The latter danced with a disorderly abandon, ever delighting Lautrec. He loved all these people, their lewd jokes and coarse remarks, the smell of bad tobacco and overheated throngs, and above all the frenzy of the dance. He was happy, for gracious ways and a liberal pocket could procure him endless friends among the much decorated denizens of the street, while his kind and cordial heart made him well liked by all.

The abundance and variety of this material supplied him with everything that he most needed, and there was nothing in that multi-colored, vivid life which he did not both experience and express. Everything he saw and felt was transmitted in some way onto paper, canvas or stone, and the superb veracity of his statements suggests in a compelling manner the titillating Montmartre of the day. Types, scenes, episodes, personalities, theatres, cafés, balls, entertainments, artificialities, abnormalities, sports, life in the streets and in the houses. At this gigantic mixture of various stimulants Lautrec smacked his lips as over a favorite drink, for love of

excitement was the truest key to his temperament.

With what grace and dignity would he portray Jane Avril, known as La Mélinite, her dainty leg perched high in the air, her body trimmed down to the slenderness of a thoroughbred. Vain of her beauty, she would dance before the mirror for hours, an agile creature able to bend back and touch her shoulders to the floor. Valentin the Disjointed with his large cranium and stiff body supported by those india-rubber legs was always a source of envy and amusement to Lautrec, who pictured him over and over again dancing with La Goulue, her top-knot high on her haughty head, her triangular mouth which never smiled; Lender swishing her skirts; Aristide Bruant attired in black, standing firmly in stout boots, who, at the Mirliton, roared out songs in praise of the girls; May Belfort, May Milton, Cissie Loftus and hosts of others live for us again in posters, crayon sketches and paintings executed in a magnificent style with a line sensitive and malicious. Even his lightest drawings made of the jockeys at the racetracks, of Chocolate, the famous negro clown at the circus, of acrobats, comedians and courtesans, all exhibit the same extraordinary aristocratic elegance.



O X E N

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC



THE WHITE BLOUSE

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC





AT THE MOULIN ROUGE

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC

Concerning the feelings of those Lautrec depicted we may perhaps hazard a guess: some were amused, some interested, others doubtless resentful,—few of the many mummers, troubadours and notorieties of the day actually realized that if their ephemeral personalities were to be perpetuated at all beyond their own ultimate pulsations it would be doubtless owing in no small measure to the powerful and poignant reactions of one spectator. Had this occurred to them, it must have been a repulsive thought, for no one of great or little fame would wish to have her or his identity submerged and finally handed down unflatteringly to posterity as the trifling perquisite of another's genius. But how grateful are we who observe with detachment these visions of the nineteenth century where glide before our eyes the manifold activities of days past and gone. No phase of life was ever more salvaged from the wreck of time than was that of Lautrec's creative zenith.

Forever would he be taking mental notes and would carry these impressions in his memory for ultimate use. He went daily to the establishment of Stern, his printer, where he would sit before his stone and improvise, manipulating his crayon with utmost freedom and dexterity, joking and convers-

ing the while with all those present. He never retouched or scratched out but worked until his drawing was completed, returning later to help Stern pull the prints. Elaborate experiments he made, however, to procure the right tone of ink.

At favorable times of the year it was his custom to go to the garden of Père Forest, a photographer and friend of Lautrec. This garden was vast and overgrown, well adapted to privacy from the seething city without, a real retreat wherein he might paint, receive his friends and find perfect relaxation. He would seek out the shadiest possible spot, where no ray of sunshine could reach his canvas, and there in his shirt sleeves, hat pushed back, he would sing and paint to his heart's content. His models were usually girls from the Boulevards and from the brothels which he frequented, and it was here that he painted some of his most celebrated canvases such as "*A la Mie*" "*La Femme au Chien*" and "*La Femme à l'Ombrelle*." Various cronies would call in the afternoon, were always well received by their host and treated to drinks from the bar he had established in a shack.

It seems that wherever Lautrec took up his abode he started a bar. Cocktails were a passion with him and it was his hobby to don a bartender's white

apron and mix them for his friends with the greatest enthusiasm. English and American bars were recent importations and Lautrec was a steady habitué, eager to learn the secret of the various beverages, often himself inventing a new concoction which he would try on his friends at the next party, only too delighted if he could put them all under the table. His passion for everything English came largely through his love of all forms of sport. He was wont to use sporting terms freely,—not from affectation but from a very natural choice. Had he not been a cripple, he would have been, in all likelihood, an active sportsman, having inherited from the elder count a fondness for animals, games and combat.

Living the life that he did, full of hard work and ferocious dissipation, it was inevitable that his feeble

physique should give way under the strain. The first blow came in 1899 when he suddenly engaged in such extraordinary antics that it was found necessary to procure him a guardian; but this worthy proved of little use save as a subject to be incorporated by Lautrec in a certain large and grimly humorous canvas wherein he appears standing behind Lautrec's chair, clothed in black, gloomy and forbidding as an undertaker. Lautrec's mind being somewhat affected, he was sent away to a sanatorium for two months, where he made a succession of crayon drawings of the circus. These drawings, done from memory of course, are certainly some of his finest and most surprising. Upon his release he returned to painting with increased ardour; but this respite was not of long duration, for his illness progressed inexorably and by the following year he



AT THE MOULIN ROUGE

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC





THE COIFFURE

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC



JANE AVRIL

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC



was forced to give up work. Daily he became coarser and stranger in mind and speech till some of his old friends deserted him. Poor mortal. His life, so dark and sorrowful, had been for a while illumined with a riotous glow. He seemed to have come anon from outer darkness into the light and heat of a great bonfire which expired and left him once more in blackness and misery. No longer was he to be seen at the Moulin Rouge and all the old gay days had fled away. He strove in vain to regain them but the disease crept on with deadly certitude and in 1901 he was stricken with paralysis, dying surrounded by his family at the Castle of Malromé.

*"Cet homme fut un obstiné travailleur, un fécond producteur; et, en se disant cela, on est saisi d'une vive tristesse en pensant à tout ce qu'il eût pu encore réaliser, avec une vie plus longue! . . . Oui, je sais: Van Gogh, une carrière plus courte! Oui, c'est là un des lourds regrets que vous inflige la Vie. Et M. Corman, leur maître à tous deux,*

*il n'est par encore mort, lui! Voilà une des inexplicables boutades de la nature ou de la Providence, ou de Dieu à votre choix!"—(Gustave Coquiot)*

In these fifteen years of activity Lautrec produced an enormous amount of work. His standard never fluctuated nor was he ever intrigued by fads or theories. He often painted on cardboard because he found it sympathetic; he used turpentine as a medium because it gave a dull finish which he liked; and he frequently left a great part of the ground untouched by paint because it pleased him to do so. Beyond these simple reasons he never penetrated, leaving it to the public to discover the deep and significant causes for his actions. Drawing came so easily to him that he needed no method to make it easier. His stone was the surface upon which he wrote with great fluency, divining the form beneath the garments of those who wore too many clothes, clothing with dignity such as might appear to an exacting world too naked.



INTERIOR

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC



PORTRAIT OF A MAN

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC





REJANE AND GALIPAUX IN MADAME SANS GÈNE  
TOULOUSE-LAUTREC

To see a picture by Lautrec is to remember it forever. Hardly could one be mistaken for another, nor are there any periods into which it would be possible to subdivide his work. He is, in this respect, unlike most painters whose output falls inevitably into definite chronological stages all more or less readily distinguishable from each other. Picasso, for example, has gone through so many phases that when one sees a canvas by him one can approximately gauge when it was painted, whether it is of his blue period, an early or later abstraction, or one of his recent large sculptural paintings.

In viewing Lautrec's pictures it is like meeting

the personalities themselves. More than that, one seems to have met them before. Is it possible that Lautrec, who knew most of his models so well, implanted in his work this intimacy which in turn reaches us?

When Lautrec first began to paint, Japanese prints had already become extremely popular and he also was not lacking in admiration of them. The love of Japanese art remained with him through his entire career and he always wished to visit Japan. For some unknown reason he did not, though funds and freedom were his. With his posters and lithographs this influence is evident in the covering of



THE MOORISH DANCE

Portraits of Mm. Tapié de Céleyran, Maurice Guibert, Fenéon, etc.

Decoration for the Baraque de la Goulue (1895)





WOMAN WITH DOG

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC



THE FRIEND

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC

large spaces with flat color against a flat ground. The sharpness of his profiles suggests in a vague way the Japanese print and in his large compositions each individual has his or her distinct gesture, clearly silhouetted against another.

For his real enthusiasm, however, he turned to Degas. From him Lautrec evidently absorbed much, especially from those pictures to secure which Degas has been accused of "looking through keyholes and transoms." These possibly may have helped Lautrec in obtaining a few new angles on his own toilette scenes, but these last are of a more intimate nature than Degas'. It is true, one feels that Degas might have stood on a chair to look over a door, for his figures perform exactly as if no one were observing them, whereas with Lautrec one is always conscious of his immediate presence. Moreover, it is rather amusing to think of Lautrec perched on the edge of a bureau, a derby hat forward on his head, sketching the model *en déshabillé* upon the floor, clothes littering the surrounding furniture. When

he saw something that diverted him his one thought was to get it on paper. Interested in people he strove to reproduce their actions and expressions, the peculiar circumstances in which they were placed, their dress and figures. He did not seem to seek after art or to worry himself about it, but the art, nevertheless, was always there. This may account for the crispness of his work and the total absence of any such haggard, soft, sweet or sentimental quality ordinarily found in the over-earnest individual with æsthetic preoccupations who fancies he has an exalted mission. It is not to be supposed that he lacked seriousness, but it is possible that he approached painting with the attitude of a sportsman.

In the Gallery of Art that each of us imagines, in the particular room with Degas, Daumier, Guys and Hogarth, would be found Lautrec and beside him Goya as his closest kinsman. Goya was more savage than Lautrec but often in their portraits is visible that same mischievous half-smile which may





MAY BELFORT

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC



DANCER IN HER DRESSING ROOM

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC





AT THE CAFÉ

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC

have appeared to a little broader degree on the face of the artists while painting. Goya's portrait of the man in the striped trousers at the Metropolitan Museum and that of M. Delaporte by Lautrec are striking examples of the spiritual similarity between these two artists accompanied by a total difference in execution. In Goya's series of war etchings he depicts all the horror of battle in a manner to make the most hardened veteran shudder; yet it is suspected that he enjoyed making these as Lautrec did his circus set and café scenes. Both were inspired with the delight of pitching one side against the other, but while Goya's combats were notable for strength and cruelty, Lautrec's were distinguishable for skill and grace. Exhibitions of cunning on the dance floor can be as stirring as bull-fights or climb-

ing the greased pole. Whereas Goya employed black with much vigor and startling effect Lautrec used subtle grays that few others could get with the same natural distinction.

In connection with Lautrec, Pascin must not be overlooked. Pascin has, with hardly any worthy competitor, inherited Lautrec's position; and in the Gallery here imagined he will be placed on the other side of Lautrec. Directly opposite him it would not be amiss to put Seurat. And so we will leave Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec in this gay and goodly company though had he his choice he would doubtless prefer to inhabit forever that lost resort, that scene of so many of his happiest evenings, the Moulin Rouge which he so enjoyed and of which he gave us such a brilliant impression for all time.



THE MONK

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC





THE RACE COURSE

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC



THE OPERA AT BORDEAUX (Messaline)

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC





THE DANCE

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC



THE BALL—LA GOULUE AND VALENTIN

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC





LELOIR AND MORENO IN LES FEMMES SAVANTES  
AT THE COMÉDIE FRANCAISE

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC



THE DRINKING PLACE

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC





LULU—THE CLOWN

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC



WOMAN SEATED

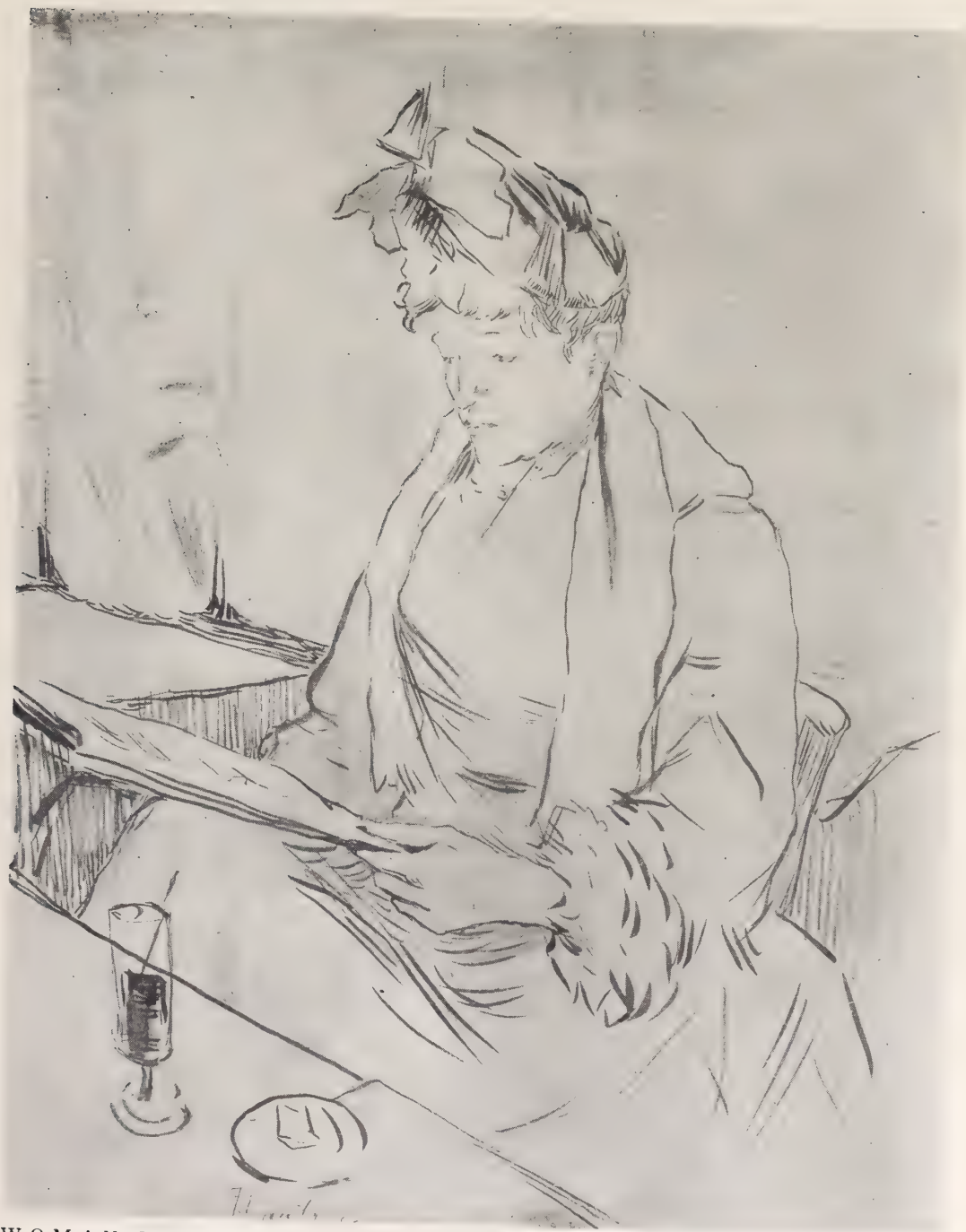
TOULOUSE-LAUTREC





EN PROMENADE—LA GOULUE

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC



WOMAN IN CAFE

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC





INTIMACY

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC



WOMAN WITH UMBRELLA

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC





READING

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC



ALFRED LA GUIGNE AT THE BAR OF THE MOULIN DE LA  
GALETTE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC





AU CAFÉ

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC



THE TRAPEZE ARTIST

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC





MISS IDA HEATH

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC



PORTRAIT OF MR. X

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC





PORTRAITS OF LA GOULUE AND VALENTIN LE DÉSOSSÉ  
*Decoration for la Barque de la Goulue (1895)*



AT THE MOULIN ROUGE

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC





LA GOULUE BEFORE THE JUDGES      TOULOUSE-LAUTREC



NUDE

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC





THE CARD PLAYERS

*Courtesy of M. de Zayas*

PAUL CÉZANNE

## AMBROISE VOLLARD, SENSIBLE BIOGRAPHER

By ALAN BURROUGHS

ALTHOUGH no book has appeared in English to correct the impression which dozens of magazine articles have created in regard to the art of Paul Cézanne, one's interest in Vollard's life of the master takes the form, not of commenting upon the artist's fate at the hands of literary art critics, but of considering the author's method of biography. True, indeed, the publication of this entertaining volume by Nicholas L. Brown, New York, as translated by Harold L. Van Doren, renews one's interest in Cézanne's struggle. It makes one wonder why the name of this painter, uttered so respectfully on some modern lips, should be at the same time

coupled with much over-intellectual nonsense on the tongues of other moderns. Why should the master of Aix, dead these seventeen years and recognized as *chef d'école* since 1899 when he retired to Provence, still be misunderstood? Why is it that no thorough-going biographies have been written in English? Why have magazine writers exaggerated his intellectual equipment, or misquoted his careless words, or misapplied the evidence of his intentions in painting? In all these brief summaries of his work he has been and is being as summarily treated as in the list of snap judgments and wrong-headed criticisms appended by Ambroise Vollard to

his book on Cézanne. Though time is on his side, the "father of modernism" still excites extreme opinions, and his method of work has been the touchstone for wordy theoretical explanations of æsthetic matters varying from Picasso to the color organ!

Simplicity is difficult for modern æsthetes to understand, since modern criticism has reached out into psychoanalysis and accustomed them to infallible judgments. Criticism has searched for what it wants to find, not accepted what is apparent. Something like this, in this direction, may be the explanation of Cézanne's peculiar position.

In a recent article, for instance, a well-known art writer implies continually that Cézanne was a mental giant, a Michelangelo, capable of deepest analytical thought in regard to his own work. He implies that Cézanne painted with a thick impasto so as to get the "cumulative effect," and asserts he "was performing a mental operation similar to that of the musician." And again . . . "Since form, more than color, renders the thing seen, Cézanne's organizing of the lines and planes of his pictures will stand as an even greater achievement than his work with color."

This in spite of the evidence long familiar in Vollard's Cézanne!—where one can visualize the simple minded old painter struggling with his colors, trying to catch an effect which he can not explain and, in spite of himself, getting his colors thicker and thicker. He even said he had discovered that "painting was not the same thing as sculpture!" His later work shows a return to "painting thick," evidence of a still greater struggle for rightness. As for performing mental operations, almost every anecdote told by Vollard shows Cézanne to have had a most impulsive and narrow intellect; *vide* the quotations which are to follow. Calling his form "an even greater achievement than his work in color" denies the evidence of almost every photographic reproduction of Cézanne's work, including the sixteen new reproductions. These are messy, clumsy, ineffective, compared to the original work in the American edition of Vollard's book. His form was in his color. What he put down on canvas as line and plane was incidental to his chief interest, his inborn and half unconscious excuse for painting as he did. If his work achieves "organization," it was an organization through feeling, not through intellect; through copying at the Louvre, not through mental study in his studio.

But let us leave this train of thought and refresh our minds with a number of quotations from Vollard's life. Here is simplicity, as it should be, simply treated—the personality of a gifted old man

exposed in the fashion easiest to understand. The reader is not asked to believe that the painter was physically abnormal or that he inherited a certain constitutional peculiarity which accounted for his individuality. Vollard mentions that he had "a personality peculiarly passionate and mobile, compounded of ungovernable violence and almost feminine impressionability"; that Cézanne feared women, and even said once, "all women are cats, and damned calculating. They might get their hooks on me"; that Cézanne had a horror of all physical contact; that he was helpless "in the ways of the world." But it is not this way that Vollard takes to reach the life and art of Cézanne. It is the direct way, characteristic of a man of common sense, especially gifted in discerning æsthetic values and natural values, interested in propagating the appreciation of the real. We quote these passages. They are proof of Cézanne's simplicity as well as proof of Vollard's well established fame as a biographer of most practical value.

"From the moment that he put down the first brush stroke until the end of the sitting, he treated the model like a simple still-life. He loved to paint portraits. 'The goal of all art,' he would say, 'is the human face.' If he did not paint it more often, the reason lay in the difficulty of procuring models who were as tractable as I. Consequently, after painting himself and his wife many times, and also a few obliging friends (at the time that Zola still had faith in Cézanne, the future novelist consented to pose for the nude), he resorted to painting apples, and even more frequently flowers—flowers did not decay; he used paper ones. But 'even they, confound 'em! faded in the long run.' Therefore, in certain moments of exasperation against the 'contrariness' of things, Cézanne would even fall back upon the plates in the *Magasin Pittoresque*, of which he possessed some bound volumes, or, as a last resort, upon his sister's fashion magazines! Beyond that there was left but to hope for a clear gray sky, and to dread the barking of dogs, the noise of the pile driver factory, and a few inconveniences of a like nature."

\* \* \*

"Seated at last—and with such care!—I watched myself carefully in order not to make a single false move; in fact I sat absolutely motionless; but my very immobility brought on in the end a drowsiness against which I successfully struggled a long time. At last, however, my head dropped over on my shoulder, the balance was destroyed, and the chair, the packing-case, and I all crashed to the floor to-



gether! Cézanne pounced upon me. 'You wretch! You've spoiled the pose. Do I have to tell you again you must sit like an apple? Does an apple move?' From that day on, I adopted the plan of drinking a cup of black coffee before going for a sitting; as an added precaution, Cézanne would watch me attentively, and, if he thought he saw signs of fatigue or symptoms of sleep, he had a way of looking at me so significantly that I returned immediately to the pose like an angel—I mean like an apple. An apple never moves!"

\* \* \*

"Another time, all omens presaged a favorable sitting; the sky was 'clear gray', no dogs, silence in the pile-driver factory, a good copy the day before at the Louvre; and last but not least *La Croix* had announced a victory for the Boers that day. While I was rejoicing over these auspicious portents, I heard of a sudden a resounding oath, and turning around, I saw Cézanne wild-eyed, his palette-knife raised over my portrait. I was petrified with fear for what might happen; at last, after moments which seemed like hours, Cézanne turned his fury against another canvas, which was instantly reduced to shreds. The reason for this wrath, it seems, was this: in a corner of the studio opposite to where I was posing, there had always been an old faded carpet. On that particular day, unfortunately, the maid had taken it away with the laudable intention of cleaning it. Cézanne explained that it was intolerable not to have that carpet in its accustomed place; it would be impossible for him to continue my portrait; he would never touch a brush again as long as he lived. Happily he did not keep his word, but the fact remains that he could not paint another stroke that day."

\* \* \*

"When Cézanne laid a canvas aside, it was almost always with the intention of taking it up again, in the hope of bringing it to the point of perfection. We can readily understand, then, those landscapes, already 'classified' and taken up again the following year—sometimes even two or three years in succession. This procedure did not bother him in the least, since for him, 'to paint from nature was not a question of copying the subject, but solely of realizing his sensations.' It is easy to see how, from this unheard-of conscientiousness, this perpetual repainting of his work, the legend gained credence that he was powerless to realize his visions. Cézanne himself did all he could to spread this belief; he would solemnly and with the utmost conviction tell you, 'I don't seem to

possess the power to realize.' That epitomizes 'Cézanne the provincial,' darting furtive glances about him, and imagining himself hedged in by enemies whose sole purpose in life was to obstruct his admission to the Salon of Bouguereau. It was those imaginary enemies whom he tried to disarm with a humble, timid mien. What a contrast to 'Cézanne the master,' who, when someone bumped into him by accident one day at work, shouted furiously: 'Don't you know that I'm Cézanne?'

"His friends bantered him a great deal about his obstinate determination to get into the official Salons; but we must not forget his conviction that, if ever he could slip into the Salon of Bouguereau with a 'well realized canvas,' the scales would fall from the eyes of the public, and they would desert Bouguereau to follow the great artist that he felt himself capable of becoming.

"It is only fair to add that every trace of this conceit vanished the moment he sat down to his easel. Picture him with all his faculties concentrated on 'the exactness of the form,' searching out the line, with the same conscientiousness that the guild apprentices might have lavished on the *chef d'œuvre* which was to bring them their mastership. If he were satisfied with a sitting, a very unusual occurrence, he shouted like a schoolboy who has just received a good mark. Therefore it is not hard to understand how great must have been his irritation if he were suddenly awakened from his dreams and brusquely brought back to earth again. One day when someone had disturbed him at his work, and he had slashed up one of his pictures, he said to me, 'Excuse me, Monsieur Vollard, but when I am studying, I must have absolute quiet.'"

\* \* \*

"We were talking of Gustave Moreau. I said, 'It seems that he is an excellent teacher.' When I began to speak, Cézanne was in the act of lifting his wine to his lips; he stopped, holding it in mid-air, and cupped the other hand behind his ear, being a little hard of hearing. He got the full force of the word 'teacher.' Its effect was like an electric shock.

"'Teacher!' he shouted, setting down his glass so hard that it broke; 'they're all damned old women, asses, all of them! They have no guts!'

"I was floored. Cézanne himself was speechless for a time after the ruinous outburst he had been guilty of. Then he broke into a nervous laugh, and, returning to the subject of Gustave Moreau, went on: 'If that distinguished æsthete paints nothing but rubbish, it is because his dreams of art are suggested,

not by the inspiration of Nature, but by what he has seen in the museums, and still more by a philosophical cast of mind derived from too close an acquaintance with the masters whom he admires. I should like to have that good man under my wing, to point out to him the doctrine of a development of art by contact with Nature. It's so sane, so comforting, the only just conception of art. The main thing, Monsieur Vollard, is to get away from the *école*—from all schools. Pissarro had the right idea; but he went a little too far when he said that they ought to burn all the necropolises of Art.' ”

\* \* \*

“ ‘Listen Monsieur Vollard, painting certainly means more to me than anything else in the world. I think my mind becomes clearer when I am in the presence of nature. Unfortunately, the realization of my sensations is always a very painful process with me. I can't seem to express the intensity which beats in upon my senses, I haven't at my command the magnificent richness of color which enlivens nature. Nevertheless, when I think of my awakening color sensations, I regret my advanced age. It is distressing not to be able to set down specimens of my ideas and sensations. Look at that cloud; I should like to be able to paint that! Monet could. He has muscle.’ ”

\* \* \*

Extract from a letter to his son: “Sensations form the foundation of my work, and they are imperishable, I think. Moreover, I am getting rid of that devil who, as you know, used to stand behind me and force me at will to ‘imitate’: he's not even dangerous any more.”

\* \* \*

“ ‘I (Cézanne) know of nothing more ridiculous than all those people who crowd about the *Night Watch* and sigh with ecstasy. They would be the very first to vomit on it if Rembrandts should begin to go down in price . . . Why, with that mob around it, if I only had to blow my nose, I'd have to leave the room. You know, Monsieur Vollard, the grandiose (I don't say it in bad part) grows tiresome after a while. There are mountains like that; when you stand before them you shout ‘*Nom de Dieu* . . .’ But for every day a simple little hill does well enough. Listen, Monsieur Vollard, if the *Raft of the Medusa* hung in my bedroom, it would make me sick.’ Then suddenly: ‘Ah! When will I see a picture of mine in a museum?’ ”

Is this not biography carried to a high and honest

pitch. The author knows his subject intimately and presents it clearly.

Vollard has done the same thing again in his volume on Renoir, reviewed in *THE ARTS*, Vol. I, No. 7. With the same sly attitude of mind, he works out the truth, characterizing, describing details, reporting conversations, asking questions, Boswell-fashion, calculated to bring out what he wants from the master's lips. This method he carries to an illuminating conclusion with Renoir. As the reader may remember he pretended to believe what was commonly said in the press about impressionism. Let me quote some of this other volume, too. In the course of conversation with Renoir he asks, “Then the only new thing in technique which impressionism has brought us is the disuse of black, that non-color?”

“Renoir started. ‘Black, a non-color? Where did you get that? Black is the queen of colors! Here, look in that *Lives of the Painters*. Find Tintoretto . . . Give me the book! And he read: “‘One day when someone asked Tintoretto which was the most beautiful of all the colors he replied, *The most beautiful color is black!*’ ”

But Vollard persisted in quoting phrases from the current criticisms. “How is it then that you favor black, when you have ‘replaced black by using Prussian Blue?’ ”

Renoir: “Who told you that? I've always had a horror of Prussian Blue . . . ”

After many other attempts Vollard concludes that his sources of information, the critics, do not show any great understanding of technique. But he thinks they must have something important to say when it comes to explaining the influences of one painter on another; so he asks, “It was Turner, wasn't it, with his luminous color, who adopted the use of prismatic colors before Monet?”

Renoir: “Turner? Do you call that luminous?—just like bon-bon colors . . . It would be exactly the same thing if he painted with his morning chocolate!”

Vollard continues with snatches from critical essays. “But Claude Monet and Pissarro were the followers of Turner, weren't they?”

Renoir: “Pissarro is a man who has tried everything, even spot painting that he used to damn; and as for Monet . . . who was it told me that on his return from London he said: ‘Turner makes me sick!’ The only influence after all that Monet had was Jongkind! And he only used him as a starting point. I will tell you something personal to show you what ‘influence’ means to a painter. I used to lay greens and yellows on thick to get more





PORTRAIT

PAUL CEZANNE

'value' to my painting. One day in the Louvre I noticed that Rubens with a simple coating did better than I with all my thicknesses. Another time I discovered that Rubens got silvers out of blacks. Of course I was taught my lesson, but does that prove that I was under the influence of Rubens?"

Vollard wonders if all the marvelous articles he has read were not simply "literature," and not criticism. He tried again. "In any case, painting 'undertaken by chance with the recollection of an experience and with the powerful insight of instinct' . . ."

Renoir interrupts, "'Chance recollection,' 'powerful instinct' . . . Stupidity!—isn't it! As bad as congratulating us on giving our models suggestive poses. These fine gentlemen forget that Cézanne called his compositions 'Museum Memories'; for my part, I like to paint humans just as I paint fine fruit, and the greatest modern painter, Corot,—see if his studies of women are intellectual!"

And so Vollard gives up trying to assume the various positions taken by the French critics. As Renoir said, "Fortunately the most stupid remarks ever made can not keep a painter from painting."

The same attention to the opinions of other people surrounding the two chief personalities he has put into books gives an equally entertaining picture of great collectors, fellow artists, other dealers and writers. It is the antithesis of the Strachy method which rounds into a fine sounding period a judgment as final as the words in which it is made. In the volume on Cézanne Vollard devotes a chapter to the visitors who came to his first exhibition of Cézannes. You see the baker's boy and his friend entering because it is free, the husband punishing his wife by making her look at a Cézanne study of nudes, the look which Gérôme casts on the walls and many extraordinary incidents. He describes with a rare spontaneity what is only a detail in his exposition of a man. This passage from the volume on Cézanne pictures Aix with delightful vigor. There is no "side" to this kind of writing, no "literature."

"Cézanne loved his native city passionately. Each house, each street brought back memories of his childhood. Nevertheless he considered the people of Aix 'barbarians.' They in turn judged him quite as severely. But their contempt began to diminish appreciably from the very day that Cézanne's pictures began to sell.

"I had imagined that at Aix 'Cézannes' grew on every bush. I was told that for long Cézanne had offered his canvases to any comer, and used even to

abandon them in the fields, like the watercolor of *Bathers* that Renoir discovered while walking one day among the rocks at Estaque. My expectations were not fulfilled; the people of Aix were not the kind to be deceived by such 'daubs.'

"But behold! an individual arrives at my hotel with something wrapped up in a cloth. 'I've got one of them,' he said, without further ado; 'as long as they want 'em in Paris, and they're going big, I want to be in the swim.' He undoes the package and shows me a Cézanne. 'Not less than one hundred and fifty francs,' he cries gleefully, slapping himself smartly on the thigh, the better to assert his claim and at the same time bolster up his courage. When I have counted out the money for him, he remarks, 'Cézanne thought it was a pretty good joke when he made me a present of that! But the laugh is on him, now!' After he has given full reign to his joy he continues, 'Come with me!' I follow him to a house. There, on the landing, which at Aix does double duty as hallway and store-room, some magnificent Cézannes rub elbows with other articles of the utmost disparity: a bird cage, a cracked chamber pot, a syringe broken beyond repair. (It is a fact that the people of the Midi are loath to throw away or destroy anything whatever that may once have belonged to them.) The door is ajar, but fastened with an iron chain; my guide knocks. A bolt is drawn. But there seems still to be misgivings, for I overhear someone put this question to my cicerone: 'Just how well do you know this stranger who is with you?' An interminable conference follows; finally they demand a thousand francs for the Cézannes on the landing. I hasten to produce a bank note. Another conventicle between the three natives; they inform me at last that the deal will not be concluded until the note has been verified at the Crédit Lyonnais. The husband takes that mission upon himself; his wife recommends that if the note is declared good, he bring the money back in gold; 'it will be safer in case of fire.' When the husband returns, the precious metal in his hands, their joy is so great that they give me a piece of string into the bargain to tie up the Cézannes! 'It's very good cord,' the wife assures me. 'We don't give it to all our customers.' But another surprise is in store for me. I have scarcely left the doorstep when I am hailed from the window. 'Hey! Mister artist, you forgot one of them!' And a Cézanne landscape falls at my feet!"

And then his visit to Zola, like his visit to Rodin which Vollard incorporated in his book on Renoir . . . it is biography with a delightful touch,



easy, natural and always polite, however sharply pointed. He describes Zola's collection of atrocious pictures, Zola's taste as revealed in his own words, the whole background for his famous "quarrel" with Cézanne, which one sees was no quarrel.

Vollard is a more charming, much less pedantic Boswell than other biographers. Yet his results have the weight of far heavier volumes. He deals in information and reproduces friendships. When the new schools of art, not yet incubated, have become established long enough so that post-impressionism and the next "ism" are history, people will turn back to records such as Vollard's for a contemporaneous view of painting. They will not get much direct help from today's essays on today's art theory. If what they want is a picture of this period,

the characteristic attitudes of the people and creators, the art collectors, the feeling of the artist for his work, the artist's surroundings, his friends, family and home they will find what they want in these honest books. Vollard has written of things as they were, a part of the vague whole few pretend to understand. He has not criticized the painters he discusses nor placed them in his opinion in relation to the schools of modern painting. The mysterious "they," who will follow, and who in all probability will have an art as different from Renoir's and Cézanne's as theirs differs from Gérôme's and Cabanel's will do the judging which Vollard modestly left to them. Contemporary biography would be more worth while were all biographies as straightforward as Ambroise Vollard's.



LANDSCAPE

ANDREW DASBURG

# Almayer's Folly.

Commenced in September 1889 in London  
then laid aside during voyages to Congo and  
Australia. Taken up again in 1893 and

Finished on the

22 May 1894. Submitted to  
T.F. Unwin on the 2<sup>d</sup> June 1894.

Accepted in August same year

Published in May 1895

CONRAD'S INSCRIPTION ON THE WRAPPER OF THE MANUSCRIPT  
OF HIS FIRST BOOK

## MANUSCRIPTS IN THE JOHN QUINN COLLECTION

By FREDERICK JAMES GREGG

TO own the finest collection of modern art in America—or perhaps anywhere—and to have had the fun of getting together, in the course of thirty years, everything of any special literary importance printed in England and the United States, is on the face of it almost too much for any one man even to set before him as an object.

Yet these two accomplishments are the fruits of hours of leisure, snatched by John Quinn, of New

York, from the exacting and constant calls of the profession of the Bar.

Which shows that busy men, with enthusiasm, intuition and knowledge, can perform, as part of a side issue and in their leisure, what others would not be able to do unless they made it the regular business of their lives.

Mr. Quinn's library and manuscripts are to be sold at the Anderson Galleries in November.



Having had the two horns of a dilemma presented to him, the owner of the treasures decided to impale himself on the one which seemed less uncomfortable. Being forced to move, it was a case of boxing and storing the books or of giving them their liberty. Once his mind was made up to facing the parting, he followed the Byronic maxim of making the rupture as prompt and decisive as possible.

So the housing difficulty of one collector is to be the opportunity of the many. Behind the painful process lies the consolation that what is unique, or rare, or choice, will help to add to the joy of persons of taste all over the land. That the books and so on "deserve to find good homes" must be obvious to everybody who is acquainted with the collection in any detail.

Just as there are eggs and eggs, so there are collectors and collectors. The late virtuous Mr. Southey used to talk about the hours passed in his library as spent "among the dead."

Mr. Quinn's collection represents years passed among the living. It represents genius or talent that he recognized at the very beginning, when the first green shoots were but feeble indications of what was yet to come. He caught most of his authors young, so that his accumulation grew with one reputation after another. He was not in any sense a "book hunter" in Burton's sense of the phrase.

The collection shows in every direction the close relation of the owner to individuals, and the "movements" which they represented, in such interesting cases as John M. Synge, William Butler Yeats, James Joyce, Arthur Symons, T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound.

It was largely through Mr. Quinn's fighting determination that the riot which marked the first performance of "The Playboy of the Western World" in New York was a failure, and had for its principal result the enlisting of the aid of the late Theodore Roosevelt on the side of the freedom of the stage, which had been put in danger.

Once James Huneker made the characteristically whimsical suggestion that "a dinner of authors who had dedicated books to John Quinn would be worth attending."

In addition to James himself, with "Ivory Apes and Peacocks," the following would be represented at such an affair: George Russell (A.E.), "Imaginations and Reveries"; Lady Gregory, "Plays"; W. B. Yeats, "Trembling of the Veil"; Ezra Pound, "Pavannes and Divisions"; Douglas Hyde, "Songs of Connacht"; Arthur Symons, "Baudelaire"; and Michael Monahan, "New Adventures."

Startling as the collection is in other respects, it is equally important as illustrating recent developments in the art of book making. The celebrated presses are represented with almost regal magnificence.

The Ashendene Press is almost complete. So is the Eragry Press, including "The Queen of the Fishes" and Gerard de Nerval's "Histoire de la Reine du Matin et de Soliman," printed for Les Cent Bibliophiles and limited to members. The Daniel Press is almost complete, including the "Garland of Rachel." The Doves Press is almost complete with many examples on vellum. The Kelm-scott Press, with bindings by the Doves Bindery, is equally representative. The Vail Press is complete. So is the Cuala Press, originally the Dun Emer Press, edited by W. B. Yeats and printed by his sister, Elizabeth Yeats, at Dundrum near Dublin.

Here are all the Mosher books—many being limited editions on vellum—printed at Portland, Maine, since the early nineties.

Special interest attaches to this group, owing to the death the other day of Thomas Bird Mosher, the American publisher, who did more than any other man for the improvement of book making in the United States.

Mitchell Kennerley did not go too far when, in writing about his friend, he said that Mosher made popular here such authors as Walter Pater, Andrew Lang, Arthur Symons, Maurice Hewlett, and a host of others, many years before they would have become known otherwise.

All those who recognize Joseph Conrad as the most important novelist writing at present in English—Hardy being now devoted to poetry—will be astonished to find in this collection over one hundred and seventy items, by and on him, and including some of the curiously interesting early reviews.

No one man has ever been so fully represented before in the auction room here, except possibly Oscar Wilde in the notable Stetson sale some years ago.

Here are all the privately printed pamphlets, limited to twenty-five copies and autographed. Ten of these were brought out by Conrad himself, ten by Thomas J. Wyse and ten by Clement Shorter. They are almost as scarce as the proverbial hens' teeth.

Mr. Quinn's interest in Conrad began with the first story, "Almayer's Folly," which turned an excellent sea captain up a road that was to lead him to the top of another profession.

Modern taste does not correspond with the attitude of Charles Lamb on the subject of original manuscripts. That great critic did not want to see

## The Inn of the Two Witches

(call it)

This - tale, episode, experience, <sup>how</sup> you  
will, was related in his fifties of the  
last century by a man who - by  
his own confession was sixty years  
old at the time. Sixty is not  
such a bad age - unless one  
persuades when no doubt it  
is contemplated ~~but~~ by the ma-  
jority of us with mixed feelings.  
It is a calmer age; the game is  
practically ~~general~~ over by then and  
standing aside one begins to  
remember with a certain vivid-  
ness how a fine fellow one  
~~used to be~~ ~~by a kind of dispa-~~  
~~sition or providence~~ ~~or~~ ~~beginning~~  
~~grew romantic~~ ~~as it~~  
used to be. I have observed, may, by  
an amiable attention to a ~~kind of~~ ~~providence~~  
most people begin to ~~lose~~ ro-  
mantic <sup>view of the world</sup> ~~as it~~. Their very lai-  
shes seem to have a charm for  
them. And indeed the hopes of  
the future are a fine company  
and to live with, requisite forms  
striking if you like, but - so to speak - naked, stripped  
for a run. The robes of glamour

THE FIRST PAGE OF "THE INN OF THE TWO  
WITCHES"



# Razumov.

## I

To begin with I wish to disclaim  
 the possession of these gifts of imagina-  
 tion and style which would have enabled  
 my pen to create for the reader the  
 personality of the man who called  
 himself, after the Russian custom  
 Cyril son of Isidor — Kirylo Sidorovitch  
 Razumov.

If I have ever had these gifts in  
 any ~~other~~ sort of living form ~~which~~<sup>they</sup>  
~~at least~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~past~~ ~~have~~ ~~been~~ ~~smo-~~  
 thered out of existence a long time  
 ago under a wilderness of  
~~words & phrases for many~~  
~~years & even of language~~  
 is an occupation with a false  
 words. Words as is well known

all





any original text with the changes made by the author while the work was still hot on the anvil. He professed to think of it as coming perfect from the hand and head of the author.

In these days there is a positive passion for *ipsissima scripta* as they were set down, though the possession of such things is only for the few owing to the existing competition.

Mr. Quinn's manuscripts, covering the greater part of Conrad's career, begin with "Almayer's Folly," which includes the original of the Preface. It is on three hundred and fifteen quarto pages, which show the marks of Conrad's travel around the world. The novelist took it with him up the Congo, and it was rescued on one occasion from a boat wreck.

There are numerous corrections and a comparison with the story, as printed, shows variations here and there, words omitted or added, short sentences deleted or altered, and so on. On the final page Mr. Conrad has written "The End: April, 1894."

Two typed copies of the Preface accompany the manuscript. On the *verso* of the second leaf of the Autograph Preface is a roughly drawn pen-and-ink sketch showing a house, outbuildings, trees, with a river on which the grounds abut. There is also a chronological history of the book on the wrapper addressed to Mr. Quinn.

This drawing is more elaborate than the heads, curious designs, and other seemingly involuntary hieroglyphics scribbled by Conrad on many of his pages when pausing for the right word or turn of a sentence.

"Under Western Eyes" is in four cases, and is in certain respects the most complete of the manuscripts. The first page shows the original title, "Rasumov." It is in one thousand three hundred and fifty-one folio pages, and has never been published in full.

The original manuscript of "Youth" is written on both sides of forty-two small quarto pages. The original title was "A Voyage" and the numerous deletions and changes show that it is a first draft.

"Nostromo" is on seven hundred and sixty-three quarto pages. The author has described this story as the result of "two years of very arduous work." There are innumerable changes in the manuscript, while pen and ink sketches, here and there, indicate interruptions to the flow of the composition. This first draft varies greatly from the printed book.

"The Nigger of the Narcissus" is written on one hundred and ninety-four quarto pages, and is full of emendations and deletions. On the wrapper Mr. Conrad wrote a brief history of the story. En-

closed is the manuscript of the suppressed Preface. There is also the Foreword "To My Readers in America." This appeared in later American editions, followed by the "Suppressed Preface."

On the first page of the manuscript of "Typhoon," Conrad has written "Tai-fun," "Tyfoon" and "Tyfun," and crossed it out in each case, before making his final choice of a title.

"Seraphina, a Romance," is an interesting manuscript, partly typewritten, and partly in the handwriting of Conrad. It has never been published.

The summary shows that "Romance" was suggested by a trial for piracy at the Old Bailey in 1824. It says: "The accused was in fact innocent, but the evidence against him was very strong. He was convicted under dramatic circumstances." It ends: "He is taken back to the farm delirious and comes to himself to find Seraphina, who having been saved by Williams, has come to England in his ship. Result: Marriage bells. Estates in Spain."

It is signed "Joseph Conrad" and "Ford M. Hueffer." Then follows this: "The story, of which the skeleton and many details are already worked out shall be greatly advanced, if not absolutely finished, in July, 1893."

The Conrad manuscripts, which amount to about fifty in all, throw innumerable sidelights on the methods of the writer. For instance, it is made clear that he intended originally to publish "Almayer's Folly" as "by Kamadi." The importance of such a piece as "My Best Story and Why I Think So" is made all the more significant by its corrections.

The original of "Karain" would be in the collection, were it not for the fact that it went down in the *Titanic* while it was on its way to Mr. Quinn.

The difficulty in writing about the Conrad manuscripts is that it would be easy to go on and make a list like the catalogue of the ships in Homer, something almost interminable.

For the younger set the handwriting of James Joyce will have great interest.

Here is the original manuscript, in one thousand five hundred pages, of "Ulysses," the most discussed book in America or England, and so much "suppressed" that everybody who is interested in what is going on, has found it necessary to beg, borrow, or steal a copy of the masterpiece of the "Dublin Rabelais."

In addition there are "Exiles," author's manuscript in one hundred and eighty-eight pages; the "Portrait of the Author as a Young Man," as it appeared in "The Egoist," corrected by Mr. Joyce, and with two new pages added; and "Before Sun-

rise," by Gerhardt Hauptmann, as translated by Joyce in one hundred and ninety-eight pages, dated "Summer 1901."

The George Moore items include "Emile Zola," nineteen pages of manuscript; the first fourteen chapters of "Esther Waters," three hundred and forty-six pages, also the proofsheets with many changes; "A Mummer's Wife," chapters eleven, fifteen, eighteen and twenty, one hundred and six pages in all; also chapters thirteen and twenty-one, seventy-five pages, and chapter twenty-four, fifty pages; "Evelyn Innes," complete manuscript of the first draft, nearly one hundred pages in a quarto note book; "Parnell and His Island," chapter six, sixteen pages; and a chapter of Zola's "L'Assommoir," in ten pages, which as a matter of fact was never published.

A magnificent William Morris manuscript is "The House of the Wolfings," Vol. I, pp. 1-130, and Vol. II, pp. 130-270. This is bound in vellum.

There are about two hundred and fifty items in the Morris section, which is remarkably full.

Practically everything by William Butler Yeats that has ever been printed is included, to the extent of about two hundred and forty items, including the first separate edition of "The Hour Glass," of which only two copies are known to be in existence, and the "Poems, Second Series," containing on page eight, line six, the curious misprint "For these are the host of the hair"—for "air." All the copies but the one owned by Mr. Quinn were called back and revised.

Among the manuscripts are "A Reverie Over Childhood and Youth," one hundred and fifty-seven pages; "J. M. Synge and the Ireland of His Time," forty-two pages; "The Wild Swans of Coole," eighty-one pages; "The Hour Glass: A Morality," thirty-seven pages, and "Per Amica Silentia Lunae," ninety-two pages.

In volume five of the Bullen collected works, Mr. Yeats has written of his own portrait: "And if I only looked like the Mancini portrait, I should have defeated all my enemies here in Dublin. Did it in an hour or so, working at the ears with great vehemence and constant cries, 'Christo, Christo,' &c., &c., &c. W. B. Yeats."

In the Swinburniana are the manuscript of the "Ode to Athens," 12 folio pages, dated "April, 1881," and six of the most striking of the poet's letters addressed to E. C. Stedman.

Everything by Beardsley—with, of course, the "Venus and Tannheuser"—is included, and all the books that he illustrated; everything by Max Beer-bohm, and all of Gordon Craig, with "The Mask"

in two volumes. There are also a score of books illustrated by Claude Lovat Fraser.

Two very rare manuscripts by Ernest Dowson include "Marie of the Angels," twenty-one pages, and "The Eyes of Pride," fifteen foolscap pages, signed at the end. There is also "The Dying of Francis Donne" and "The Pierrot of the Minute."

Jack B. Yeats is represented by "A Broadside" from June, 1908, to May 19, 1915, and "A Broad Sheet" from January, 1902, to December, 1903, with poems by George Russell, James Stephens and others. "The Great Cockney Tragedy," by Ernest Rhys, illustrated by Yeats, contains all the original drawings, with an additional one that was not used, also all his own "Pirate Plays."

One of the most interesting of the manuscripts is William Carleton's "My Life," one hundred and seventy-eight pages. It was first published in D. J. O'Donohue's "Life," printed in 1896, and has been described as "worthy to go with Rousseau and Cellini." It was never finished.

Henry James is complete with about one hundred and seventy items, and some manuscripts, including the "Ivan Tourgueneff," with corrections by Alphonse Daudet.

Among the John Davidsons are the manuscripts of "The Ballad of a Nun," one hundred and forty pages, and of "Ballads and Poems," one hundred and forty pages. A copy of "For the Crown," written in by the poet, contains the lines beginning with tragic significance, "Death is eternal: Free of any pain."

Among those who are fully represented are William Blake; Walter Savage Landor, with some sixty items; Andrew Lang, with about two hundred and twenty; Rudyard Kipling, Michael Field, T. S. Eliot, James Joyce, Lady Gregory, John M. Synge—all editions with the corrected typed manuscripts of "The Playboy" and "Deirdre of the Sorrows"—James Stephens by all editions and the manuscripts of "The Crock of Gold," "Resurrection" with unpublished poems and the manuscripts of "Easter and Other Poems," privately printed; Bliss Carman by nearly one hundred items, including a number of manuscripts; John Ruskin, G. B. Shaw, George Russell (A. E.), including manuscripts; Walter Pater by everything; Standish O'Grady, Arthur O'Shaughnessy, with some manuscripts; G. K. Chesterton, some one hundred and forty items and manuscripts; James Elroy Flecker, Galsworthy, George Gissing and Lionel Johnson, including the very rare "Book of Old Chelsea," of which only one hundred copies were put on sale.

Besides, there is everything by Ezra Pound, the



fiery European from Philadelphia, who has been described by May Sinclair as an impudent schoolboy letting off squibs in his back garden.

One of the most interesting manuscripts in Mr. Quinn's collection is an autograph poem by Lionel Johnson on Walter Pater. It was sent to the London Academy in October, 1902, a few days before Lionel Johnson's death, and was published three days after his death, on October 11, 1902. It is on two quarto pages. The first six lines of the poem read as follows:

Gracious God rest him, he who toiled so well  
Secrets of grace to tell  
Graciously; as the awed rejoicing priest  
Officiates at the feast,  
Knowing, how deep within the liturgies  
Lies hid the mysteries.

It concludes as follows:

Gracious God keep him: and God grant to me  
By miracle to see  
That unforgettably most gracious friend  
In the never-ending end.

Among the rare books of learning are the "Annals of the Four Masters," the Celtic Society Publications, volumes of the Irish Archæological Society, edited by Stokes, O'Grady and others, which make up the most complete collection that has ever been sold in New York.

There are reproductions in facsimile of the *Leabhar Breac*, the *Book of Leinster*, the *Book of Ballymote*, the *Yellow Book of Lecan* and the *Leabhar Na H-Uidhri*, all published for the first time from the originals in Trinity College, Dublin, and in the Royal Irish Academy. The publications of the Irish Text Society are complete in twenty-three volumes. The "*Revue Celtique*" is complete in over thirty volumes, and the works of Dr. Douglas Hyde, both in Irish and in English, are likewise complete.

It is only possible to indicate the contents of a collection which will provide the opening sensation of the art season.

The catalogue when it is made is bound to remain a book of reference for many years to come.

## INDIAN ART

PORTFOLIO OF INDIAN ART: OBJECTS SELECTED FROM THE COLLECTIONS OF THE MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON: WITH A DESCRIPTIVE TEXT BY ANANDA K. COOMARASWAMY: NEW YORK, E. WEYHE, 1923. (\$35.00.)

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meaning. This characteristic combines with the comprehensiveness of the reproductions to make this an ideal publication for the serious student.

Indeed, it may well be of an even wider service than this. Because anyone who, without a specialist's knowledge of this particular field, is yet capable of strong personal reactions to great art, can obtain the keenest delight in prolonged and renewed contemplation of these pictures. The mystical serenity, the compassionate calm, of an early head of Buddha (plate ix); the rhythmic poise of a seated teacher (xvi); the amazing counterpoise of action and repose in a dancing Siva (1); the idyllic quality of a milking scene (lxxvi), and "The Hour of Cowdust" (lxxviii); the individualized raciness of the Mughal portraits (lxxxii-xci); the combination of realistic mastery and suggestive power in the drawings of the same period (xcii-xcvii); the decorative rightness of the textile designs and craft objects (concluding plates)—these things are universal in their nature, and their audience is limitable only by æsthetic capacity.

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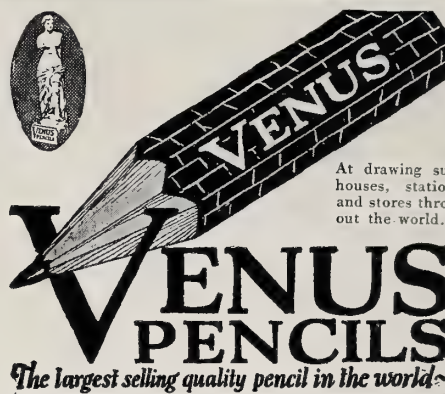
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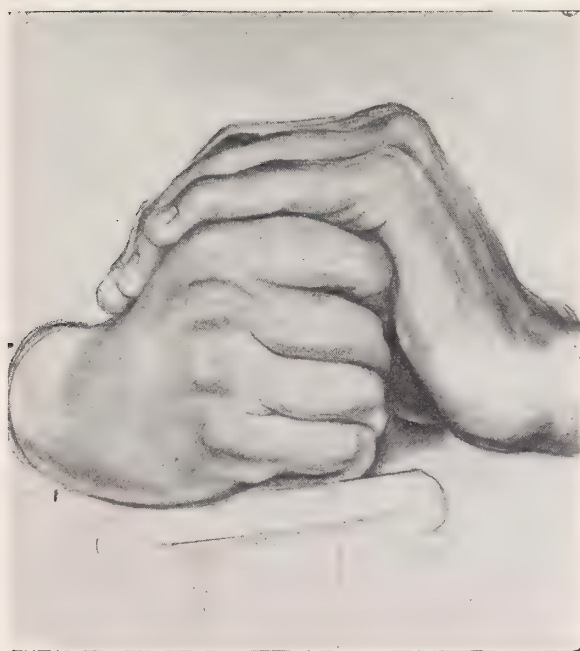
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DRAWING

ANDRÉ DERAÏN

# THE ARTS

VOLUME IV

OCTOBER, 1923

NUMBER 4

THE besetting vice of French æstheticism is the cult of the latest fashion; the besetting vice of American æstheticism is taking the Frenchman's cult more seriously than he himself takes it.

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Some day he will doubtless indulge himself in the fun of writing just such an essay if he has not already done so. With keen thrusts he will attempt to pierce Cézanne's sanctified position. A peculiarly French enjoyment will be felt by him in starting the rumpus, and, scenting the call to battle, his friends will join him or attack him if they feel like it—whichever will make the merry war merrier.

All these Frenchmen will understand what the whole thing means, and when they have had their laugh and enjoyed the row, one German, one American and one English "critic" will discover ponderously the fundamental reasons why Cézanne should be "psyched" and condemned. And while these too too heavy heads, dedicated to universal wisdom, are contributing serious articles to serious magazines and supplying fundamental analyses in a weighty attempt to follow without acknowledgment the lead given them by the clever Frenchman, he will have forgotten the idea and become bored by his heavy pursuers.

His rapier will be aiming at other targets. For, after all, his mission is not to add more sanctimony to the too sanctimonious atmosphere with which the heavyweights of second-hand thought are suffocating art. He is out for intellectual enjoyment. When he runs round the world for a few weeks crying *A bas Cézanne*, he really isn't attacking Cézanne at all, any more than he is attacking Picasso or Matisse when he pays them a similar compliment.

He's simply opening a window in a stuffy room. He's thrusting at the whole herd of people who won't let us enjoy Cézanne or Matisse or Picasso but want to break our eardrums with their own self-righteous dicta. My French friend has an agile mind. To open the way to new ideas, to break up artistic psalm meetings and feel the refreshing current of new ideas, is what gives him delight.

And when the Anglo-Saxon follows my French friend religiously he is apt not to notice that what the Frenchman is really attacking is not the particular artist in the case, but the position that the dull psalm singers of art have given him.

The weakness in this Frenchman's position is that his detestation of earnestness drives him to take up the new too easily. He pays too much attention to the *dernier cri*. He would prefer not to develop an idea if it bored. And he would hate, above all things, to be caught lagging.

FORBES WATSON.





THE DEFEAT AND DEATH OF CHOSROES, KING OF  
PERSIA (*detail*) PIERO DELLA FRANCESCA  
*Arezzo*



THE RECOGNITION OF THE CROSS BY THE QUEEN  
OF SHEBA (*detail*) PIERO DELLA FRANCESCA  
*Arezzo*





THE RECOGNITION OF THE CROSS BY THE QUEEN  
OF SHEBA (*detail*)  
*Arezzo*

PIERO DELLA FRANCESCA



THE RECOGNITION OF THE CROSS BY THE QUEEN  
OF SHEBA (*detail*) PIERO DELLA FRANCESCA  
*Arezzo*





THE INVENTION AND VERIFICATION OF THE HOLY  
CROSS (*detail*) PIERO DELLA FRANCESCA  
*Arezzo*



LAOTZŨ DELIVERING THE TAO TÊ CHING

LI LUNG-MIEN

Meyer Collection

## CHINESE PAINTING

By AGNES E. MEYER

ED. NOTE.—Through the courtesy of the author and the publishers, THE ARTS is enabled to present to its readers the following pages from the important contribution to the literature of Chinese art: "Chinese Painting as Reflected in the Thought and Art of Li Lung-mien," by Agnes E. Meyer, (Duffield & Co., New York, \$7.50). The author has spent years on the research necessary for such a penetrating analysis as her book constitutes, and THE ARTS is happy to be the vehicle through which certain portions of this work are first given to the public.

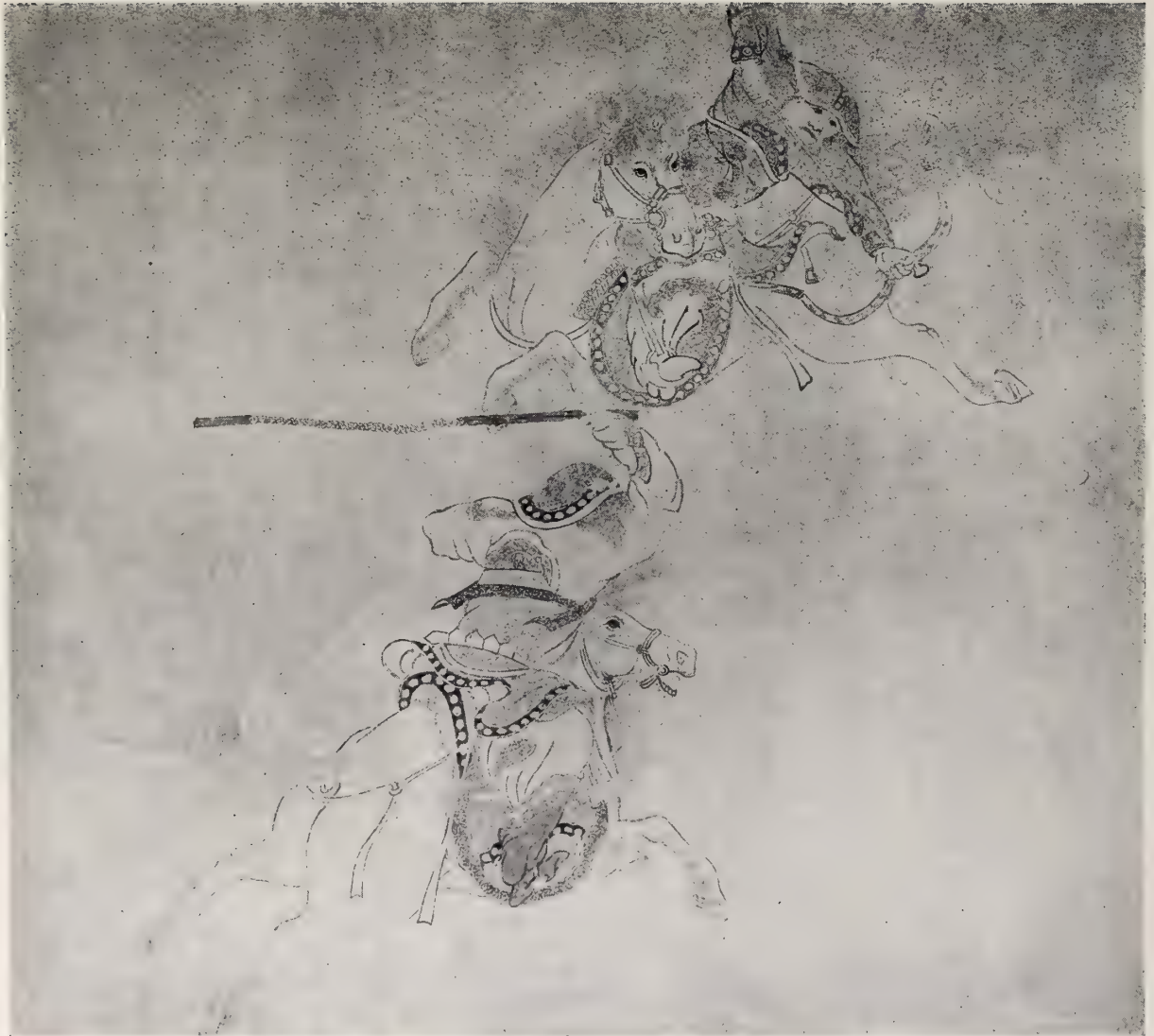
### I

PEOPLE who loved the world as did the Chinese, whose whole living and thinking were conditioned by their understanding of natural phenomena, were bound to go in search of the meaning of form and become great artists. Since the Confucianists had expended their comprehension of the universe upon the organization of an analogous social structure, they felt its rhythm through this human medium and became figure painters, whereas the Taoists remained faithful to the source of their inspiration, and devoted themselves to the depiction of nature itself.

The firm and majestic quality of the Confucian figure paintings is due to their fine comprehension of the solemnity and the profound necessity

of beautifully organized human relationships. They felt with a piercing poignancy the pathetic dependence, the stranded note, of the individual as such; and both their technique and composition were the outcome of a determination, first to see the individual as nobly as they could by endowing him with the accoutrements of his social status, then to raise him to his real importance and worth by emphasizing his function in the life of the group. If the early Chinese figure paintings show us humanity in its most cultured, its most distinguished aspect, it is because these things were made by a people whose conception of man's rôle in the universe has never been equalled either in its simplicity or its assurance; it had a dignity that was devoid of arrogance, humility that never became servile, and that beautiful calm which is possible only for those who are untroubled by the thought of destiny. Noble the race that achieved such distinction for existence, infinitely noble the art that helps us to sense, even to-day, how proudly the structure of their life was treasured and recorded. The exquisite disciplinary fixedness of their going and coming can there still be measured in the equally controlled adjustments of form and space; for the orderly arrangement of their compositions is the direct out-





THE HUNT  
*Meyer Collection*

*Attributed to LI LUNG-MIEN*

come of the orderly arrangement of their daily lives. The even tenor of their way was translated into the no less even tenor of their line.

Necessarily there was conveyed by pictures of so racial an origin, no hint of individual fancy. If they contained the sublime beauty and dignity which these carefully rehearsed movements would eventually acquire, they also had a uniformity that the dictated routine of such an existence would make it impossible to escape. The very subject-matter was bound to be, not that of individual interest, but that of general concern, the glory of the emperor, the appurtenances of court life, celebrated moments of history, the portraits of loyal and distinguished citizens, ceremonious behavior alike of great and small toward one another, anything, indeed, that would enhance and serve the institutions of the state and the exemplary deeds of its members.

In addition, the writings of the sages were ever a powerful stimulus. The didactic and ethical note, singularly the characteristic of those who aim chiefly at benevolence and wisdom, was present from the earliest moment; but at no period in the long development does the Confucian artist show evidences of leaden-handed intention. He was always too intrinsically the seeker of beauty to abuse in this way the function of the artist. But he was so conditioned, and generations before him had been so conditioned, that his seeking for tangible loveliness was guided by what had ever seemed to him most sacred, the love for ancient wisdom and the inculcation of that wisdom is his posterity. Without the slightest prostitution of his plasticity, he could be ethical, he could illustrate the moral Confucian texts, because these were not abstract thoughts or the mere addenda of existence, but the essence of his action, and the very terms upon which he held life to be dear.

## II

In order to appreciate the first bent of the Confucian aesthetic sense and how inextricably it was entwined with the organization and conduct of the state, let us turn to a section of the essay on "The Development of Chinese Fine Art" by Liu Shih-p'ei<sup>1</sup> in the *Kuo-ts'ui Hsüeh-pao* for 1907.

"With the rise of the Chous [1122 B.C.] simplicity gave way to ornamentation, and the fine arts

were cultivated not alone to serve a useful purpose. And what then were the fine arts? They included etiquette and all the rules of ceremony. Tzu-t'ai-shu, an officer of the state of Chêng, once made this remark: 'Ceremony is the mainstay of heaven and earth, emitting its brilliance in the Five Colors and finding its expression in the Five Tones. To support the Five Colors there have come into existence the 'Nine Ornaments,' the 'Six Hues,' and the 'Five Combined Colors.' To support the Five Tones there have come into existence the 'Nine Songs,' the 'Eight Winds,' the 'Seven Tunes,' and the 'Six Upper Chords.' This shows that in the Chou period anything that was helpful in bringing out the beautiful, went under the name of ceremony. Consequently the fine arts were held in the highest estimation and were used on the one hand to give warnings or to show a good example, and on the other to ordain rank or order of precedence. To achieve the former object, the arts were concerned with the study and use of solid facts, differing entirely from such as are achieved as a flight of fancy; therefore all such works were based upon old traditions, the introduction of new ideas being strictly discountenanced.

"For what was understood to be beautiful could be expressed only by means of the true and the good. That which demonstrated an [historical] fact was considered true; that which conformed to a sanctioned standard was considered good. During the Chou dynasty there were engraved on bronze and carved on stone only proclamations of merit and records of distinguished achievements for the information of sons and grandsons; all the dances and the music were descriptive representations of glorious virtues; all the inscriptions recorded facts only, and the music invariably expressed achievements [civil or military]. Even the maps and pictures, when used, were reproductions of the exact forms of things, to which names could readily be assigned, or perhaps a picture was made to depict an historical fact, in which case the man who examined it could be benefited by the moral lesson it was meant to teach. Thus was beauty achieved through the demonstration of fact.

"The bells, tripods, and so on, were cast by metal workers; the jade tablets and other pieces were made by lathe-turners; and there were things of a lower order, such as tablets of credence, the tooth-edged boards and upright posts [of the stands for bells and sonorous stones], and the like, which were made to show the high or low rank of the possessors by the characters or designs carved upon them. Also the costumes, the embroideries, the colors in which

<sup>1</sup> Liu Shih-p'ei is one of a group of well-known scholars who, though eminent for their accomplishment in the native field of learning, are attempting to recast the study of Chinese history and fine arts more or less along the scientific lines which now prevail in occidental research. The *Kuo-ts'ui Hsüeh-pao* or "Journal of the Essence of National History and Literature" was founded by this group of modern-minded scholars to publish the studies of China's cultural development which they made in this modern spirit.



the materials were dyed, and the designs painted on the materials, all these were in charge of officers specially appointed for these purposes, the object being to standardize the embroideries for different uses, to regulate the styles, to fix the lineal measures, to see that the colors used—black, yellow, blue, and red—were all pure and good. These are instances in which the beautiful was secured through conformity to sanctioned standards.

"The root of the question, as we have traced it, lies in this, that in the remote past, the fine arts served to emphasize dignity and rank, and were the direct outcome of an elaborate ceremonial. . . . Thus whatever ancient fine arts may have existed in connection with etiquette, ornamentation, and other elaborate institutions, were preserved with the ancient ceremonies. This we owe to the Confucians."

### III

It is obviously one of the important influences of this remote antiquity that China achieved such a love of fine workmanship, and of that characteristic in life and in material objects which we can only define as quality, both of which were such important factors in the creation of all her later arts. There was no class of artists in the Chou or earlier periods, in our sense of the word; but all the many appurtenances for which the deep feeling of the Chinese for office and rank created a need—the robes of state, the jades that designated authority, the bronzes which served as emblems of imperial and sacred dignity—these beautiful products of their ceremonial rites were all wrought by specially trained artisans, whose work was carefully superintended, as we have just seen, by specially appointed officials. The materials and colors had to be of a degree of fineness that corresponded to the high station of the personage for whom they were intended, and in this way an ideal of workmanship and of sheer quality was born that China never permitted itself to forget. In the Han dynasty, when the civil service examinations gave great impetus to the isolation of the scholar-class, the artist also developed, as distinct from the artisan; but even when the cruder manual labor was condemned by the scholar and artist, the love of an exquisite technique persisted, and the need for quality in craftsmanship and in materials was satisfied by the development of a superb handling of the calligraphist's and painter's brush, and the insistence upon perfection in the silks, papers, and inks by means of which their new-found skill was expressed.

The preservation of these ancient achievements,

with all that they implied, was not an easy task for the Confucian philosophers. The whole complicated system of ceremonial which the Chou dynasty had built up, and the ornamental style of living and of art in which it resulted, were looked upon as decadent when the reaction against the weakened central government took place. Had it not been for the persistent struggle of the Confucians, the whole structure with its magnificent incentive to artistic expression would have been overthrown, and the classic Han dynasty, the foundation of the later Chinese social and artistic structure, could never have happened. The same author thus describes the characteristics of Han art: "From the period of Anterior Ch'in (255-206 B.C.) and Han, scholars gave up industries and manufacturing as unworthy of their energies, and for music and painting there arose a class of specialists. The secrets of their arts are now lost to us, the only one that still gives us an opportunity for study being that of epigraphy. Take the seals and stone-tablets of the Han period, for instance. All the pictures found [on the latter] do not go beyond the two classifications, historical and descriptive, and all the characters engraved [on both] are regular in form, never deviating in the slightest degree from the established rules. This gives us an idea of the nature of art as cultivated by the Hans. Generally speaking, it has a uniformly dignified style; it shows at the same time a spirit of antiqueness and primitiveness that is quite lovable. It comes very near to the fact-demonstrating principle of Chou and was quite different from the love of the unique that characterizes the men of later ages."

This spirit of traditionalism and the fact-demonstrating principle, as the Chinese author calls it, which adequately covers all subjects of the Han stones, also describes the early pictorial efforts when the artist class began definitely to separate itself from that of the artisans.

### IV

Nor did their attitude toward tradition contain that fetishistic element which makes for the stultification of uncivilized races. They kept their classicism active, for they comprehended the limitations as well as the utility of the preservative instinct, and hastened to assimilate all new ways of thinking, as long as these continued to develop.

It may be objected to this analysis that all forms of progress must show continuity, that in Chinese art as in all arts continuity is an only too unavoidable phase of natural development, and therefore not the exclusive product of Confucian thinking. It is true that, even in the comparative disorganization of

occidental life, the great geniuses, whether in literature or in painting, in spite of temporary disruptive effects, always prove themselves clearly to have maintained a close continuity. But in our civilization this was natural and unguided growth, whereas the Chinese continuity was a deliberately and carefully planned intensive culture—culture, be it noted, as opposed to mere growing—and our own results, as compared with theirs, are as much at variance as a primeval jungle and an Italian garden.

The care with which each tree that ventured to grow in this well-ordered garden was shaped to its own best advantage and to the glory of the whole—this is essentially the history of Chinese pictorial art. Confucianism not only invented its own beautiful designs, but it shaped the entire garden; and just as there was danger that the plan was becoming

a little monotonous and stiff, new life sprang up, and was guided from its first germination by this feeling for an orderly development which their classic culture had established. Before we can understand the functioning of this Confucian process of assimilation, it is first necessary to appreciate the nature of the new additions, and how they presented themselves to the already highly developed Chinese sense of form.

## V

Old as are the Confucian leanings of the Chinese mind, Taoism had ever lived close beside them, ready to emerge whenever circumstances favored it. The Empire of Han was too firmly built to leave much opportunity for individual expression; but during the hostilities, both military and political, of the Six



**BUDDHIST LOHANO**

*From an album in the Freer Gallery of Art, Smithsonian Institution*



Dynasties, the socialization of individual energies was difficult if not impossible, and they found their outlet less in service to the state and more in personal pursuits of the arts and letters. All the ardor which Confucianism had been free to expend on the up-building of a great commonwealth was suddenly repressed and literally forced to seek other channels of outlet. As a result of this escape from group existence, originality rather than conformity became the paramount ideal of behavior, and Taoism, dominant, as all romantic periods have been, through a temporary weakness in the classical continuity, began immediately to reflect its triumph in artistic fecundity.

Let us turn again to the statements on this occurrence of the same essayist who characterized the Chou and Han periods for us. Speaking of the scholars of Wei and Chin he says: "Neglecting convention, they would not suffer themselves to be bound down by ceremony, and when they devoted their attention to any art or craft, they did it according to their own dictates, regarding art as a thing for their own amusement. Then scholars prided themselves upon their freedom; . . . hence they had an understanding of things distinct from those they had actually seen or heard. In poetry, for instance, they aimed at creating a sense of style and in painting they admired spiritual beauty. Even in such matters as playing an air, discussing the tone of a word, tuning the scholar's harp, or playing a flageolet, they would cudgel their brains to hit upon a manner that should be out of the common. Even in playing chess, they invented a style that was very poetic and far from the common (or traditional) forms, giving in this way free play to their pleasant flights of fancy. This was really the most glorious period for the progress of the fine arts.

"Summing up, we find that the Han people esteemed all that was dignified and imposing, the Chin people all that was free and poetic; the Hans held conformity to standards as an ideal, whereas the Chins valued the free and natural spirit; thus the people of Han forbore from seeking the unprecedented; the people of Chin, on the other hand, cherished their inspirations."

## VI

In the light of this ancient and unswerving faith in the environment, it becomes almost self-evident what the rôle of the Taoist artist and the purpose of his plastic expression must necessarily have been. Since the world of values was one with the world of form, and since there was no approach to values ex-

cept through form, æsthetics became the key to man's understanding of the universe. To a people for whom ideals were not real, apart from their instrumentalities, and for whom truth was conveyable only in terms of reality, the artist became the high-priest, the chief interpreter of the very meaning of life. He expressed for his fellow-beings the joy of the human intellect revelling in its comprehension of the actual, and art became an ever-alluring, never-ending search to interpret by means of line and space their understanding of the intellectual love of God.

This thoughtful attitude toward his environment made two things obligatory for the Taoist artist. His respect for actuality, his belief that "earth will be accepted before she helps," made necessary an intimate knowledge of his object, and his further belief that the object is comprehensible only as a part of the whole, as a phase of that unity which he called the "Tao," made it imperative to represent the object comparatively, in an interpretative contrast with other objects. To convey his minute knowledge of the object, he was obliged to develop a subtle and varied technique; and in order to express his sense of the relativity of all things, his feeling for composition had to become as delicate and exact as was his thinking. In this way the Taoist artists achieved according to their various abilities and understanding, a metaphysical reality, and expressed it more accurately than language ever could, inasmuch as words are more elusive than forms and spaces. They painted reason—succeeded in expressing organically a whole system of philosophic thought.

Their sense of design, like that of the Confucians, was not a personal fancy, but an equally racial conception that they had gleaned through countless ages from the revolutions of the firmament and the progress of the seasons. This inner sense of coördination, which generation after generation had helped to make more exquisite, was reimposed by them on outward circumstance. The Tao, which they and their ancestors had learned to feel in nature they sought to state in its own terms; but in the earliest executions of this concept they, unlike the Confucians, were free. No ancient heritage of usefulness had early linked them with the state. No powerful tradition bound them to express themselves by means of long-established techniques. On the contrary, for an idea that had never before been pictorially represented, it was necessary to find new forms; and this, together with their inherited contempt for the established and conventional, brought it about that the tradition of novelty and independence was just as firmly established for the Taoists as had been the tradition of adherence for the Confucian artists. It

became as much a custom for the Taoist temperaments to seek the individual and the strange as it was customary for the classically minded to expand the accepted methods of expression. Mi Fei, for example, who spent his whole life struggling against academic art, is just as typical of Chinese traditions, both ancient and modern, as is the classically minded Li Lung-mien.

## VII

Having defined the origin of the Taoist plastic sense, there follow some necessary postulates concerning its characteristics. Since the significance of nature was the only thing of greater importance than nature itself, the Taoist artist strove primarily for an intellectual rather than a visual representation of the object, and sought to establish its solidity rather than its surface. Thus preoccupied by the organic structure, he lost all interest in the accidental phases of nature that so entrance the occidental mind, in the play of light and shadow, in impressionism, in that whole welter of temporary conditions that accompany an object and serve to bury its fundamental features. In a life that was in itself evanescent, in a world that was all flux and flow, the fleeting and the fugitive could not hold the imagination, and only the underlying truth stripped naked of all its transient aspects could be a worthy aim. Although we immediately perceive in a Taoist painting the expression of a sentiment, a belief, further examination reveals that this sentiment has been completely intellectualized through deep knowledge of the expressive potentiality of the object, and through an acute appreciation of its physical relativity. Thus we find that the Taoistically influenced Chinese painters did not work before the object, but loved to let memory sift from a scene or an event all the dross of accidental circumstance, before they were ready to select and to portray its essential features. Their minds and their spirits were both too great to need or to want such a thing as a model; and Li Lung-mien, as we have seen in one of his own texts, would at times paint, with startling retention of the significant happenings, the picture of something that he had experienced nine or ten years before. "To Li Lung-mien," say the native texts again and again, "it was ever the idea that was important."

It was this disdain of superficial actuality that made our conventions of perspective impossible for them. They intellectualized not only form but space, and through the adroit juxtaposition of an earthly and a heavenly plane, learned to imply vast distances, achieving thereby an aerial rather than a terrestrial perspective. To suggest space with the

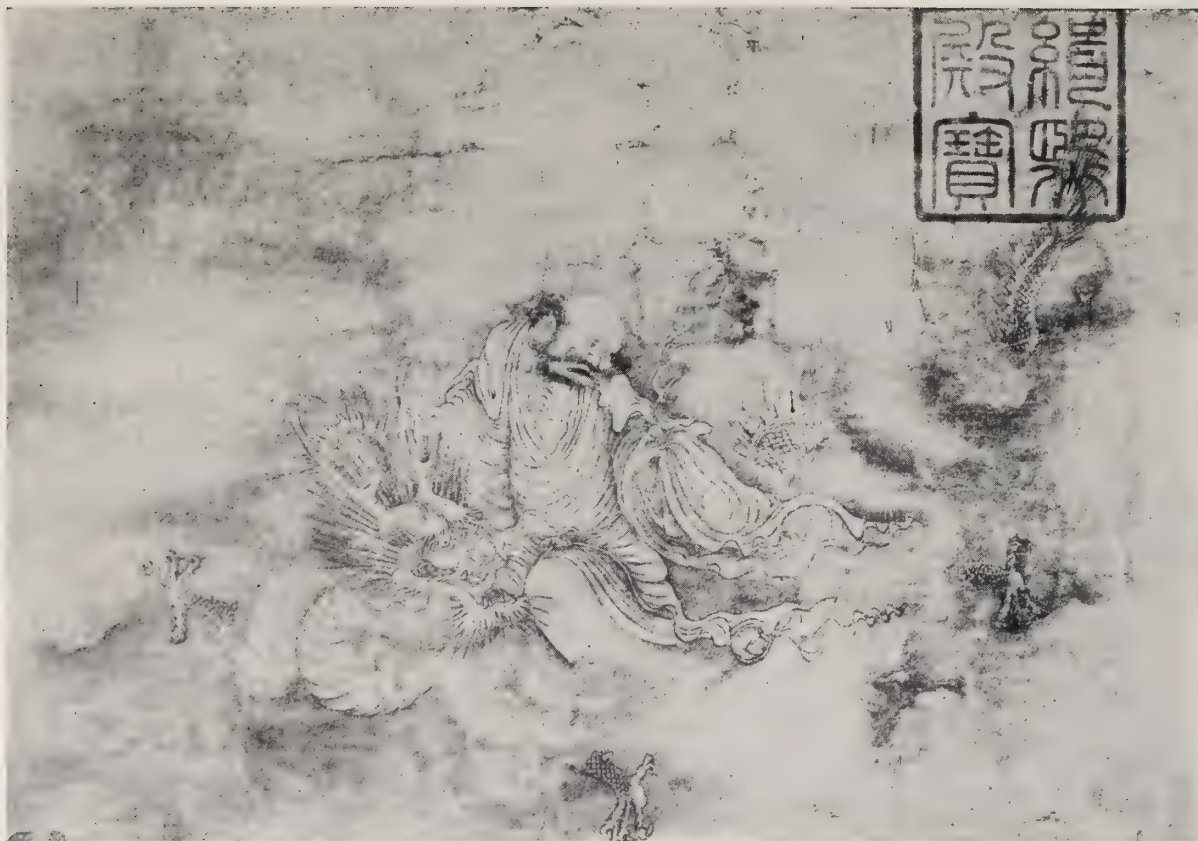
naïve device of large objects in the foreground and small ones in the background would have seemed to them childishly factual, for such a distance is always measurable, and a measurable distance, for so imaginative a race, was no distance at all.

Nor was their space the mere emptiness that it so often becomes in occidental art, but the most significant, the really essential part of the entire composition. The function of space in the paintings of the Taoists can be best explained by turning to Laotzŭ's discussion of the vacuum in the eleventh chapter of the Tao Tê Ching: "A wheel is made up of thirty visible spokes, but the wheel turns because of the central non-visible space (in the nave). A vessel is made of visible clay, but the vessel's utility depends upon its non-visible hollowness. Likewise the essential part of a house are non-visible holes such as its doors and windows." Thus it is the non-visible which renders efficacious."

Not only did they so intelligently suggest the importance of the vacuum, but in portraying the Tao, the constant "becoming" of things, it is manifest that in order to accomplish their aim, they were obliged to imply the presence of the element of time. Aside from the perfect tranquillity which the art of so adjusted a race is bound to convey, the entrancing and seemingly inexplicable charm of their landscapes is also derived from the fact that they convey not the limited fixed impression of a certain scene at a certain moment, but through their highly trained sense of the relativity of objects, they succeed in suggesting the transitional quality of things in time, and introduce thereby into their plastic compositions not only the feeling of infinity, but the sense that eternity and the moment are as one to them. Thus their painting is definitely fourth dimensional, and the conveying of this idea that even space and time are not real apart from their material agencies, is one of the noblest triumphs of an artistic genius that never proved inadequate to the subtlest of their thoughts.

Though they were indifferent to temporary effects, they clung to the suggestion of reality, and achieved form, not as our like-minded modern artists do, through an avoidance of representation, but through an emphasis of the essentials, through a synthesis rather than a surrender of externality. Reality, as distinguished from mere actuality, was too significant and too suggestive to be entirely sacrificed; and when at times they were tempted toward a too complete abstraction, they were always saved from it by the fact that they already possessed, in their calligraphy, the most highly developed abstract art that has ever been devised. Whenever the *literati* with





FRAGMENT FROM A PAINTING  
*Meyer Collection*

LI LUNG-MIEN

more of a philosophic than artistic temperament pushed their paintings, as Mi Fei often did, beyond the representative state, they realized that they were becoming calligraphic, and were forced to admit that nature is ever more suggestive, more varied, and more inventive than even generations of the most active human imaginations.

### VIII

As rapidly as the individual Taoist subjects and techniques were produced, they were speedily formulated through the same repetitional process that had evolved the Confucian type of art. Nor did the Taoist conceptions reach the climax of their growth until they had been elevated and perfected through this exhaustion of their possibilities for development. Thus did Confucianism dominate and sublimate all other influences, even those derived from the elemental source of Taoist genius. Without the constant inflow of these new materials the Confucian machinery could not have functioned. In spite of

the exalted beauty of Ku K'ai-chih,<sup>1</sup> we can already feel an exhaustion of the purely Confucian subject-matter, and we clearly sense what a cold and frigid thing Chinese art would have become without the revivifying assimilation of the rich and varied themes of Taoism. Therefore, all Chinese landscapes, except the very early ones, of which we shall scarcely recover many, have their original and their traditional, their Taoist and their Confucian element; and while purely Confucian paintings are numerous, purely Taoist paintings are, and always must be, exceedingly rare. Only the first movements of the break toward freedom could give birth to the purely Taoist inspiration; for immediately the new-found ideas became hereditary, and later paintings inevitably show the same varied mixture of Taoism and Confucianism which the Chinese mentality itself presented.

In trying to decide whether a given landscape is more Confucian or more Taoist, more classic or more romantic in its style, the character of the figure painting is always a very helpful clue. Though the

<sup>1</sup> A fourth century painter in the classic style.

Taoists were primarily landscape artists, they also evolved a perfectly distinct treatment of the figure, which in the later form of its development is exemplified in the painting, or copy of a painting, by Li Lung-mien in the Freer collection of the Taoist monk Liu Hai and his three-legged toad. I have not been able to gather enough material to clarify the origin and development of Taoist figure painting, for the examples of such subjects in Mr. Freer's collection are comparatively late in date, but in the T'ang and Sung landscapes the two schools are already quite distinct. Whenever the style of the landscape is academic, notably so in the subjects originated by Li Ssu-hsün and his son Li Chao-tao, the figures are treated in the noble simplicity of the classic tradition; and whenever a landscape is made in the free and more calligraphic Taoist manner, the figures also are loosely drawn and constructed, are seen in the

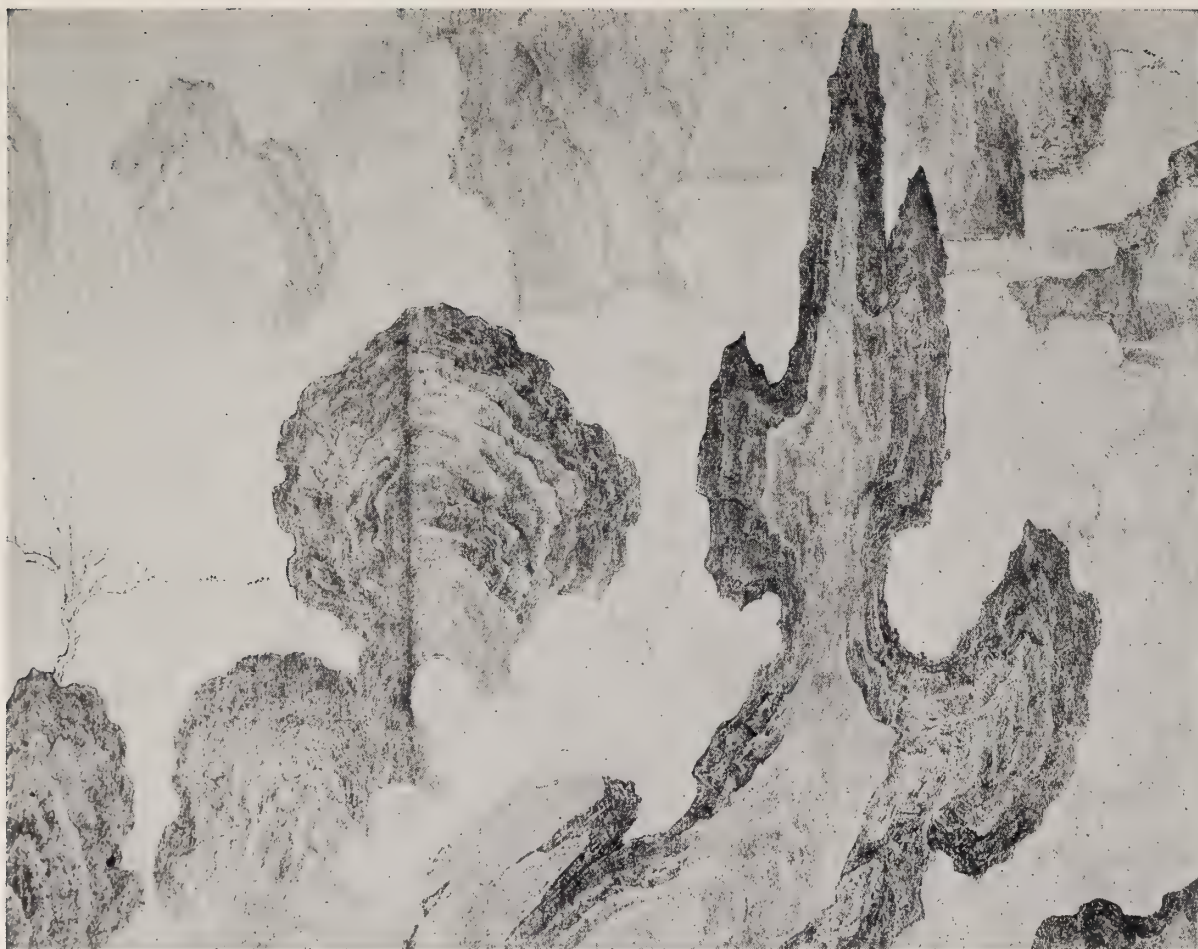
poetic and individual vein rather than as social types. Moreover, it is interesting to see that the Sung painters who traditionalized the new Taoist techniques, especially the followers of Wang Wei, used the Confucian manner of painting the figure as clear proof of their academic habit of mind. Those men who painted in both ways, as most of them were capable of doing, usually do the figures in the classic style and dress for academic landscapes, and in the careless calligraphic manner when their landscape is more romantic in mood.

Under such conditions, when men gave their artistic individualities to the world by means of the same subjects and the same strokes, it may be inferred that a dull uniformity must have prevailed; and there did, indeed, exist a large body of mediocre men whose work is painfully monotonous. But the great Chinese artists achieved styles that are as dis-



FROM A LANDSCAPE SCROLL ENTITLED THE LOTUS CLUB  
*Freer Gallery of Art, Smithsonian Institution* LI LUNG-MIEN





FROM A LANDSCAPE SCROLL ENTITLED THE LOTUS CLUB

*Freer Gallery of Art, Smithsonian Institution*

LI LUNG-MIEN

tinct as are our handwritings, though we use in them the self-same alphabet. Those men who succeeded in transcending the tradition became giants of strength, and upon the lesser talents it always imposed a minimum of high conception and able workmanship. Moreover, the advantages of this traditionalism reach the observer as well; for having once established in our minds the general themes of the Chinese painters, we are forced, after eliminating the already familiar content, to center our interest upon the art with which it is presented. Thus there is in no other art field the same obligatory training for the eye, no instrument more exquisite for the refining of the purely aesthetic perceptions and sensibilities.

Artists who inherit both subject-matter and technique are bound, as the only method left them for expressing originality, to develop their accepted vehicles through depth of insight, and to perfect its expression through the specifically aesthetic side of

their production. This fact made for a great mental profundity and a powerful and infinitely varied plasticity in those men who were strong enough to lift themselves above a mere reiteration of their inherited formulas. A great artist was therefore not only a man capable of comprehending profound social or philosophic theories, but one who brought to them his own contributions, as well as the inordinate skill that is necessary if the hand is to state such subtle accents of the mind. Nor could they hope, with such restrictions and such high demands, to win favor with a jaded public by eccentricity of thought, with mere tricks of technique, or with a bizarre selection of subjects. These superficialities, which a less circumscribed artist is only too apt to call to his assistance, they could never use to excite a temporary enthusiasm; they were bound, in order to stand out successfully before a critical and cultured public, to think further, to feel more deeply than their fellow-

men, and to develop, through a practice that began with the first childish attempts at calligraphy, the unhindered coördination of brush and brain that were needed to give their intellectual and emotional superiority its full value.

This inevitable emphasis of method rather than subject-matter also kept their art from becoming literary. Their paintings, especially those of Li Lung-mien, have almost invariably a narrative or didactic content; but he could tell a story just as he could point a moral, without for an instant sacrificing his plastic purposes to any other. This is one of the greatest achievements if compared with the eternal struggle in the occidental world, particularly among the more sentimentally inclined of our races, between the poetizing element of life and the more controlled, more sternly artistic processes of plastic representation. We have produced an ample number of monumental constructive geniuses, but we have rarely been able plastically to depict a narrative, without falling into a lesser form of expression that has a strongly literary appeal when it is not purely illustrative in character.

The Italians have some fourteenth century frescoes which represent the nearest approach to this bold fusing of several arts, but there we usually find the story broken into separate fragments, whereas the Chinese scrolls, though they used this device in some of the early paintings, soon succeeded in unfolding a panorama of continued narrative, portrayed with an unbroken and evenly sustained plastic invention. At any moment the eye rests upon a completely satisfactory composition which, in many, particularly of the landscape scrolls, reveals through its gradual changes the development,

the climax, and an ever restful solution of the situation that is being developed.

Just as they succeeded in life in seeing spirit and matter, the ideal and the real, as a single whole, thus in art, substance and form were so inseparable that the one became unthinkable without the other. Form was nothing if not the adequate expression of the idea. To them as to the art-haunted intellect of Henry James, "Form is substance to that degree that there is absolutely no substance without it."

That the reverse of this proposition is also true, that there can be no form without substance, is equally demonstrated by the history of Chinese art. As long as their philosophic outlook remained powerful and spontaneous, as long, more particularly, as the Taoist battle for individual liberty was maintained, so long was China and Chinese painting one of the finest experiments in organized freedom that the world has ever seen. Not until the end of the Sung dynasty, when their faith in the Tao, in the guiding power of reality, was weakened, and Confucianism became established as an unchallenged routine, did art itself grow mechanical and over-institutionalized. The technique of the Ming artists was often as fine as that of the Sung artists; the excellence of their critical work indicates that their sensibilities were just as keen; but their intellects had lost that grandeur of comprehension which distinguished their ancestors, and the impulse to record the rhythmic harmony of the universe had lessened. The most skilful hand cannot convey what the mind has not experienced, and these later works of men without faith in the world are like those wondrous shells that one finds upon the beach, from which the life that they enfolded is gone forever.





# LET THE EAGLE SCREAM!

By CHARLES DOWNING LAY

FOR as long as I can remember I have had it dinned into my ears that this country is too young to amount to much intellectually, and that if we would know what real culture is we must look to Europe where in an atmosphere which is more pleasing to the artist they do everything as it should be done in all the arts.

Our efforts are to be applauded, I was told, like those of the precocious child, but we must not trust our judgment and think the effort worthy for we are ignorant and know little of such matters—the effort must be judged with qualifications; one might say “Not so bad considering the handicap,” or “Wonderful for such a young country.”

Now as I grow older I am beginning to think that this is all poppycock. I believe that what we have produced in art and letters, because of our own spiritual urge, is as vital, as important and as sophisticated as anything can be. We have had in almost all the arts men of high quality. Whether they be greater or less than this or that European master is no matter.

The foreigner who comes here looking for the raw and uncouth can find it without doubt and is sure to tell us of it. Almost anything good or bad can be found here, wholesale. As a not far-westerner said to me during the war, “The Germans might better not try any rough stuff on our boys, for this country has been the home of rough stuff since the first white man was scalped.” His thought, I guessed, was of lynchings, burnings at the stake and rail riding. Dickens came to laugh at us and, of course, found plenty of excuse. Mrs. Trollope came to study our manners and found them bad; for her. So the endless procession of American discoverers has continued since Columbus, and most of them, to put us in our place, have told us what they thought of us afterwards.

But now there is a change and the procession of discoverers is more like the rush to California in '49. Gold has been found in every bank and in many pockets and the pan to wash out all this treasure is—art.

Of course, in much of this European importation there is nothing but simple charlatanry which amuses the people of New York for a day or a year and is forgotten. We need not waste our time trying to decrease the demand for hokum and bunk, for that goes anywhere, in London, or Paris, as well as in

New York. But we might possibly reduce our breathless admiration for second rate European effort, to the immense advantage of our pockets, our probity and our so lauded sense of humor.

The country bumpkin attitude which fiercely defends our own as superior and runs down all the rest we are not free from, but it is no greater here than elsewhere. It is due to ignorance, stupidity and envious fear. But we are not ignorant of the world; no people except the English were ever such travellers; we are not nationally stupid and we need have no fear. We seem, however, to distrust ourselves and are all too ready to believe, and without question accept, all the artistic propaganda so skillfully arranged by European prospectors.

Sometimes I think we are too cosmopolitan and that a little of the insularity that was Greece would provide a better atmosphere for hastening native genius to fruition.

Paris, which seems to be the Mecca of our cultivated masses, is more insular, more provincial than New York for the good reason that Parisians are interested in their own people and their own talents. Their success is not because they have looked to some other metropolis for inspiration. They have found it at home.

All our fear of the Main Street attitude, of the Main Street type of mind, drives us too soon to the other extreme of thinking all that is foreign is good.

But we are not untravelled and without standards of judgment. In so far as culture can be secured second-hand we are cultivated, for our furthestmost prairies lap up culture like a hungry cat the drippings of the milk pail.

No people have ever been so fed up on all forms of art; the youngest tot in blizzard swept Dakota knows the aspect of the Parthenon, the story of DaVinci's last supper, and reads from the first the best of classic English literature. No people were ever so generally qualified to judge of aesthetic values, but we must learn to see them under our noses. If we find talent and accomplishment here so much the better, for there is, I think, a spiritual difference between our good work and foreign work which makes ours more pleasing to us.

We are often led in droves to European enterprises of one sort or another, which, if we accept them, require in us a disregard of our training, and a submission to standards of judgment not author-

ized by our intellectual inheritance. We must, for instance, if we accept some Russian art forget about Greece and Rome and even the Renaissance. Why should we be unsettled by every disordered movement or fashion that comes from Europe and because it is new, expect it to be interesting? Those things have seldom any vitality for us, however much they may mean to Europe. Should we not say that they are beneath contempt when judged by the standards of European culture itself, which are now ours?

Our attitude toward all works of art or letters, whether native or imported, should be one of questioning and doubt. We must say, "Is it good? Why is it good? Does it accord with our standards or is it something in a new category? If the latter, by what right does it escape old standards of judgment?"

Thus questioning we are as likely to find merit in native work as in foreign, and once found we should support it heart and soul for the glory of our nation and for the comfort of ourselves.

There are many instances of more pleasing discoveries in America. Whitman and Melville were in a measure discovered by England, while Lindsay and Frost had there their first audience. Did we not in turn discover Millet in France and were we not the first to buy the Impressionists?

In any age there are some mountain men who overtop their fellows, and being seen from both sides of the border seem rightly to belong to either country. Is not Shakespeare ours too? Is not Lincoln England's?

Several exhibitions of our work have been held in Europe. Architects' plans for buildings were in Paris and London a year ago and received some notice. There was a show of contemporary American Pictures in Venice. Another project to show our painting in Paris has been abandoned. Of what avail is it to us to have our pictures seen and praised in Paris? Will French approval make them dearer to our hearts? Will disapproval make us love them less? We know well the art of Europe for the last five thousand years and have the same background that the Frenchman has. Is not our judgment to be trusted? The advantage of foreign travel cannot be minimized. One must go there to see some of the great works of the past and to get the feel of the continuity of artistic motive from ancient times to the present. But it is getting to be a question

even now whether one need go abroad to get the best instruction in any art.

There is an amusing financial side to our running after foreign art. It is certain, for instance, that the myriad portraits of Americans painted by foreigners who have done crowned heads will in fifty years have no value whatever, while the honest portraits painted by our men, with their feet in our soil, will have in fifty years a character and flavor which will make them much sought by collectors. So it is with the houses, the furniture, the silver, and all object d'art or de luxe. We might mention Eakins, painter of fifty years ago, Duncan Phyfe of one hundred, but the examples are numerous and the objects priceless. Go now if you like to an auction room and see the European objects of art of fifty years ago sold under the hammer. Has Dresden china any value today? Are the pictures of Bouguereau sought for? Does anyone care for Landseer or Leighton?

It is well for England, perhaps, that their painters should come here and get \$5,000 for a portrait. But does the state of English art make any difference to us? Why should we support their second raters while our good men are many of them idle? It is a truism that only the second raters who fail of complete success are ever willing to be managed and go abroad.

It must not be forgotten that our spiritual life is in the same continuous current with that of Western Europe. Moving to another country and mixing there with old Western Europeans made no break in the stream; its sources are the same, though its flow through a new country may give it a different flavor. It is this flavor which we should try to preserve, for it is ours and should suit us. Let us not try to disguise it by foreign perfumes.

So I plead for more of Main Street, more insularity, more care for native genius and more pride in our accomplishments; though we must continue as before the worship of our spiritual ancestors. The clever salesman is he who suggests adroitly to us a certain dissatisfaction with our own possessions and then more adroitly still discloses his wares and implants in us a desire to possess them.

But be cautious in selling old lamps for new. If we give up our sober sitting room in exchange for the boudoir of a king's mistress, we may find the magic gone and the new but a tawdry and worthless affair.





*Croyez vraiment, Mademoiselle, à toute la sincérité de mes sentiments. . . .*  
*Et c'est là tout ce que tu payes?*

# GAVARNI

By WILLIAM MURRELL

OF all the masters of the *comédie humaine* in line and color—Hogarth, Goya, Rowlandson, Gilray, Daumier, Deveria, to name but a few—Gavarni was the subtlest. As he himself wrote, it was not the laugh that he loved but the smile. And his was the smile of the ironist. Without bitterness and without malice, but with a graceful and elegant mockery, Gavarni depicted contemporary life boldly and gaily. The comedy of manners, already a well-worked field, was enormously enriched by the keenness of his observation and the distinction of his line,—a line which caught shades of emotion and the tremendous trifles of gesture as they had never been captured, as, in innumerable cases, they had never consciously existed, before.

His output was enormous. Between the years 1832 and 1840, he created some thousands of types and manners and emotions by which they lived. Actresses, courtesans, careless husbands, *enfants terribles*, dandies, blue-stockings, functionaries, creditors, students, diffident lovers, idle wives,—when these were drawn by Gavarni, they were placed and held briefly in the spotlight of his genius; and, by a technique of rejection, in the final drawing were presented as the all too human personifications of their class and cast. And in the *légende* printed below the drawing was given that light and succinct summary of a situation or that brief colloquy which was so often an actual contribution to the air and conversation of the time.

It is not generally known that these *légendes* (comments, maxims, witticisms) were written down months, often years, before the drawings were made that were printed above them. Gavarni brooded long upon compositions that should be wholly suitable and wholly expressive. He was *precieux* in the best sense of that too thoroughly abused term, selecting with a catholic knowledge of life just that sidelight which, in every case, illumined a whole phase and class.

He was methodical and exact in everything pertaining to his artistic and literary interests. He wrote much, and his manuscripts were beautiful to see. And every species of his written work had its special filing place and index number. His lithographs (many of which were executed under great stress of mind, due to family cares), all bear, near the signature, two small code marks or signs which enabled him at a glance to correlate and classify any

portion of his work. This habit and love of exactitude might possibly be traced to the fact that his education had been professional rather than classic, and that he had spent his early years in apprenticeship to a surveyor. But more likely it went deeper than that. Throughout his whole life he craved certainty, solidity, and permanence, and as will later be shown, he was steadily disappointed.

Gavarni was born in Paris in 1801, and his first public appearance was in the *Journal des Dames et des Modes* (circa 1828), to which he contributed his *Costumes et Travestissements*. These charming drawings, so full of invention, freshness, and power, were well received, and he was invited to exhibit some water colors at the gallery of one Susse, who pressed him to sign them. Until then he had borne his family name of Chevallier, and bethinking him that that name was already too much associated with his profession of surveyor his fancy flew to the beloved valley of Gavarnie in the Pyrenees, and so, dropping the final *e* to avoid confusion, he signed his water-colors and all later work, GAVARNI.

In 1829 he joined the staff of *La Mode*, and was launched in the full tide of the Romantic Movement. He soon passed from *La Mode* to *L'Artiste* and to *La Silhouette*, and did not confine his activities to these publications, but did everything that offered. He illustrated physiological treatises, designed theatrical costumes, made frontispieces for novels; and in whatever field of illustration he worked he put forth his best, both in observation and in fullness of design. At that time his technique was a little hard, yet apparently effortless.

He founded his own magazine in 1834, the *Journal des Gens du Monde*, a weekly that has since become extremely rare, and for a number of reasons. For it was the ultimate, the veritable dream-magazine of all romantic artists and *litterateurs*. Gavarni, long before its publication, dreamed of hosts of aristocratic subscribers; of contributions from the great ladies of the Fauberg Saint Germain; of the stage, the turf, and the political arena as material; and of the artistic *élite* of Paris as his colleagues. For this journal he wrote tales, verse, criticisms, and literary portraits, and did many of the best of his earlier drawings. And to honor his high clientele and his own elegance, he carefully chose a luxurious paper, an exquisite format, beautiful type,—and by messengers, sent each number to the subscribers ac-





*En v'la des m'sieurs agréab' en sostiété.*



*Qu'est-ce que tu peux venir chercher par ici, philosophe?  
Je ramasse toutes vos vieilles blagues d'amour, mes colombes: on en refait du neuf.*



accompanied with a *faveur rose*! Needless to say the journal was short-lived. Six months saw the end, and that end was a sad blow to the artist whose high hopes were lost, and whose future earnings were mortgaged for years to come.

So Fate, which seemed to have an eye to the future, drove him back to lithography, and he began that work for *Caricature* and the *Charivari*, which made him famous. He was ever more satirist than caricaturist, and into the series *Fourberies des Femmes en Matière de Sentiment* (*Trickeries of Women*), he put his keenest observation of those half-conscious, self-revelatory gestures, poses, movements, and words that he surprised so often and that not infrequently he anticipated. He created his own *genre*, one in which he had no rival and has had no direct successor. In him were combined the philosopher, the psychologist, and the satirist; and his productions are the essence of elegant satire, in both graphic and verbal art.

The next ten or twelve years were devoted almost wholly to the execution of the remarkable succession of series of drawings so immediately popular and so much admired since. Among them were: *Les Artistes*; *Les Actrices*; *Les Lorettes*; *Paris le Matin*; *Paris le Soir*; *Physiologie de la Vie Conjugale*; *Les Maris Vengés*; *Les Enfants Terribles*; *Revue Musicale d'après Nature*; *Le Diable à Paris*; *Les Contemporains Illustres*; and many others.

In 1847 Gavarni went to London, intending to be there a few weeks only, but it was four years before he returned to Paris. He seemed unable to tear himself away from Great Britain and her people, and found much for both pencil and pen to record and comment. The series of drawings entitled *Les Anglais chez eux* (*The English at Home*) was in no respect complimentary; indeed, it was the direct cause of a perceptible international coolness. But Gavarni was not concerned with diplomacy; he was fascinated by what he saw, and if his eye was most constantly upon the lower classes of London, it was because they were the best material. The marvelous and wretched procession of drunkards, pickpockets, prostitutes, loafers, boxers, crossing-sweeps, charwomen, and so forth, were a revelation to Paris, and a shock to London. The English were more amused by his presentations of their titled and ornamental society.

Gavarni visited Scotland, and it was there that some of his most prized work was done. He made a leisurely progress through the country, painting a little both in water-colors and in oil, and doing only

what pleased or amused him. The bagpipers and groups of rustic figures are among the best drawings of this, or in fact any period. He seriously occupied himself with studying the institutions social and economic, the customs, manners, and characteristics of the British peoples. It was during these four years also that he gave increasingly more of his time to those mathematical studies and philosophical reflections and writings for which he finally gave up drawing entirely. Many of the productions of this period bear fragmentary mathematical problems upon their margins.

On his return to Paris in 1851, however, he flung himself into a fever of artistic activity. For more than a year he made a drawing a day for the journal *Paris*, and supplied each drawing with a characteristic *légende*. His style in these later series was more masterly; he was in the full maturity of his powers and in possession of a rich and ordered imagination. He himself wrote somewhere that it was folly to imagine anything other than the real. Well, certainly his types are real enough! *Les Partageuses*, *Histoire de Politiquer*, *Les Lorettes Vieilles*, *Les Invalides du Sentiment*, *Les Propos de Thomas Vireloque* (Gavarni's favorite character) are among these astonishing creations.

Of his contemporaries Gavarni most admired Daumier, whose largeness of design and knowledge of their common *metier* he envied. Morin, Cham, Pauquet, and Godefroy-Durand also received his homage. Goya (who lived until 1828) he could not understand. Though he greatly commended the execution of the Spanish artist, he was ill at ease in the presence of passion and furious action. He failed to appreciate the enormously important work of Delacroix, chiefly for this same reason. The latter, however, was more catholic in these matters, and was once observed meticulously copying a Gavarni drawing!

I have referred earlier in this article to Gavarni's passion—I had almost written obsession—for stability and permanence in the life and objects about him. His own nature was precise, positive, and methodical, and he desiderated something stable in this fluid world of faces, events, and buildings. He had witnessed with pain the vanishing of Old Paris under the "improving hands" of Baron Hausmann and Napoleon III; he had had losses in his friends and in his family; and he had been forced to leave a carefully planned and much-loved home by further encroaching "improvements." He took temporary quarters, and made many trips in search of the ideal permanent abode. But he was unable to decide—it was such a momentous thing; so much



*Nous serons donc toujours mauvais sujet?*



meditation and careful hesitation entered into his consideration of it. And he became more and more absorbed in his mathematical studies, finding in the science and numbers that *positive* solace for which his whole being yearned. Strange, indeed, that he did not think of his own graphic work as being of an enviable immortality! But no, in his later years he deemed art a frivolous thing, and gave up the pencil for the pen. He reflected much, and filled the pages of a huge diary with philosophical paragraphs and maxims.

The last years of his life were spent in this active retirement. He ate little, slept little, and saw very few visitors; but these few testify to the clarity of his mind and the keenness and profundity of his conversation. He read little, and made no effort to keep in touch with his old world. In 1866 he removed his possessions to a little house near Auteuil, and it was here that he died in 1867.

In Paris this last summer in the Musée Victor Hugo, near the Place de la Bastille, there were hung upon the walls innumerable early prints of the works of Daumier and Gavarni. It was the ideal place to see them, and a fine opportunity for contrasting the talents of the two greatest graphic artists of the first half of the nineteenth century.

For sheer vigor of line and Gargantuan richness of invention, the Daumiers at once claimed attention. Always dynamic, often brutal and bitter, these caricatures disclose an enormous vitality. I reflected that in the eighteenth century one Rosenkrantz wrote a treatise on The Aesthetic of Ugliness. With what emotions would he, one wonders, have regarded this justification of his foresight? He would probably have been as much disturbed as was that American professor whose book on color-analysis was the *raison d'être* of Monet's technique. However that might be, Daumier's insistent and valid claim to our homage and respect is universally accepted. To turn from this floodlike force to the quieter and more refined work of Gavarni is to experience a brief let-down of emotion. But the subtle irony, the distinguished grace of Gavarni's cutting line, soon asserts itself and assumes its own compelling sway. They were as different as only Frenchmen can be, these two, each the antithesis of the other. Yet both were masters in the same metier.

*The illustrations accompanying this article are reproduced through the courtesy of Frederick Koppel & Company.*





*Dieu! que voilà donc un m'sieu qu'est comme in faut!*  
*Plait-il?*  
*Non.*



# MUSIC AND THE MOTION PICTURE

By FREDERICK S. CONVERSE

NOW and then what seem like perfectly obvious opportunities for new and successful ventures in all fields of human endeavor, are, for a long time, overlooked and passed by unheeded. Just now, in the artistic field of musico-dramatic composition, is such an opportunity offered and yet, so far, it has scarcely, if at all, occupied the attention of serious composers of music.

Long ago, at the close of the sixteenth century, just such an opportunity was offered, and quite by chance, as it seemed, through the efforts of a small group of intelligent amateurs, in an attempt to revive the old Greek drama, with its accompaniment of choral and instrumental music, the opera was born. This was in Italy, and soon a popular and widespread interest in this new and expressive art arose and rapidly did it spread all over Italy and the rest of Europe. From it came likewise the development of artistic song and eventually of independent instrumental music. That is a long history which we need not go into here, but it shows how the intelligent and skillful use of elements then at hand and their blending into a new sort of structure, led through the long years that followed to then undreamed-of results in one of the most subtle and poignant media of human expression.

Now, in the combination of the moving picture with music is a new avenue opened, one which greatly stimulates the receptive imagination.

Music of some sort has always been associated with motion pictures. At first, like the booming of drums in the terrible religious rites of the pagan times, to drown the cries of the unfortunate victims of the sacrifice, so music was employed to cover the uncouth noises of the machines projecting the picture. There was no thought of its relevancy or irrelevancy to the drama being enacted upon the screen. It was just to distract attention from this unpleasant and unavoidable concomitant of the picture. Now machines are better made and quieter, but still, in many theatres the music is not much more fitting than before. Instead of being a powerful aid to the emotional appeal of the story, as it could easily be made, it is often an annoyance and distraction because of its triviality or irrelevance.

This is not true, however, of the best moving picture theatres and it is a significant fact that the largest and most successful houses are those in which real care is bestowed upon the choice of music and its appropriateness to the picture. In fact, in

the best of these theatres one hears often the highest type of classical music and scarcely ever any very poor or shabby trivialities, and such houses have prospered, largely, I am told, because of their intelligent treatment of this feature of the entertainment.

This seems to prove that the average person appreciates the best and is glad of an opportunity to hear it. And it is an encouraging sign for those who are interested in the musical education of the public, believing it to be a great social force, working for refinement of feeling and taste, that this evidence of the appeal of great music to the masses, exists.

The moving picture is a great social force today. Millions of people, old and young, frequent the theatres of the land and receive not only entertainment, but no doubt ideas which influence both their characters and ideals and consequently their behavior as citizens. Of course serious minded citizens realize this and many are active in trying to steer this great force into useful channels.

The producer of pictures is hard put to it these days to please the public and the censors as well. He is rather caught between the Scylla of sensationalism and the Charybdis of intellectualism, fearing them both, but for different reasons. Strangely enough he has overlooked one great possible attraction in the structure of his product. He spends tremendous sums upon elaborate settings, or popular stars, but he gives no thought to the one thing which can make his drama vital and alive, if properly done, and that is a perfectly fitted musical accompaniment. He leaves that feature, which one experienced distributor of pictures told me that he considered at least one-half of the entertainment, to the haphazard handling of theatre directors and musicians. Often they do it well, and the picture is helped; often very badly, and the picture is injured. Why doesn't the producer, from the beginning of the conception of the plot and development of the picture, consult and employ a competent composer who understands all fields of musical composition—opera, symphony, ballet, pantomime and modern program or descriptive music, who has made successful works in these forms, and let him compose simultaneously a suitable and forcible musical setting, which would faithfully and vitally mirror the persons and events of the drama in a glowing, living web of tone? This cannot fail

to make the effect of the film infinitely more vital and impressive, and the chances of its successful appeal to the public much greater than the haphazard treatment which it ordinarily receives.

I have had the good fortune to find an opportunity to try out this theory with the admirable film version of Mr. Percy MacKaye's play "The Scarecrow," recently produced by "The Film Guild" of New York. This is a picture which merits the high praise that it has received for its many artistic virtues and one which was admirably adapted to musical treatment of the kind that I have suggested. While I did not begin upon it until the picture was completed, nevertheless it happened that there would have been little to change if I had been called in earlier in the making of the film. I had behind me the experience of four grand operas, many symphonic poems and three symphonies besides numerous other works of a descriptive and dramatic nature both vocal and instrumental. This gave me a background of varied experience and knowledge of effects from which to choose for this new art form, for such I seriously think it to be, and I call it the Photo-Music-Drama.

It is essentially pantomime with music, and that is after all more or less what opera is, for in opera, words in whatever language are seldom understood, and the action tells the tale. Vocal music is, of course, eliminated and we depend entirely upon instrumental effects. This gives greater freedom in the use of the orchestra, because where voices are employed it is constantly necessary to make the orchestral tone subservient to them, in order not to cover them. In musical structure, however, I employed certain elements of opera, notably the leading motive, or melody, characteristic of each important person in the drama, and in some cases of striking situations or places such as the motive of "The Black Wood." These motives are the threads, the woof and the warp of the whole musical tapestry, and in changing mood and glowing web they follow the actions and emotions of their prototypes in the drama. Thus, in a structural way, it somewhat resembles opera. In orchestral treatment, however, it is more akin to the modern descriptive symphonic poem, for there is no fear of interfering with singers, nor of employing effects of orchestral color which might be irrelevant or lost when used with voices. All the vast palette of modern orchestral tone is at one's disposal and may be advantageously employed for subtle or for gorgeous effects as the need arises.

Here then is a mutual service between music and picture,—descriptive music serving to give powerful

emotional undercurrent to the dramatic action, and picture in turn visually illustrating the subtleties of the music.

What a new and thrilling art this promises! I have long thought that many symphonic poems could be thus illustrated by visible action of some kind and thereby made much more comprehensible and forcible for the listener, and it is so easy compared to the cumbersome treatment required upon the regular stage. The film drama is so flexible, so elusive and capable of such sudden fading and transforming effects, so nearly akin to musical expression. Everything can be mirrored there,—nature, fantasy, comedy, tragedy, melodrama,—all dramatic elements produced with truth and with beauty. No prima donnas of divine voice, but alas! of more than earthly proportions.

And when the yet unknown possibilities of color photography shall have been added, I feel sure that an art worthy of the greatest composers and dramatists will be developed, and in truth, is now almost unconsciously being developed. I do not mean to disparage the commendable and excellent work that has been done in the best theatres toward this end. I mean merely to point out the next logical step in the natural progress of things. I feel that however good the music used in the present-day method of selecting short excerpts, more or less appropriate to the action and feeling of the picture, and putting them together in a sort of patchwork of different styles and periods, with no structural development, and the cumulative emotional effect which such development gives, falls far short of the possibilities of the proper blending of pictures and music.

Imagine a speaker on some solemn or moving occasion reciting fragments of poems or prose from varied sources more or less relevant to the event, and another who might deliver a well planned and impassioned oration, deeply expressing every mood of the matter involved and you have a fair analogy of the contrast between the two methods. One entertains and lightly moves, while the other impels the hearers to an ecstasy of emotion and elevation. And this forcible element, producers of film dramas have overlooked, while it lies right at hand.

All theatres have music of some kind. Arrangements of such a score can be made for piano alone and need not be too difficult for an average pianist to play. Then a score for organ or for small orchestra, and for the large houses, of which there are already many, where orchestras of almost symphonic proportions are employed, a full orchestral score with the addition of organ if desired, would make



it possible for the producer to require that his score, and none other should be used, with the picture for which it was made.

Composers could depend upon a wide use of their music and a satisfying sense of doing a public service would be among the many rewards for their efforts, for good music thus spread abroad in a popular way could not fail to have an ennobling influence. It turns much that it touches to gold and all unconsciously the listener is uplifted by its influence. I think it would be distinctly an American art, one peculiarly suited to the feeling and habits of amusement of our people.

Already the best moving picture theatres are doing a great work in popular musical education, and it is appreciated and enjoyed. It is quite pos-

sible that the moving picture theatres of the land may play the role of the small opera houses of Europe, where for the last two hundred years all the people have had opportunity to hear and know the great operatic works of their best artists.

So we may build up an indigenous art form, similar in many respects to what has been done, and yet new and independent of these, and it may be the popular form of musico-dramatic expression for our people. Moreover it will open to them new vistas of intellectual enjoyment in a better understanding and sympathy with the great masterpieces of the past. It is well worth the serious consideration of our best artists and producers and the support of our most public spirited and thoughtful citizens.



DEER DRINKING

*Owned by Mrs. J. Montgomery Sears*

WINSLOW HOMER



BLUE TAM ROBERT HENRI  
*Courtesy of the Macbeth Gallery*

## THE SEASON OPENS

AT the Montross Galleries is a fairly homogeneous group of pictures by eight men who call themselves The New Mexico Painters. They are Frank G. Applegate, Joseph G. Bakos, Gustave Baumann, Ernest L. Blumenschein, William P. Henderson, Victor Higgins, B. J. O. Nordfeldt and Walter Ufer.

The first of these names is new to picture exhibition catalogues. It is but a short while ago that Applegate gave up his position as instructor in modeling at the Trenton (N. J.) Industrial Art School and went west to paint. Perhaps this is why his work shows so welcome a freshness in handling hoary subject matter. Those Indian ceremonial dances have a superficial picturesqueness which has proved the mainstay of many a shallow piece of optical reporting; but on Applegate's canvases they seem more spirited and pictorially better organized than most previous renderings of them. It remains to be seen whether increasing familiarity with his surroundings will bring in its train that staleness of feeling and that triteness of statement

which so often overtake artists after the first stimulation of novelty dies down. Applegate has at least made a fine beginning.

Blumenschein, Henderson, and Ufer, in their works in this exhibit, evidence no new development of consequence in their ways of regarding and recording their world; but it is quite otherwise with Victor Higgins. He is evidently in process of evolution—a state which is sometimes uncomfortable, but which is necessary to any painter who would become an artist—and his present phase is eminently lyrical. In fact, the lyricism is so obvious that one suspects it to be the outcome of deliberate taking thought rather than of an irresistible upswelling emotion, which is the prime requisite towards a convincing result. But it is a fine thing when a painter stops short of adopting a recipe and begins a fresh search, as Higgins seems to be doing. In harmony with this change, his pigment has taken on a dryness and a lightness which it has not had hitherto; one is not so conscious of the paint and one is glad to miss a certain India-rubber texture often-



times discernible in some parts of his nudes and still-lives.

The landscape work of Bakos intelligently emphasizes the poured-out aspect of the region he paints; the very earth itself has, if not fluidity, at least malleability, and so lends itself to efforts after pictorial dynamics. In dynamic quality Nordfeldt's group of figures shows a very marked gain over his previous work; the picture is both solidly and vitally organized.

Most of the paintings by white men of the life of the red men miss fire because the essential nature of the subject-matter is falsified by the nature of the art idiom in which it is rendered. An optically realistic picturing of a life which has found its own expression in a highly conventional and unrealistic art seems logically bound to fall short of the fullest degree of faithfulness. This reasoning is to a large

extent supported by the degree of success which marks Baumann's decoratively formalized composition entitled *Zuni Night Ceremony*. The painting is a frank translation of objective reality into an artistic convention far better suited than is a fussy surface accuracy to convey the emotional values inherent in the event. This is a very good instance of where truth to the spirit rightly dictates a marked departure from truth to the letter, and the result is a really memorable picture.

\* \* \*

At the Anderson Galleries the first exhibition of the season consists of a large collection of modern German art—embracing sculptures in wood, bronze, and terra-cotta; drawings, etchings, lithographs, and wood-cuts; water colors and oils. The oils could not be seen in time to be considered in this com-



TWIN MOUNTAINS  
*New Mexico Painters*

JOSEPH G. BAKOS  
*Montross Galleries*





ZUNI NIGHT CEREMONY  
*New Mexico Painters*

GUSTAVE BAUMANN  
*Montross Galleries*

ment; but since they comprise less than a third of the whole, it is permissible to write down one's general impression.

It would be inadvisable to search this exhibit for artistic greatness; but anyone should visit it who is not afraid of a frank expression of powerful feelings. Indeed, the expression to be found here is more than frank; it is aggressive. Only one picture, by Arthur Degner, exhales the quiet beauty of a soul at peace; otherwise all is unrest and bitterness. Even where other pictures show scenes which approach the simplicity of Degner's, there is a rasping somberness in the color which discomposes the beholder; and, for the most part, houses, boats, trains, and human features topple about one another as they might well appear to do to minds at a loose end in a disjointed world. These Germans are not concocting pretty and pleasant pictures with an eye on a comfortable public whose art palate is to be profitably tickled; they are perhaps indifferent to any and all publics. At a certain stage of suffering one can find a deceptive relief in shrill, uncouth cries that take no account of whether another hears; and if art is to give a complete account of humanity it must occasionally do something similar. In this assemblage of post-war art such a hysterical quality predominates.

At Keppel's, during the latter half of the month, will be held a retrospective exhibition of the work of Joseph Pennell. It will contain illustrative drawings and water colors as well as etchings; it would also have contained paintings in oil except for the wholesale destruction of his work in London which was so fully described in the newspapers not long ago. The exhibition will range from recent etchings, never before shown, back to his most enjoyable pictures produced during the early days of travel in Italy. Of course, it may be expected that the entire exhibit will maintain its level of interest; Mr. Pennell is such a learned and capable craftsman and, in spite of the calamity just mentioned, he has so great a quantity of work from which to choose, that so much may be taken for granted. But it will be good to see the earlier work because there is about it a certain freshness, a certain thoroughness often missing in the later. For instance, in the New York series already familiar to the public, the buildings of the new world seem trying very hard to look like those of the old; and often they float in air without discoverable connection with anything above or below, just as the bridges often tie up with nothing on either side. However, the surprise of the present exhibition will be new etchings from which these faults are absent. In one, particularly,





ETCHING  
*Keppel Galleries*

JOSEPH PENNELL



LANDSCAPE

*Courtesy of Mrs. Sterner*

BEN SILBERT

the naked structural steel of a building-to-be rears itself into the sky with fine stark strength.

\* \* \*

At the Macbeth Galleries a group of well-known American painters are represented by very characteristic canvases—Blakelock, J. Francis Murphy, Hawthorne, Tryon, etc. An early little painting by Childe Hassam belongs to that series of pictures of New York streets which will gain in interest as time goes on; Hassam himself, it is told, chancing across one of these early works in another city some time ago, said that even now he could not paint a better. Albert P. Ryder's small *Sunset Hours* glows with the romance which he imprisoned beneath his layers of varnish. In a portrait head Henri has caught the vivid and candid look of childhood. The painting of a *Seated Nude* by Arthur B. Davies has an admirable degree of

solidity in construction which for him is unusual. Another and presumably later picture by him in this same exhibition exemplifies a thinness often seen in his handling of the figure. This is not to say that Davies should paint in any other way than he does; for the sort of figure painting that prevails in his work is markedly appropriate to its imaginative remove from nature. To mention this trait here is merely to bring into relief the contrasting excellence of a less well-known example. However far from our ordinary world Davies has journeyed, he did start there, as the ripe and golden reality of this solid-fleshed nude attests.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Sterner is showing work by Ben Silbert during the latter part of October. Why this painter should describe himself as "de Chicago" is not clear, as he is plainly "de Paris." The "de" in this case





HUNGER      B. J. O. NORDFELDT  
New Mexico Painters      Montross Galleries

should be translated "from," for Silbert is not "of" either place. His work is evidence that he wants to leave Chicago behind, but it does not show conclusively that he has yet reached Paris in anything more than a physical sense. Most of his pictures are divided in themselves; they show a conflict between two incongruous ways of seeing things, figures and backgrounds failing to cohere. Such a picture as that reproduced herewith, in which a single conception is embodied, is unusual. The prevalent sparseness of color is at first glance not at all unpleasant, but examination reveals an offsetting capriciousness in its use. There is also a certain humor in some of the paintings, but it is a humor too sophisticated and wilful to attain any large and easy utterance.

\* \* \*

The Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C., announces that the duration of its ninth exhibition of contemporary American oil paintings will be from December 16, 1923, to January 20, 1924. At this exhibition the four William A. Clark Prizes, with the accompanying Corcoran Medals, will again be awarded. This year the meetings of the jury will take place in New York and Washington only. The jury will be composed of the following painters: Edward W. Redfield, *chairman*; Gari Melchers, Ralph Clarkson, Lilian Westcott Hale, and Rockwell Kent. All entry cards should be received at the Gallery not later than Monday, November 12th next. Such cards and copies of the Prospectus may be obtained by

writing the Director, Mr. C. Powell Minnigerode. This exhibition is certain to prove one of the most important of the season.

\* \* \*

At Kraushaar's is being shown a group of water colors by five Americans: Gifford Beal, Reynolds Beal, George Luks, Maurice Prendergast and William Zorach. This exhibit will open on October 15th and continue until November 5th. Mr. Kraushaar has just placed on exhibition a new marble figure of a woman by Gaston Lachaise.

\* \* \*

The thirty-third annual exhibition of the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors opened at the Fine Arts Building on Tuesday, October 16th.

\* \* \*

At the Belmaison Gallery can be seen an interesting small group of modern canvases, together with three of Villon's superb etchings in color after as many different painters.

VIRGIL BARKER.



CORN DANCE      F. G. APPLIFICATE  
New Mexico Painters      Montross Galleries



CROSSING THE BAR  
*Grand Central Art Galleries*

MAX BOEHM

## BOOKS

ARCHITECTURE TOSCANE, PAR A. GRANDJEAN DE MONTIGNY ET A. FAMIN: A REPRINT, BEING VOLUME I IN THE LIBRARY OF ARCHITECTURAL DOCUMENTS: NEW YORK, PENCIL POINTS PRESS, INC., 1923.

The aim of the series which this volume initiates is to gather together a practical working library for the architect at a price as moderate as may be consistent with a satisfactory presentation of the matter. The present publication is taken from the French one of 1815 and gives scale drawings, plans, interior views, and renderings of details—all of the architecture of Tuscany. It is introduced with a preface and a description of the plates by John V. Van Pelt.

\* \* \*

LITHOGRAPHY, BY BOLTON BROWN: NEW YORK, FITZROY CARRINGTON, 1923.

The publication of this tastefully printed little book by the FitzRoy Carrington Print Galleries should be noted. It contains a pleasant and informative essay written by a man who knows his subject and who has definite convictions founded on his knowledge. The essay gives the necessary fundamentals on which to base an intelligent interest in lithographs and by which to keep from sinking too deeply into the morass of detail that one has to cross in acquiring any comprehensive historical grasp of lithography.

KHSITINDRA NATH MAZUMDAR, BY ORDHENDRA COOMAR GANGOLY: NEW YORK, ORIENTALIA, 1923. (VOLUME ONE OF MODERN INDIAN ARTISTS.)

This book may be compared with the "Portfolio of Indian Art" reviewed last month. Constituting the beginning of a praiseworthy effort to make known



the work of the living painters of India, it is marred by a tendency towards "artiness" in physical dress. Moreover, the work here offered as "an epitome" of the modern Indian "renaissance" reveals all too plainly the difference in India between the painting of this contemporary school and that of older ones. The former, of which Abanindro Nath Tagore, a nephew of the poet, is best known in the Occident, is confessedly archaistic, animated by a pious wish to restore what was aforesaid. This makes logical enough the elaborate harking back to the Pre-Raphaelites on the part of the writer of the text; but it is at the same time a confession. For that motive never predominates in an art movement except when the creative ardor is slight; it is the compensatory camouflage of a spirit which wishes to create and can not. Consequently it is not surprising that, through the paintings so carefully reproduced in this volume, one is led to think that what was once a mystic withdrawal of the eyes is now mere sleepiness, what was controlled emotion has changed into easily manipulated sentiment, gracefulness

has become gracility, and a care for choicely expressive detail is altered into something very near the whimsical and shallow charm of Arthur Rackham. Fortunately what is here said about the subject of the present volume does not apply to all contemporary Indian art.

VIRGIL BARKER.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

Angling Adventures of an Artist, by John Shirley-Fox: New York, E. P. Dutton & Company, 1923. (\$4.00).

The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam (Fitzgerald's Translation), illustrated by Hope Weston: New York, E. P. Dutton & Company, 1923. (\$3.00).

Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam (Fitzgerald's Translation), with decorations by Fish: New York, E. P. Dutton & Company, 1923. (\$7.50).

The Russian Arts, by Rosa Newmarch: E. P. Dutton & Company, 1916. (\$2.50).



FOUR-PANEL SCREEN  
*Courtesy of the Belmaison Galleries*

REGINALD MARSH



PICTURE OF FIGURES  
DIEGO RIVERA

## DIEGO RIVERA—MEXICAN PAINTER

By JOSE JUAN TABLADA

RECOGNIZED by European critics, and considered by his intelligent compatriots the strongest and most cultivated of the modern Mexican painters, Diego M. Rivera is, on the other hand, derided by a group, whose leaders include the votaries of the academic and the pedagogues. These men still believe that appreciation of works of art is a romantic matter of the senses, not a question of knowledge. They assume that taste in æsthetics is granted to everybody like a sense of smell.

The democratic privilege of æsthetic criticism was only permissible when painting was sentimental and anecdotal in purpose, or photographic in its objective form. Then the human figure had its standards of beauty and proportion—the Greco-Roman, deeply impressed through centuries upon the public mind. Therefore, to judge works of art was chiefly to compare them with objective nature, more or less interpreted, in the case of the human figure, through Mediterranean canons and

conventions. Everyone was able to prove whether a human body had the number of modules prescribed by rules, or if in a landscape, the trees had the right proportions as determined by the camera. Everyone was also capable of being moved by the sentimental anecdote enhanced by the picture-makers who chose such subjects as a mother sitting by the cradle of her dying child or King Lear roaming, blind and deserted, through the wilderness.

If a certain *bodegón*, or still-life, by Velezquez had no anecdote, then the onlooker amused himself by counting the hairs in the dead rabbit. When the painters departed from literary sentimentalism and slavish reproduction, as in the case of El Greco and Goya, although old masters, they were only tolerated. Yet this false attitude toward art was not the exclusive privilege of the Victorian era. I am afraid that even El Greco, during his lifetime, was respected chiefly on account of the religious emotion expressed in his canvases, and was never



popular with his contemporaries. To Goya many liberties were allowed and many sins forgiven. He was looked upon as a sort of *enfant terrible*, and he was also the protégé of the Duchess of Alba, whose beauty, both clothed and unclothed, he made immortal, according to the legend, in his two celebrated *Majas*. Confronted with the author of *Los Caprichos* the public chose the easier attitude; it laughed to avoid the trouble of understanding and catalogued this sombre and inspired master under the title of caricaturist.

Today in painting and in criticism, which is but a consequence of art, things have changed. The well-known definition of Zola who, although he lived intimately with Cézanne, never suspected his genius, was "A work of art is a part of nature seen through a temperament"; but even this convenient phrase is now valueless for those who patter about art. Incidentally, that definition, so popular years ago, appears not to be Zola's exclusive property. Many years before Bacon, Lord Verulam, explained works of art as "*home aditus naturae*," which has a farther reach. For the modern point of view a work of art is better understood by the painter Gleize's dictum: "Temperament seen through a law of nature." Thus a work of art has ceased to be a statement of the surface of a natural

phenomenon, but furnishes the beholder with the knowledge of internal causes.

Nowadays paintings are valued, not because of their representative or narrative possibilities, but for the intrinsic quality of their plastic elements. If we admit this most evident truth about modern art, a sudden cave-in destroys the ground and the old supports of the lay critic. The over-used catch-phrases have failed him. Without their help the reactionary is in total darkness, and is like a man who tries to grasp a swinging and invisible rope which never comes within his reach.

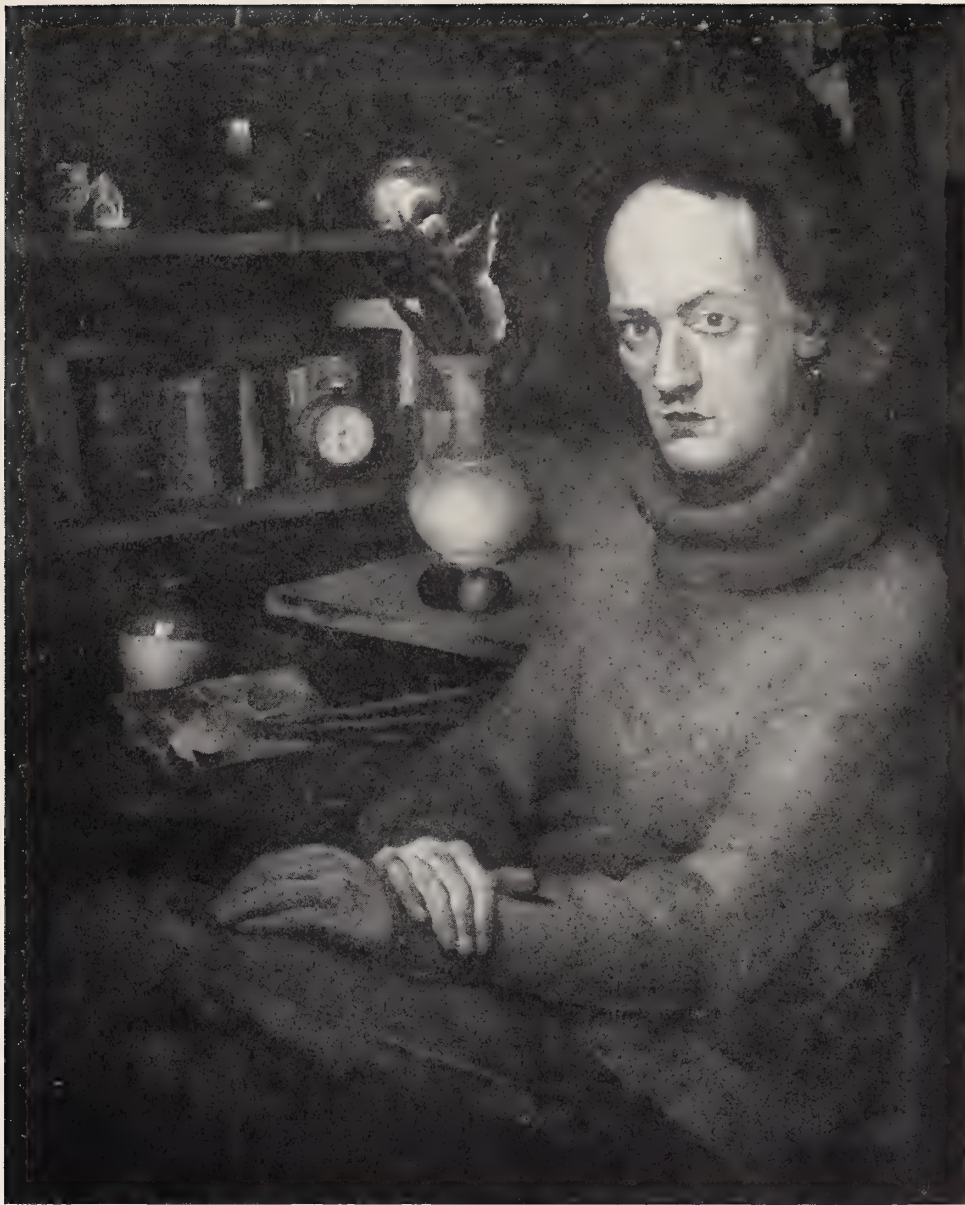
Faithful objective representation, anatomical proportions, anecdotal meaning, virtuosity in execution, classical reminiscences of a consecrated archetype of beauty, all have disappeared into darkness and, instead of the familiar aspects and structures cherished by him, the bewildered spectator sees only those cubist canvases that he sincerely believes to be the débris of the catastrophe. He looks upon the distorted figures of Derain, Picasso or the Mexican, Rivera, as the more or less bruised and crushed bodies of the victims of a cataclysm.

The reaction does not make the casual lay observer confess ignorance or humility. On the contrary, he insists upon denying these artists and their ideas in an outburst of offended pride. Like



GARDEN

DIEGO RIVERA



RENATO PARESCE

DIEGO RIVERA



Menelao in Paul Claudel's story, he resents, as a personal insult, things he does not understand. Negligence in following the accelerated art evolution of the last two decades causes amazement to those minds who believe art is static and who have a definite formula which, once learned, is difficult to relinquish.

To deny with heat or with scornful smile is easier than to go back to the primitives, or to the geniuses who in their epoch were seers, and discover the sources and the current of the pure stream of art which, springing in sombre Toledo or in dark Africa, flowing often underground, gushes forth so plentifully in our present epoch.

To call "ugly" that which does not conform to conventional ideals of beauty is one consequence of this conflict. Rivera and his fellow-painters have been branded as members of the "uglyist school." An editorial article in the June issue of *THE ARTS* gave a good explanation of that so-called "ugliness" detected in modern paintings by a certain public. About the beauty of things, artists and public have never been in perfect accord, the public often being impressed by the commercial value of an object, while the artists only consider art as a possibility for emotional reactions expressed in line and color—a difference especially marked today.

Besides these reasons there is one which seems very significant although concealed in the emotional darkness that psycho-analysis explores. Of course, it is a sexual reason. While looking at a picture both men and women are comparing it, in their deepest subconsciousness, with their erotic ideal, and the result of that intimate experience, conscious or not, invariably interferes with their artistic judgment. That judgment is sure to be adverse to the true artist who, in his struggle to render plastic harmonies and contrasts, has forgotten all about the special popular point of view. The sense of beauty is abstract for the artist and should not be associated with the ideal of prettiness that can be achieved with a lip-stick.

Artists like Diego Rivera and all those who are struggling for pure painting, in these days when art has not reached a social equilibrium, are praised and honored by a learned minority as well as by the humbler classes which are not contaminated by prejudice, but they are execrated by the moribund whose brains have ceased to function and who point to an hour of the past like a watch stopped long ago.

That the intelligent and the humble workmen unite in admiring Rivera is not a paradox, as there are only two ways, the passive or the active, to reach

the highest attainments of art: through extreme learning or total lack of sophistication.

\* \* \*

The personality of Diego Rivera is appealing to the critic because, in a continuous struggle to find the most economical and just way to express his ideas, he has journeyed, for almost twenty years, through all the territories of modern art. He was never a vagrant, as his stays in the district which he chose for the time being are marked by substantial and solid works strongly reflecting whatever proved to be significant in that particular region. Through the two score canvases painted by Rivera from 1910 to 1921, the whole history of modern art may be studied chapter by chapter. He was first interested in Seurat and Signac, and the research into light and atmosphere. He passed under the El Greco influence, moved by that great painter's spiritual expression. He tried to establish, by cubist philosophy, a harmonious arrangement of volumes—or rather planes—and colors; he struggled with Cézanne and Renoir as guides, for a constructive, almost architectonic treatment of the third dimension, and at last, out of his study of all these masters, he attained complete self-expression. To those who have cried "uglyism" Rivera seemed a painter only when he was absolutely devoid of personality, that is to say, when he copied nature academically.

Before his departure for Europe, Rivera exhausted the teaching that the drowsy academicians in Mexico City were able to impart. He later mastered the *métier*, the chemistry, which the French call *la cuisine* of the painter, and all the mechanical gymnastics and knacks of mere craft. I imagine that to unlearn all this later on was one of the hardest tasks of this artist; but even in this he succeeded.

The arrival at the Mexican school of Fabres, a Spanish follower of Fortuny, caused Rivera to glance at a stage of painting superior to the academic routine. It gave him an inkling of the possibilities that a direct vision of European masters would offer. In fact, Fabres had, in spite of his being both conventional and commercial, certain qualities of the fine old Spanish tradition. Rivera, who at that time could have obtained a remunerative professorship in the Mexican school, preferred to go to Europe, in spite of the fact that he was almost without funds. That was the first instance of his characteristic unconcern for money which he has carried through a life of artistic probity. He has gained independence, authority and respect. All his intuitions were confirmed when he studied the old masters in



PORTRAIT                      DIEGO RIVERA

Spain. He was mature for a thorough and deep understanding, and from El Greco to Goya, from the "Spagnoletto" to Pantoja de la Cruz, he reaped the strength and fuel to develop into bold expression all the vague intentions that, until then, had been smothered by suffocating routine.

He was able to discern the specific quality in every one of the old masters: El Greco's spiritual force, Spagnoletto's austerity and strength; the unique simplifying power of Velasquez and the valiant statement of Goya. The first of Rivera's paintings that shows a distinct personality, while he was still under the Spanish influence, seems to be *Los Viejos*, *The Old Folks*, dated 1912. In this picture an old man with a cloak over his shoulders and carrying a large jar, talks to a couple of seated elderly women. This painting recalls Zuloaga. It has for subject popular Spanish types, and is a result of the study of the old Spanish masters. In this respect it is characteristic of Spanish and Mexican art of that epoch. *The Girl with Artichokes* shows a further step in Rivera's development. In this painting the downward angle of

vision and the search for volume are apparent. The elements of form, rather than the form itself, are expressed. Ten years it took Rivera to achieve the synthesis for which at that time he had already begun to strive.

In *The Sculptor*, a portrait painted about 1914, he sought volume more boldly. Having a sculptor as subject may have led the painter, one is tempted to think, to seek the character of sculpture, and, as it were, to model with pigments in order to realize the full depth. The distortion of the human figure, apparent in *Old Folks*, is more striking in *The Sculptor*, in which the background shows a certain illumination and a timid intersection of planes. At the same time it echoes Greco's arbitrary chiaroscuro, and, influenced by Cézanne, suggests the later Cubist point of view.

\* \* \*

At this time Rivera, who had been traveling in Spain, France and Italy, settled finally in Paris. He was attracted by the capacity of certain great painters of the past to achieve unity in their work,



and by nature he was ever prone to analyze the problem of impressionism which also attracted him. He studied the works of Seurat and Signac, the originators of *Pointillisme*.

When, in 1912, I visited Rivera in his Paris studio, he had on an easel a large canvas with figures of Catalonian peasants in the foreground of a mountainous landscape. In the figures he tried for volume; in the atmosphere around them and the landscape he used the methods of the pointillist to render the light vibration. Apparently the artist was trying to take the best out of two artistic theories and wanted to blend luminosity and monumental volume in his painting. His eclecticism showed that he was not dominated by any particular school.

Soon after 1912 Rivera became interested in cubism. His desire to realize pure painting resulted in his absorption in the plastic rather than the descriptive importance of his art. In *The Artichoke Girl* and in *The Sculptor*, the painter enhanced the expressive force of the plastic elements of his subject by selecting them and rearranging them to suit the purposes of his design. This was in accord with the purifying process of cubism

which branded as dross anything that was alien to the artist's creative aim.

Rivera found in cubism a great stimulus. The critics who years before had called him a possible rival of Zuloaga's, later accused him of being a pedagogue in neo-impressionism. He became the subject of eager polemics between writers on art. In the conflict which followed between Rivera and a certain Paris art dealer, the French were not inclined to do justice to the Mexican, but the Danish art review, *Klingen*, printed a full account of the entanglement which was then called *l'affaire Rivera*.

Rivera's standing in cubism is so important that if we disregarded his work the movement would appear incomplete. Among his paintings in the cubistic manner, one of the first was called *Picture of Figures*, and was exhibited in the *Salon des Independents* of 1915. This is one of his most significant works. In it are two female figures, one sitting, the other standing. The form and color are carried to the utmost expressive power. The arrangement is harmonious.

The picture presents a simultaneous view of different aspects of the subject. In the standing figure one eye is seen in profile, the other in full



STUDY

DIEGO RIVERA



DECORATION IN THE PREPARATORIA

DIEGO RIVERA



front view. Rivera succeeded in making a dynamic impression; he suggests in this work a gracious feminine movement as rhythmic as the motions of a dance. The plastic beauty of the standing figure indicates successive aspects without the loss of a static effect. In another painting called *The Young Man in Gray*, there is expressed this same sense of successive gesture. The subject is both smiling and circumspect. The artist reveals the psychological interest in his portrait of a young and talented Mexican architect.

The trend of Rivera was ever toward greater plastic purity. In the cubist manner he produced other portraits and paintings of still life. All of the works of Rivera dated since 1915 have a decided Cézanne influence. This might be said of many another painter.

Up to this time, that is, 1915, the predominating influences which affected Rivera were then El Greco, Cézanne, Seurat, and Picasso. Being a full-fledged painter, Rivera naturally did not ignore other figures allied to the movement in its broader sense, such as Renoir and Henri Rousseau. He was not limited, however, to the work of the men of recent periods. Etruscan, Chinese, Byzantine and

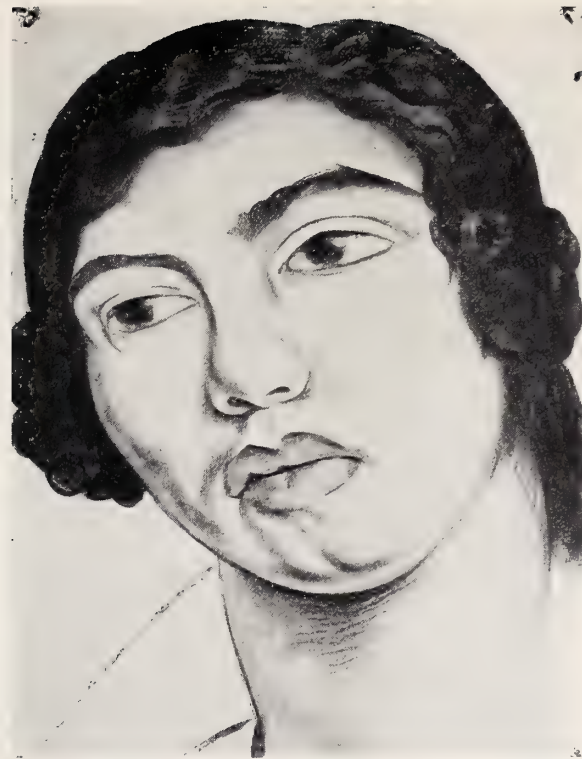
early Italian art, in fact, all art which preceded the realistic Renaissance, found a response in this painter, and particularly strong was the appeal of old Mexican sculpture. In the Mexican *pulquerias*, or popular wine shops, and in the churches, he found examples of the work of humble unknown artists of the past, work that was replete with naive sincerity and directness of vision.

The art of Rivera is at present closely related to national Mexican sources. After roaming through Europe he came back to his country and discovered that there he had both nature, beloved of Cézanne, and, in the popular arts, the stimulating example that Renoir had found in the museums. The artist was like a mariner who had sailed forth to find the polar star, only to realize that he was leaving it behind him, and that to find it he must return to the place from which he had departed. His star was in Mexico, not in France. This often happens in art as well as in life.

After gaining recognition in Europe, Rivera returned to his native country, where the Secretary of Education, Vasconcelos, commissioned him to decorate the amphitheatre of the Preparatoria School. At last this painter, who heartily believes



DECORATIVE STUDY RIVERA



DECORATIVE STUDY RIVERA

in the direct application of art to social life, found a task worthy of the mastery he had won for himself by long years of devotion and effort. Technically he was ready "to invite his soul." He was prepared for a definite creation, a work which will live through generations and convey to posterity the best message, perhaps, that in his epoch, the visual arts have to tell to the future. Surely enlightened posterity will be grateful to him.

Such a task has an importance proportioned to the artist's integrity. It was a tremendous undertaking, one for which Rivera was equipped by artistic probity, by talent, by discipline, and by his ability to think and to express his thoughts in painting. He undertook the work, full of confidence and full of fervor. Often academic zealots argued boisterously with their reactionary friends beneath the scaffold on which the artist worked. After establishing his decorative scheme by preliminary sketches, Rivera advanced with firm step, without doubting or stumbling. His first working drawings were as arid and geometrical as an architect's. Then he consulted nature for his first sketches—big drawings in charcoal and sanguine. He studied varied racial types of the Mexican families, like-

wise he made thorough research into the technical problems of painting upon cement as was done by the Greeks and early Italians. The artist worked for months with brush, spatule and blow-pipe until he completed the main surface in the hall, which has a stage as a center. He applied first an enamel and after that added the more solid pigments.

This work, now complete, is the most important of its kind in all Latin America, and in its special technique, it is perhaps the only work of its kind on the Continent.

From Rivera's notebook, recently given to me, I take the following notes concerning Rivera's decoration in the Preparatoria School:

"The abstract theme of the mural is The Creation, directly alluding to the Mexican race through representative types, from the pure autochthonous to the Spaniard, including the half-breed Creoles. Above the middle of the central wall (rear of the stage) there is a half circle of deep blue contoured by the rainbow which has in its center the Light One flashing three rays and transformed, beyond the rainbow, into three hands pointing to the earth, a gesture that means father and mother. Between the rays shine two clusters of stars.

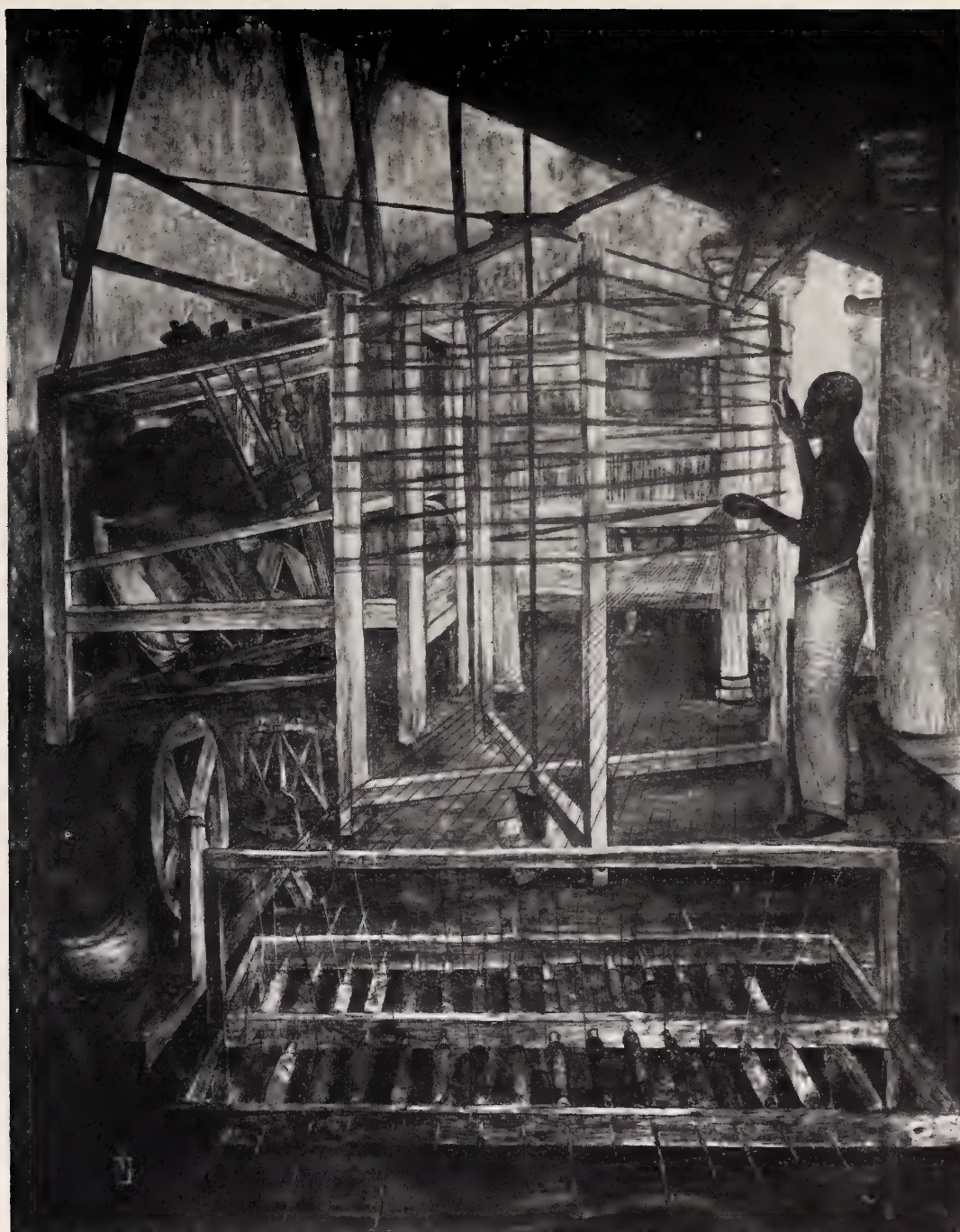




DECORATION

DIEGO RIVERA





DECORATION

DIEGO RIVERA





DECORATION

RIVERA

"Upon the earth line at the right side of the painting, with his back to the onlooker, is The Man talking to a group of female figures who are the emanations of his soul. These figures are sitting on the earth. Below to the left, Knowledge, in ochre dress, blue cloak with gold ornaments, and flesh of a greenish tint. . . ."

The artist's notes thus describe in detail the various symbolic figures. These are: The Fable, Tradition, Erotic Poetry, Tragedy, Prudence, Fortitude, etc.

The Murál, which is reproduced on page 227, is only the central part of the hall decoration. On the side walls, following the painter's project, are to be painted several figures, representing the essential relations between men and the elements.

To quote Rivera's notes again:

"The whole ensemble is to be only one composition. The cycle of the paintings is incorporated with the building in its three dimensions and the aspects of the different parts will create, in the spirit of the onlooker, another dimension. That ensemble will constitute the artist's conception if he is allowed to accomplish it."

The murals of Rivera so far have been misunderstood by many who have seen them. However, many of his countrymen do recognize them and posterity will, no doubt, be proud of them. They are a strong art affirmation, so strong, so sure, so categorical, that to find their equivalent in Mexican art one must go back into the past to the fierce and unique Aztec sculpture.



DRAWING

DIEGO RIVERA





MME. CHALGRIN  
*Museum of the Louvre*

JACQUES LOUIS DAVID

# MATERIALISM AND MUSEUMS

By ALLEN TUCKER

THERE is in this country a tendency toward quantity rather than quality, a leaning in many directions toward a materialistic attitude that seems to me should be deplored.

The higher the form of activity that is attracted by the materialistic idea the more easily it is degraded, for the higher the form, the more easily it seems to be affected by disease.

A factory will not be harmed as quickly as some other things, but eventually, even there, the life will be destroyed and with it the factory.

But it is in matters of the spirit that the effect will be most disastrous, and it is to the church, the universities and the arts that materialism at the present time is doing harm.

\* \* \*

I take it that an art museum is a place for the display of art, although this somewhat evident proposition would be upset by the most cursory examination of our museums.

It is the tendency of our museums toward quantity and away from quality that I wish to speak of.

Art concerns itself with quality, not with quantity.

Art deals with matters of the spirit, not with matters of fact.

Art is for the higher reaches of the human soul. Facts are made for fools.

Now what is the general tendency of our museums? Collections, completeness, history, geography, ethnology, sociology, antiquity, archaeology, and the worst of these is archaeology. A most fascinating game, played by many most delightful people, a game where one may assume almost any theory and prove it, with pleasure at least to oneself, but a game having no more relation to art than has mumble the peg.

But just because it deals with the shell of the thing many people believe that it deals with the thing itself, and the archaeologist is respected and treated as if he were a connoisseur.

An archaeologist may be useful about the premises, but he should be there as an adviser in his subject, not in control of things he is sometimes not even conscious of.

The little boy collecting postage stamps is strangely in the attitude of an American museum; numbers, getting all the spaces filled, and rareties, occupy his gleeful mind. A thing that is rare only, is of no value except a money value. Beauty is

rare, but rarity is by no means synonymous with beauty. A call on the two-headed girl (begging her pardon) will convince the most sceptical of the truth of this point.

In the first place there are all sorts of things in our art museums that have no business there at all. Collections of musical instruments bear the same relation to art that collections of paint brushes or even tooth brushes would. They may have value somewhere, but none whatever in an art museum.

The place for antique armor is in a military museum. It is very interesting to some of us, but with some exceptions, has no more art value that have modern arms and accoutrements. Its appeal is not at all to the art sense.

Leaving these obviously misplaced collections, and which are objected to because they are misplaced, not because of the things themselves, it is when one looks at the fine arts in our museums, and looks for the fine art that should be in our museums, that the wrong attitude is most apparent. The basic trouble is the unwillingness to buy one really good thing, instead of a number of things only fair.

There have in the past years been sold splendid things for sums less than the spending income of many of our museums, that have not been acquired, the museums preferring to spend their money on a number of inferior objects. An early Titian (it used to be ascribed to Giorgione) was in this country for sale and was allowed to be taken back to Europe. This one picture would have made the reputation of any museum and have done more to raise the standard of taste in this country than any amount of second rate things.

What this country needs is to see the best; the best by the best men, not the second best by the best men nor the best by the second best men. Man is lifted and stretched and shown his own capacity by touching the highest things done. Our museums contain many poor examples; pictures that represent the ability of the painter in no way whatever and give no idea of the reach of his soul, and the walls crowded with pictures of but slightest (let us be kind) value, so crowded together that the occasional work of art is all but suffocated under the number of gold framed emptinesses.

What a museum should do is to show a few (if that is all it can afford) supreme works of art; show them to the best advantage, show them so that the



public will realize that here is something to respect, show them so that their beauty and power can be apprehended.

The historical side of art, except as an intellectual interest, is pure bosh.

The only use of art to man is the appeal to his spirit, art of any kind elevates man, and the only way to apprehend art is to go to art. To read it, hear it, see it, not to read about it. The life of Browning is not poetry, nor the history of Italian painting, art. Art is the appeal of a personality to you, to your inmost covered highest self, and who was Botticelli is of no more importance than "who is Sylvia?"

The important thing is to be swung through your whole being, physical and spiritual, by the "greatest master of lineal design Europe has ever known."

If you are really moved by a painting of Greco, you know more about him than all the biographies can ever teach. It is curious that we will do almost anything to avoid the essence of things. The human being, while living only on and because of the verity, shuns getting really near it, will put any barrier or better any pretense between himself and that verity.

Books, history, chronology, anything to put before us to keep us away from the everlasting terror of the truth.

What I am pleading for is that the truth should be faced.

Show us art. If it moves us, let us thank God, if it does not, let us find it out, and not pretend to ourselves (the only really dangerous pretense) that because we take an intellectual or moral or religious interest, that we really care about the thing itself. Art is too sacred a thing to be lied about.

When work having both artistic and archaeological value is exhibited, the emphasis is apt to be put on the latter, the art appeal having the second place. The attitude is toward intellectual curiosity. Intellectual curiosity is a good thing and leads to many admirable results, but it never leads to art. The splendid art of Egypt is often shown so that the stress is laid upon the historical or social side, and not on the proper display of its transcendent power and beauty. The activities of man are displayed from birth to, well, to the displaying of corpses, some in their grave clothes, some naked to the stare of the vulgar, a sight pitiful, disgusting or outrageous, depending on one's view of the glories of humanity.

We are continually talked to about the "educational value" of art.

Educational in what? Always history, periods,

development; always education about the outside of things; never education in the thing itself.

The only education in art is being moved by art, moved yourself, shaken in your own heart and soul by power and beauty; all else is leather and prunella.

I do not wish to be misunderstood. Ignorant sentimentality does not lead towards art. Art is a real force, one of the fierce forces of the world. Knowledge, learning, experience, have to do with art, but knowledge and learning and experience of art, design, line, pattern, color, form, space, bulk, balance, harmony, contrast and the everlasting message of eternal youth carried by these means from the spirit of man to the heart of him who can understand, that understanding which is not always easy, but often hard, sometimes impossible.

For the very great message is probably only ever understood by a few. But by trying and studying, we develop so that ever more and more the subtleties and glories in, and carried by, works of art are revealed to our eyes and ears and spirits.

And we want the museums to help us by showing the best work so that we may sit at the feet of great men and humbly and proudly commune with them. The difficulty with the museums is, I think, in the control. A museum is sometimes controlled by a body of amiable, rich savages, whose only value lies somewhere between their consciences and their financial abilities. Now conscience has to do with morals, nothing to do with art, and financial ability, while admirable, is limited. Many a man who is a good judge of bonds, has come away from a horse sale with a charming beast possessing but three legs instead of the necessary, and, I believe, still fashionable four. And works of art are almost as delicate things to deal in as horses. So when these gentlemen buy, they very often show small capacity and make a bad bargain in price, desirability and quality, and make even worse mistakes in what they neglect to buy.

If the boards would employ the best men they could (often they have them and don't trust them) and give them power, our museums would be different.

Nothing positive is ever accomplished except by individual personality. A collection is a creation, and the private collections are apt on that account, to be better than the public ones, for the individual collector can do as he likes and liberty is the root of the world, and no positive result is attained except by an individual established in that liberty.

The people who look after the investments should have nothing to do with the art, any more than the man who looks after the heating plant.

The idea that a rich man is omnipotent dies hard, but the remarks about the camel apply to the spiritual places of this world, as well as to the heaven of the next.

Men should be on boards for what they know, not for what they have, and they should confine their activities to the things of which they have knowledge.

Museums today are doing so much well, and showing so much of value that I don't think they realize the direction in which they are running, but when Evelyn Underhill speaks of "the terrible museum-like world, where everything is classified and labeled and all the graded fluid facts which have no label are ignored" and when many people feel that all is not well in our museums, it does behoove the authorities to take care lest their charges fail in their mission.

The responsibility of the control of a museum is very great.

Today the museum is one of the principal factors in pushing this country in the right direction. Every

fine thing elevates and ennobles the people; every poor thing shown degrades and lowers them. It is a dreadful thing to show trash, and the worst of it is that many people, confident in the reputation of a museum, go there, thinking the things shown must therefore be fine; try, and finally do admire them and have their taste ruined forever.

Taste is a delicate thing. You cannot see bad things without yourself being corrupted, and corrupted in the very springs of your everlasting self. So it seems essential at this time, when everywhere in this country, is so strong a movement toward collecting and showing in public museums, that this collecting and showing should be governed by the soul of things and not by the shell of things.

Art is an end in itself; it is not for any thing, not for any use. It is a thing in itself to be achieved, a thing in itself to be apprehended, and man, by achieving and apprehending, is thereby elevated and ennobled.







THREE LADIES OF GHENT JACQUES LOUIS DAVID  
*Museum of the Louvre*



THE COLLECTOR

HONORÉ DAUMIER



# Contributors to THE ARTS

---

AGNES E. MEYER is taking rank as one of America's leading scholars of Chinese art. She has studied the language, the history, the religion and the art of China for many years. Besides bringing to this chosen work an acute intelligence she brings the eye of the true artist. That she has the rare capacity to see into a work of art has been proved by the extremely high standard set by her collection of both Oriental and Occidental art. Her essay in this month's ARTS is more than the usual essay of the cultivated writer. It is an original contribution by a scholar fully equipped to examine primary sources.

FREDERICK S. CONVERSE, both as a teacher and a composer, has won for himself a national position. That he is alive to the possibilities of composing music for the moving picture is indication enough that as an artist he is working in the spirit of his own time.

WILLIAM MURRELL. In writing of Gavarni, William Murrell shows that his constant association with artists and his very real interest in the younger painters of today is supplemented by a broad knowledge of the art of the past. Mr. Murrell's article on Gavarni is his first contribution to THE ARTS, but he has promised to contribute some articles on the graphic arts of Great Britain to later issues. This is a subject on which he is particularly well informed.

CHARLES DOWNING LAY. Mr. Lay's article, "Let the Eagle Scream," is very apropos of the rapidly changing attitude toward American art. With the exception of the American expatriate, most Victorian of mortals, people here and abroad are fully roused to the fact that contemporary American art can no longer be disregarded by those who pretend to be mentally awake. Mr. Lay's article printed in a recent issue of THE ARTS on "Recent New York Architecture," has already made its mark, and echoes of it have appeared in other journals. If you missed this article, which is extensively illustrated by the incomparable photographs of Charles Sheeler, we take the liberty of advising you to secure a copy of the August issue before it is too late.

JUAN JOSE TABLADA, formerly professor of archæology, has been an integral part in the modern movement in Mexico. He is a friend of Diego Riviera, the leading present-day painter of Mexico, about whom he writes in this number of THE ARTS, and he is also the friend of the modern leaders in Europe. The association of ideas which he finds in primitive and in modern art is a subject which his training has prepared him to deal with. A Mexican himself, he has at heart the development of Mexican contemporary art.

We who live so close to Mexico are bound to be interested by the striking artistic undertaking which Senor Tablada describes.



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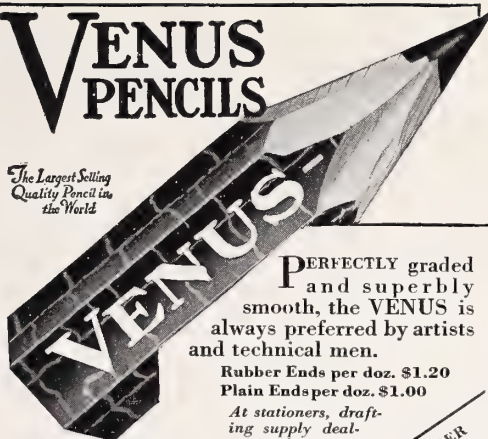
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VOL. IV, No. 5

NOVEMBER, 1923

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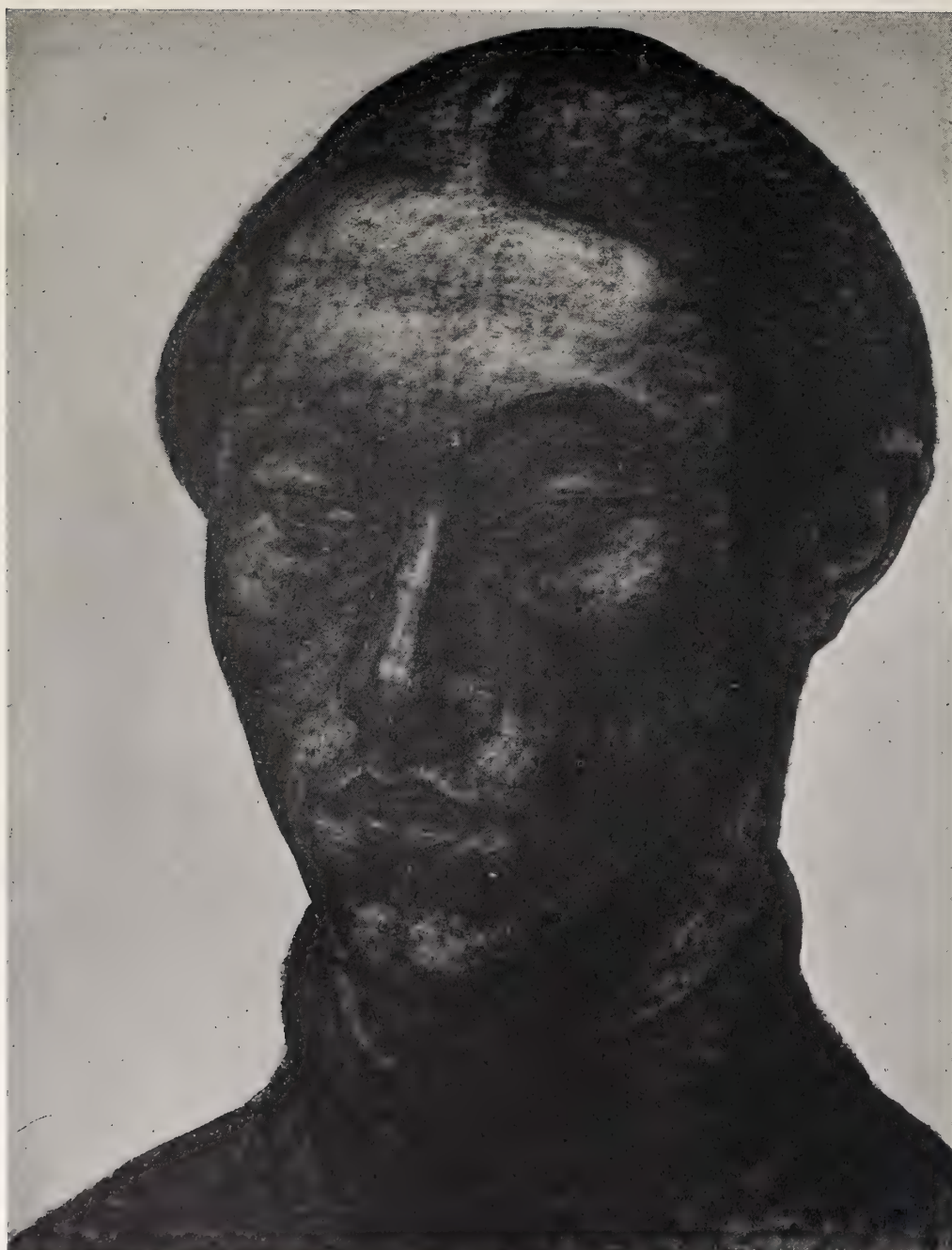
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HEAD

GEORGES DORIGNAC

# THE ARTS

VOLUME IV

NOVEMBER, 1923

NUMBER 5

VAN GOGH wrote in one of his letters: "The most beautiful pictures are those one dreams, while smoking a pipe in bed, but which one does not paint. Nevertheless, it is necessary to attack them, however inconsequent one may feel oneself to be in face of the ineffable perfection, the glorious splendors of nature."

It is difficult to imagine where the idea ever came from that the artist's life is an easy, pleasant way of passing the time and that the artist is a temperamental, impractical being, unsuited to deal with the problems of the work-a-day world. The fact is no one is as practical as the artist, and this is meant of the artist not as a business man, though he is often practical in that field too. I refer, rather, to the regulation of the artist's own life and the fulfilling of his own task.

Everyone can feel the vague dream of beauty. The artist alone is practical enough to reduce this vague feeling to concrete terms. He, of all people, must come to grips with his dream of beauty every day. To force order out of the chaos of nature requires a quality hard as iron in the artist. He must have not only iron in his makeup, but he must also have with it the most acute sensitiveness.

If the production of the work of art requires iron in the artist's constitution, the condition of his life makes a constant demand on the same quality. More frequently than others, the artist is obliged to resist the antagonistic current of circumstances. For to be an artist at all, he must do what he himself wants to do, and he must do it in spite of heaven and earth. On account of the peculiar relations to society his life is that much harder to regulate.

A real artist does not, of course, make very much money, and the generally accepted idea is that the most practical man is the man who makes the most money. But money is only useful to buy the things one wants, and the most practical man may well be considered to be the man who is able to lead the life that he chooses, who is able to surround himself with the people he prefers and who is able to create in visible form the beauty which the less practical money-maker can only dream. And how often does the mere money-maker allow even his capacity to dream to be stifled in the bewildering deluge of illusion and fact that life pours over each one of us!

FORBES WATSON.





APULIAN AMPHORA  
*Courtesy of Parish-Watson Company*

FOURTH CENTURY, B. C.

The decoration of this vase, found in Apulia, is of the rich polychrome style with handsome ornamentation. On the high handles are Medusa heads in relief. The body is covered with palmetto patterns. On one side appears the usual scene of offerings, while on the front of the vase the scene represented seems to be an illustration of the Judgment of Paris. He is seated to the right, while facing him are grouped Juno, Minerva and Venus, besides Mercury and two cupids. The drawing of the figures is very delicate.



GREEK AMPHORAE  
*Courtesy of Parish-Watson Company*

SIXTH CENTURY, B. C.

The vase at the left is covered with a glossy black pigment relieved by two panels of red, on which are two dancing youths and an old man in a cap on one side, and, on the other, three warriors with spears, shields and helmets in combat. The colors are white, maroon and black. Leaf borders decorate the top of each panel and the base of the body below the foot. Height, 15 inches. The vase at the right is also a glossy black and is likewise relieved by two panels of red. These are decorated at the top with an intertwining leaf motive, below which, on one side, are two warriors with spears, shields and helmets in combat, and, on the other, two prancing satyrs between whom stands Dionysos, crowned with ivy and holding a drinking horn. The pigments are black, white and maroon. Height, 16¼ inches.





APULIAN HYDRA  
GREEK KRATER  
*Courtesy of Parish-Watson Company*

FOURTH CENTURY, B. C.  
FIFTH CENTURY, B. C.

The hydra is covered with a glossy black pigment, except at the lip, where there is a band of the "egg-and-dart" motive in black on red, and on the front of the neck, where a slender band with pendants in red on black is displayed. Height, 16 inches. The krater is covered with a glossy black pigment, under which appear the incised outlines of Apollo with his lyre and another figure on one side and, on the other side, two youths. The figures were in red on the black; but the whole surface was washed over with black, so that the figures are now indistinct.



APULIAN HYDRAE

*Courtesy of Parish-Watson Company*

FOURTH CENTURY, B. C.

The vase at the left is covered with a lustrous black pigment, except at the lip, which shows a band of the "egg-and-dart" motive in black on red, and on the front of the neck, where there is a slender double line with dots and pendants in red above the black. The body is reeded, except under the handles, where chevrons displace the reeding. Height,  $15\frac{3}{8}$  inches. The vase at the right is the same as the first except that the band on the front of the neck is made up of leaves, probably of ivy. Height,  $15\frac{3}{8}$  inches.





GREEK AMPHORA  
*Courtesy of Parish-Watson Company*

SIXTH CENTURY, B. C.

This vase has five bands of ornament, at the neck and on the lower part of the body, between which on one side is depicted a naiad with two satyrs, one blowing a reed pipe, and on the other side Dionysos on a horse, whose bridle is held by one satyr, while another follows behind holding a drinking horn. The pigments are black, maroon and white. Height,  $16\frac{3}{8}$  inches.



APULIAN AMPHORA      THIRD CENTURY, B. C.  
*Courtesy of Parish-Watson Company*

This large amphora has polychrome ornaments on black and is decorated with volute handles at each base of which are two swan heads in high relief. The top of each handle is adorned on each side with Medusa heads in low relief and painted with various pigments in which white predominates. The top of the neck is decorated with four borders—first a line of oves, then a border of rosettes, then a wavy line, under which is a rich border of flowers.





GLASS VASE WITH SQUASHES

HENRY LEE McFEE



LANDSCAPE

*Owned by George Bellows*

HENRY LEE McFEE

## HENRY LEE McFEE

By ALEXANDER BROOK

IN thinking of the painters of the day one can never omit the name of Henry Lee McFee, an artist who has calmly and persistently worked in retirement, away from influences that would undoubtedly have affected his susceptible nature to no small degree. Living, however, as he does made it possible for him to evolve a very personal method, if it can be so called, that takes with it the compact force of an individual unencumbered by troublesome artistic barnacles. In the case of most other painters seclusion is discouraging, but with McFee, who

is fundamentally provincial, it has proven of great value.

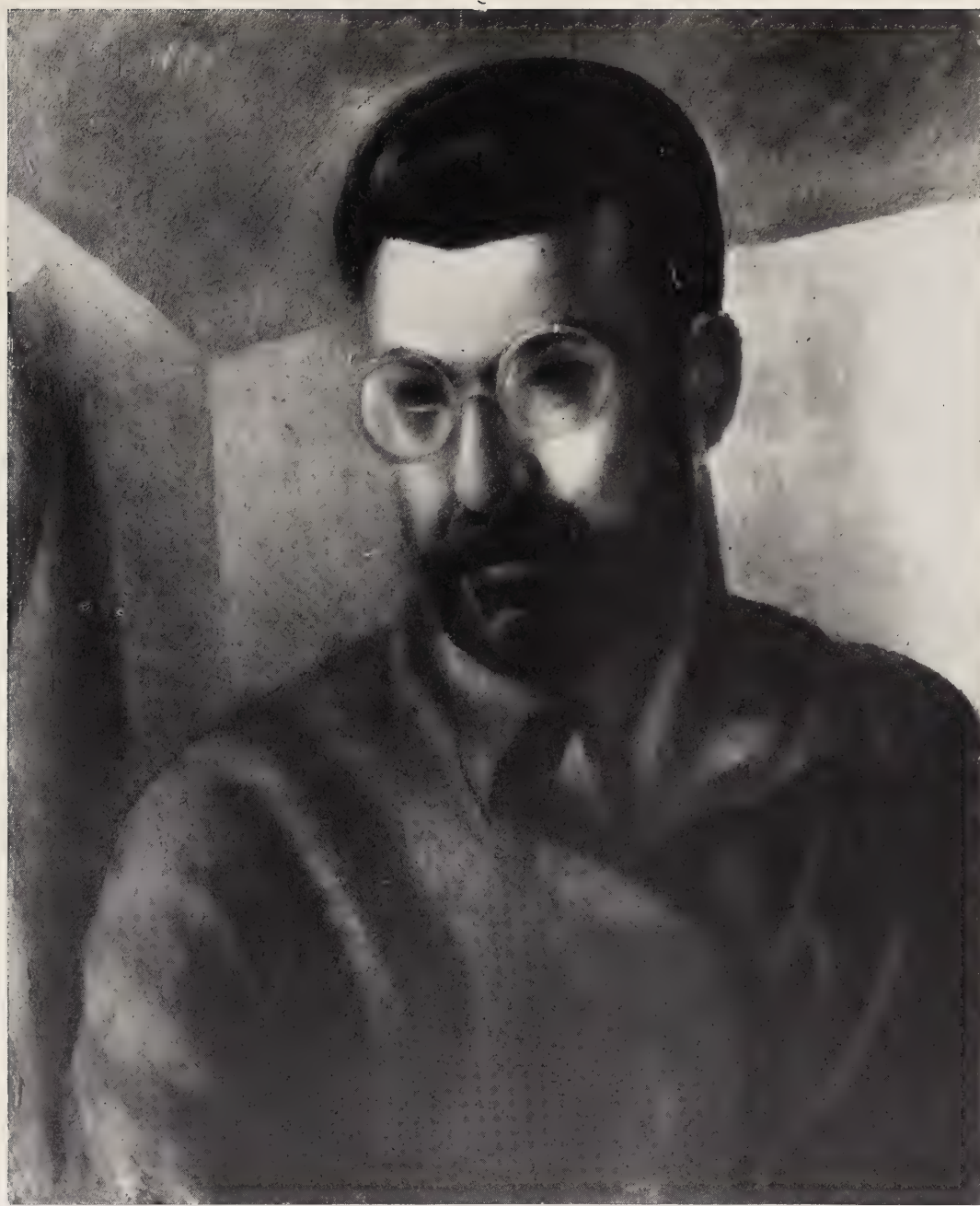
By provincial it is not meant that he is inactive or disinterested in the gyrations of the world in general or that he is bulbous and befogged by bucolic bliss, but the fact that he is tolerably contented when he is not bored and has been in the country for many years with few expeditions to other places, leads one naturally to this epithet. As someone once remarked, "he sits well." He is not prolific and had he lived where interruptions





PORTRAIT OF ARCHER SMITH

HENRY LEE McFEE



SELF PORTRAIT

HENRY LEE McFEE





STILL LIFE

HENRY LEE McFEE



JAR, BOTTLE AND GLASS

HENRY LEE MCFEE





BULB PLANTS

HENRY LEE MCFEE

were more frequent and social demands more exacting we perhaps would know even less of McFee and his work than we now do. For an occasional revivification he goes to New York or some other place for a short visit, returning subsequently to his "three withered apples," as he once termed his long-suffering and overworked models.

Practically from the start events conspired to permit McFee to choose his profession and his form of existence. At the age of twenty-one (he was born in 1886), at which time he was working as a surveyor, he came into possession of just barely sufficient means to enable him to forget the cares of making a livelihood. His was always a desire to study painting, so forthwith he planned to go to the Art Students' League. Birge Harrison at that time taught landscape painting for the League in Woodstock and it was his class that McFee entered. The end of the summer found him quite proficient at the usual conventional sort of picture. Pleased with the place and the life, he remained on through the winter. In truth he has been there ever since. For two years he continued to shed lovely landscape after lovely landscape with as much genuine satisfaction to himself as to the discriminating public, who, it must be admitted, received a negligible amount.

It was probably due in no small measure to Andrew Dasburg, who returned about this time from abroad, where he had been hobnobbing with the Post-Impressionists, that McFee first became seriously interested in the more advanced group. Dasburg came with reproductions and convincing arguments. At least they were convincing to McFee and if not to others the more the pity.

Though vaudeville stunts are amusing, invigorating, oftentimes commendable and not uncommon to the contemporary artist, McFee rather chose the opposite path; that of quiet, careful thought with close application of energy to the business before him. Thoughts which were topsy-turvy began to form themselves into definite ideas and ideas began to materialize on canvas. Cézanne was studied avidly; the influence, if one chooses to see it, is evident, but so omnipresent is McFee's personality that one can rarely be conscious of it. In painting a picture he devotes himself entirely and untiringly to his task, ceasing only when it is complete or when it is positively hopeless to go on. To strike a happy afternoon of painting wherein a successful canvas is dashed off would be practically unknown to McFee. The thoroughness with which he paints manifested itself from the start; the high standard of his future productions could be readily recogniz-

able in these early experiments. Some of the first pictures he exhibited after forsaking his early facile manner were several small still-lives at the Forum show of 1916. For the catalogue each exhibitor was asked to write a paragraph in explanation of what he was striving for. It would not be amiss here to reprint McFee's perspicuous statement, which expresses most succinctly his ideas and is, moreover, in perfect conformity with his work:

"I am endeavoring, by analysis, to find the essential planes by right placing of color and line, and by such a just relation of shape to shape, that the canvas will be, when completed, not a representation of many objects interesting in themselves, but a plastic unit expressive of my understanding of the form-life of the collection of objects." This statement, written seven years ago, is as truly expressive of his attitude now as then. Yet seven years is a large slice of a young man's life and the question may well arise: Is McFee consistent or stagnant? It is but necessary to compare his former work with his later for the answer. He has broadened and meliowed along precisely the same path, enhancing his compositions with a maturer comprehension of the whole, at the same time removing a certain timidity which marked his earlier work. He has never been timid from lack of conviction, but for him it is characteristic to ponder upon problems which slowly unfold themselves, always nursing with deference these preoccupations. It might have been wrong to use the word timid. Better would it be to say that the process of opening up is gradual; histrionics of any sort are never employed; extravagant splurges are not indulged in.

When speaking of subject-matter McFee said to me once that he "could never pass by a still-life," which I gathered to mean that the intricate propositions therein involved were sufficient to keep anyone busy for the rest of his life without looking further, providing, of course, one had the patience of a McFee. His figures—they are to be numbered amongst his best canvases, particularly the Portrait of Aileen Cramer, Self Portrait and Portrait of a Young Man—are really just other still-lives; the human element of the sitter, though taken into consideration by McFee, plays a very small part in the actual result.

McFee's pictures are always distinguished, as assuming a static and aristocratic poise. Precisely speaking, they are in good taste, not the good taste of a Walter Gay but rather that of a Braque. There is a nicety with which each form nestles affectionately against the other, not too intimately, let it be stated, but with dignity. One may seek





PORTRAIT  
*Reprinted from the June issue of THE ARTS*

HENRY LEE MCFEE



PORTRAIT OF A PAINTER

HENRY LEE McFEE





APPLES IN HAT  
*Courtesy of the New Gallery*

HENRY LEE McFEE

in vain for any risqué or frivolous note, even of an abstract sort. When Braque paints an empty wine glass it may be supposed that he first drank its erstwhile potent contents, but McFee, granting even that he had, never shows it. They are similar in this, however, that they both choose the only wine glass in the world and select with poignant accuracy the one spot to place it on their respective canvases. This, of course, may be said of almost any work of art, but it is brought to one's attention with additional force by McFee's exactitude.

A number of years ago Raffaelli visited this country and was, for a period of his stay, the guest of his friend Alden Weir. After Raffaelli's departure Weir, very excited and much put out, called on a neighbor and said, "What do you think that d—— Raffaelli said to me when I was showing him my latest and best portrait?" He said: 'Donnez-moi un petit quart d'heure et j'en ferai un chef-d'oeuvre.' Whether Raffaelli would be in sympathy with McFee's work will never be known, but it is safe to say that he would grant it to be finished in every sense of the word. McFee never leaves "well enough alone." The habit of "getting away with it" or just slipping by is not his. The picture of *The Glass Vase with Squashes* illustrates this finished quality more than do the others per-

haps; incidentally it is in my opinion his finest canvas. There is an obvious delight in the struggle to achieve a complete and unified whole. Sometimes one toys with a rubber band stretching it very slowly, expecting each second that it may snap, but the fascination of making it go the limit spurs one on and when one has prevailed there is a sense of satisfaction. This unworthy simile may give the impression that his work is tense, which it is not. He gets as much from objects as he can, depicting their character as he sees them, stretching them to the extent of their possibilities. Though his canvases are so meticulously worked over, they are decidedly not heavy from labor involved; they have a certain grace without being suave, are colorful in a subtle way with an economy of pigment.

McFee's unique distinction and that which makes him most significant is an ever-present plastic quality. As a painter of surfaces—not superficial impressions of textures—he is one of the outstanding contemporary figures. The sympathetic application of paint and the comprehension of its potentialities conveys the feeling of a reverential and philosophic attitude. A flat object is decidedly flat, a round one is without question round—a simple affair, the difficulties of which McFee renders in a truly masterful style.







PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST  
*Signed and dated 1660*

REMBRANDT VAN RIJN



BATHSHEBA AFTER THE BATH  
Signed and dated 1643

REMBRANDT VAN RIJN

## REMBRANDT'S IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

By ALAN BURROUGHS

ED. NOTE: *The reproductions accompanying this article are used through the courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.*

IN an art discussion simplification lends some amount of smoothness to our mental processes; also it brings about a narrow view of what after all must be seen as a broad subject. Through the omission of certain details, especially when the past is the point, an otherwise clear thesis becomes in the end positively misleading. With this in mind, one prefers to think of Rembrandt van Rijn from as few angles as possible, and yet from as many as are needed in order to avoid misunderstanding. Let us

accept therefore the three most available and name them as the point of view held by John C. Van Dyke, Professor of the History of Art and Archaeology at Rutgers College, the imaginative point of view, and that of an observer in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The first may be found in Professor Van Dyke's new book, *Rembrandt and His School*, published by Scribner; the second involves a short review of the facts of Rembrandt's life; and the third is the result of a study of the Rembrandt paintings owned by the Museum and re-assigned by Professor Van Dyke to Rembrandt's pupils. So,





PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN (THE AUCTIONEER)  
*Signed and dated 1658* REMBRANDT VAN RIJN

with the prospect of utilizing common sense, one hopes finally to hold an opinion of one's own, which at least will be backed by the best of intentions.

## I.

Professor Van Dyke sends a sharp light into his subject, cutting the murky atmosphere of tradition which surrounds "the seven hundred or a thousand" pictures catalogued as from the hand of Rembrandt. He points out that the known works by the master's seventy or more followers, pupils and imitators, does not exceed the number of paintings attributed to Rembrandt himself. He asks, "What paralyzed the hands of the Rembrandt pupils, that they could not paint as many pictures as the master? Granting them a superfluity of shiftlessness, laziness, illness, and early death, still could not the seventy, in their lifetime, put out as many canvases as the one? If they did produce their modicum of pictures, what has become of them? Is it possible that their works have gravitated toward the master, that his name has absorbed them, and that today it is by the addition of their works that the Rembrandt *oeuvre* has grown to seven hundred or a thousand pictures? The figures seem to indicate as much." He mentions the obvious precedent he has in the critical work of Crowe and Cavalcaselle, who sorted the pupils' contribution from the genuine work by the Italian masters. He foresees the hostility of the reader who looks with a natural misgiving at his wholesale redistribution of Rembrandts among such comparatively unknown artists as Bol, Eckhout, Flinck, Fabritius, etc. Indeed, he makes the reader ask, as he refers to a hitherto accepted Rembrandt, "When did you ever see Bol do anything as strong as that?" And he replies, "There is no answer, because there is nothing very strong left under Bol's name, and to put forth the questioned Rembrandt as a Bol is to assume the premises in dispute." He also shows that "the nearer the pupil's work to that of the master and the easier its possible appropriation to the master, the fewer the canvases left standing under the pupil's name."

In this manner Professor Van Dyke makes a case out of the results of his research for the last forty years, dismissing the evidence of signatures on one count or another, considering a long list of Rembrandtesque work by "a mental, æsthetic and technical analysis of each picture," and distributing the work to seventy odd painters on a basis of analogies in thought, feeling and execution. Without drawing on the facts of Rembrandt's life, but summing up the master's methods as he does the pupils', Professor Van Dyke makes the astonishing statement

that of genuine Rembrandt paintings he has found scarcely fifty, out of more than four hundred listed in his book. Incidentally he takes the Metropolitan Museum "with its dozen or fifteen supposed Rembrandts" as an illustration of the general condition of affairs in public galleries. "Not one of the (Museum) pictures put down to Rembrandt is by him. There are several that may be called workshop pictures—near-Rembrandts—and the rest of them are by pupils of the school."

But do not suppose that Professor Van Dyke pretends finality or completeness. His book is tentative; many of his assignments are tentative. In his determination to be honest and outspoken he has even left gaps in his analysis, perhaps looking ahead to more study and a possible readjustment of his present opinion. *Rembrandt and His School* thus appears to be a leveler; the false structure has risen so high and so solidly that the critic seemingly has found it necessary to deny some attributions in order to be sure of destroying obviously false attributions, many of them hidden well away behind the genuine. Such a book must have been written sooner or later. The Rembrandt rooms needed a cleaning day, and the dusty traditions needed an airing. The additions to the body of Rembrandt's work, which have been piling up for years, ought to be tested continually in the changing light. Professor Van Dyke seems to be preparing the way for the next rebuilding. Perhaps he will follow his present methods; or again he may make more of the external evidence, delivering an opinion less surprising than the one before us, but not less interesting and necessary to the spread of a common sense attitude toward "the master." Whatever the outcome, *Rembrandt and His School* attempts to reconstruct the work of Rembrandt's contemporaries in the North. Whether or not one agrees with the author's empirical handling of Rembrandt need not affect the value of his book in reference work.

## II.

Though the volume just mentioned chose to ignore the facts of Rembrandt's life, that information, such as it is, can be readily found in a number of biographies and introductory articles, especially those of recent date. For a long period a tradition of studio gossip and stories about the "painter from the Rhine" (like that which quoted him as saying his pictures were not painted to be smelled!) served as the source of the public's knowledge. Research has since uncovered the usual scraps of fact—entries in court records and civil records, letters and contemporary reference, from which modern biog-



raphers are justified in describing Rembrandt's career throughout its sixty-three years. It would be unnecessary to repeat most that is known. For we are interested chiefly in those details which bear on Rembrandt's capacity for work and on the relations between the master and his pupils.

Rembrandt's character can, of course, be estimated from the many portraits of the artist; other evidence gives a variety of contemporary opinions. The imaginative student is quick to realize the value not only of Rembrandt's schooling (at a Latin school where he would "be enabled when he had arrived at mature years to benefit by his learning the town and the state") but of his short stay in Lastman's studio and the mention that Huygens gives in his autobiography about young Rembrandt's powers of concentration. When he was twenty-four years old Rembrandt had received enough public encouragement, according to Orlers, Mayor of his native town, to move to Amsterdam. In the following year, 1632, he had more than ten individual portrait commissions and took in pupils as he had already taken in young Gerard Dou three years before. More commissions came in the next year, and by 1634 he was the popular painter of Amsterdam—young, twenty-eight, rich (his marriage to Saskia brought him a fortune of forty thousand gulden) and confident, for his work increased in importance. He worked hard, of course; he indulged his taste in exotic furnishings, painted luxuriously, reveling in finery and ornament. . . . It seems to have been the happiest period of his life; and it must have been, for he had power and enthusiasm. But he was extravagant, as the lawsuit by his parents-in-law and his counter-suit would indicate; furthermore, when he bought a house in 1639, he pressed Huygens, the purchasing agent for the five paintings of the *Passion of Christ*, for money. Hard work and easy spending!

Then the reaction set in. The *Night Watch* was not a success. Van Hoogstraaten, one of his pupils, confessed that the master had been too original for the public taste. And Saskia died that year; he was thrown more upon his own resources and worked harder, developing a broader style. Another law suit over Saskia's money and some trouble with his son's nurse added to his distractions. His life must have been at a loose end.

This changed, however, when he began living with Hendrickje Stoffels, his housekeeper. Again he settled down to domestic happiness, painting Hendrickje, and finding a new popularity in his religious pictures. He again made money and spent it on his house—on prints, armour, costumes and

bric-a-brac. But his fortune was not lasting. Hendrickje was excluded from Church Communion, there was gossip and scandal, and Rembrandt had to borrow heavily (ten thousand gulden in two years). Self portraits of this period show him declining in health, worn in spirit. By 1658, when his house and all his collection of odds and ends had been auctioned off to pay part of his debts, he appeared still less like the vivacious, vigorous young artist of the early portraits; the finery had disappeared, and in its place one sees the old clothes of a poor man. There was another law suit. Rembrandt lived in an inn immediately after losing his home and then began a restless existence in lodging houses. In a business venture, to which they agreed in writing, Hendrickje and Rembrandt's son, Titus, took paintings from the master in return for food and lodging. Again he appears to have been at a loose end.

For all its fading, success had not yet vanished completely. Rembrandt still had some followers and friends strong enough to get him the commission for the portraits of the Syndics. But what energies the painter had left could not rebuild his public position, nor buy back his dispersed collection of prints and strange clothes. He still had courage for paint—plenty of it, while Titus and Hendrickje were alive—though little for life. Hendrickje died in 1664; Titus in 1668. Rembrandt himself died in 1669, leaving behind him only his painter's equipment, a few worn clothes and the scattered work he had accomplished, most of it signed and dated, as was his habit.

How many pictures could such a man have painted? Fifty? Or five hundred? Because of his natural endowment of energy, curiosity and enthusiasm, and because of the circumstances of his life, which seemed to combine to stimulate his artistic activity—at one period a quick success urging him on, at another his own deep interest remaining his sole interest—one must believe that five hundred is much closer to the truth. His very ups and downs added new impetus to his work. The play of a light on a shiny surface, a scowl or streak of sunlight, a strong face or an odd glimpse of character—such were the incidents which led to pictures in his life; and such incidents are countless when the observer is at once a realist in vision and an experimenter, a pioneer and a connoisseur in "effects." One who appreciates the size and force of the master's character, and its intensity, must inevitably accept his capacity for work.

Looking at his life from the point of view of the genuineness of certain paintings, one is struck im-



OLD WOMAN CUTTING HER NAILS

*Signed and dated 1658*

REMBRANDT VAN RIJN



mediately by the fact that for the twelve years after the bankruptcy sale Rembrandt's pictures had no commercial value, such as would cause over-zealous students or imitators or dealers to forge his signature. And during a longer period (dating from the falling off in the demand for religious pictures) Rembrandt had no need for pupils to work for him; he was not rushed with commissions! There was neither money nor fame in his signature, and no purpose in running a "picture factory."

In other words, contemporary signatures and dates of this last period must be accepted as proving the work by Rembrandt and Rembrandt alone. The question of forgery is mainly for the expert restorer to decide. But it seems unlikely that after Rembrandt's decline from popularity an unscrupulous person would have any plausible reason for faking the name, at least until the name had risen in value more than a generation later. A forger could scarcely add a signature then without leaving tell-tale traces, without giving the trick away by merely painting the name on top of old cracks or paint that had already dried hard. Let the expert decide. For us the name Rembrandt and a date coming after 1658, established as part of the original surface, makes reasonably sure the picture's authenticity.

### III.

Before a masterpiece from Rembrandt's hand people utter praise as they would perform a religious rite; Cézanne remarked this when he said he would have to leave the room in which the *Night-Watch* hung if he only wanted to blow his nose! On the other hand, before a doubted painting or a near-Rembrandt the most casual layman parrot-like repeats a criticism and magnifies it into scorn; the expert's question becomes a positive assertion in his mouth, as the doubts thrown on the Rembrandt paintings in the Metropolitan Museum are translated into the language of the passer-by who was overheard saying, "That's where all the fake Rembrandts are!"—a disconcerting incident, and one of the reasons for emphasizing again and again the good and the genuine. A single blow no matter how honestly or deservedly given has a lingering effect, out of proportion to its purpose; it must be counteracted by frequent handshakes! Between the connoisseur and the layman, then, enthusiasm for Rembrandt comes out in two-faced fashion. We think nothing is so great as a good Rembrandt, and nothing so bad as a weak or doubtful one. Quite right! This may be considered a final test; for fundamentally art criticism consists in measuring a given object by a standard of taste, and the standard at its

usual value means little more than the personal, the individual taste of critic or sightseer.

So, in looking at the Rembrandts owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the writer trusts his feelings as an individual; emotion is his chief guide. He looks at *The Man with the Magnifying Glass* and *The Lady with the Pink* (both of which portraits are undated), and is confronted at the start by a problem in circumstantial and emotional evidence. The modeling of the faces and hands, the skillful drawing, the composition, the handling of details, the quality of the light, especially in the portrait of the woman, seem to cry out the name Rembrandt. The manner in which the painting is done corresponds to Rembrandt's well-known late manner, when he did portraits with exactly such insight and impersonal, broad-minded affection as one reads in the Metropolitan Museum portraits. Indeed, the emotion there conveyed—slightly sombre, subdued yet straightforward, the vision of a brave but pathetic old man,—is the most striking proof of mature master work. The very lack of excitement adds weight to the belief they were done late in Rembrandt's life, probably a few years after his bankruptcy sale.

It has been claimed among other things that these portraits lack precision; and they do show less precision than does, for instance, the *Five Syndics*. But that is captious criticism which confuses precision in brush strokes and neatness of contour or surface. These Metropolitan portraits take their importance from this very precision which has been denied them. The deliberate freedom with which the painter put down his rapid strokes, the way in which these strokes combine to create a pair of characters, and at the same time suggest a philosophy of life . . . that is the proof.

From this same period, or a little later, is a small study of a man with a beard, signed and dated 1665. Its simplicity is overpowering. In its unfinished state with the brown underpainting on the coat and the shadow spread over the forehead and down the left side of the face, one sees power in the rough, impetuous drawing in decisive paint. Already the head has depth; the eyes a haunting glow. The broad-brimmed hat, so tiresome an accessory in Dutch portraits, is far from being formularized; it has shape and weight as truly as the face. Details of this nature reveal greatness in art. Morelli's method of placing a portrait by the drawing in the lobe of the ear guides one in the present instance and strengthens the conviction that while painting such unimportant details only a lesser artist relaxes, allowing himself to repeat either a trick or the



AN ORIENTAL (THE NOBLE SLAVE)

*Signed and dated 1632*

REMBRANDT VAN RIJN



manner he has acquired with practice. The manner Rembrandt acquired with practice was that of seeing things accurately. Hence the splendid draughtsmanship even in the black hat of the old man with a beard.

The *Portrait of a Young Man* (Bode 495) is another illustration. Though unsigned, one recognizes it as a Rembrandt chiefly because it is thoroughly solid and thoroughly conceived, for all the lack of originality in pose and costume. One feels little sparkle in the *Young Man*, true enough; but one can scarcely avoid his reality and the breadth of the artist who painted him. Perhaps this picture was a chore, carried out half heartedly after a tiring day. Many explanations would serve to show why it is not a fine piece of portraiture. But one needs very little more than a glance at the details of the head to recognize the ever fresh touch of Rembrandt, aging but still strong in the late fifties of his life.

Dated some years earlier, the *Self Portrait* in the Metropolitan Museum (Bode 429) shows a compelling freedom of style and manner which must be as fine as in any of the single portraits from Rembrandt's hand. Again note the companion feeling between this portrait and the others; if one is by Rembrandt the others must be. And the self portrait is dated 1660, a time when the artist was almost forgotten, as far as the public was concerned, and was being supported by his son and his wife. The signature is undoubtedly real. It carries with it the authenticity of the other portraits just discussed.

One dares use the word perfection in describing the solidity of this head. The space within the four borders of the canvas is beautifully divided front and back; the lines of the coat, the collar and the soft black hat, and the varying textures which set off the face—all the workmanship on the surface and seemingly behind it, stands far above mere cleverness. This is transcendent skill. Of the face itself one says nothing, for want of words with which to describe its pathetic spirit, its pride and its calmness. It is self-revelation drawn from an impersonal height.

Two years earlier in date, and hence painted (we believe) by Rembrandt himself without pupil aid, is the *Portrait of a Young Man*, called *The Auctioneer*. The hand in this painting tells all one need to know in order to place the work. Has any other painter so mastered his vision and his brushes as to create a hand like it!—with a few formless strokes! This hand dwarfs the good painting in the head of the portrait; the lower half of the pic-

ture is the proof of the picture,—broad, clear, strong and above all, one feels, marvelously truthful.

The *Old Woman Cutting Her Nails* was painted this same year; and still one believes that no speculator dealer or pupil had a part in contributing this picture to Rembrandt's works, unusual as this study is. In the treatment of the old woman one sees more nervousness than in the portrait of the auctioneer, but no more than is evident in the drawing of the latter's hand. The woman's dignity is superb; her form is imposing. Majesty reposes in the heavy folds of her cheap head cloth and in the stiff folds of her coarse coat. Professor Van Dyke believes the *Old Woman* was painted by Nicolaes Maes, whose picture of the *Young Girl Peeling Apples* hangs in the same gallery. It is worth while comparing the two, in spite of the strain, to emphasize the broad movement in the *Old Woman* as opposed to the trim immobility of the girl, and the contrast between the liveliness of Rembrandt's paint and the still-life mood of the Maes. The right hand of the *Old Woman* has been moved—proof of spontaneous composition, for a copyist does not experiment with the position of a wrist. The photograph shows where the underpaint has come through.

*Bathsheba After the Bath* and the *Noble Slav* (sometimes called *An Oriental*) date from 1643 and 1632 respectively. Their signatures alone therefore have no weight, except as they corroborate one's feeling. Here is nothing hesitant, nothing tentative. The deep set glitter of the lights and the weight of each detail add up enough proof of the Rembrandt characteristics. That mixture of poetic glow and realistic drawing can be attributed to but one painter. Bathsheba's large hands and masculine forearms are as clear evidence of the master's vision as the illumination throughout the panel is evidence of his idealism. The Oriental's flabby neck and his dignified personality, which shines like the light on his turban, indicate as much for the large portrait. If great work is to be judged finally by its humanism, here is great work—work that in comparison makes Horst shallow at his best, Eeckhout more sentimental and Koninck unimpressive, even stupid. The attribution of those master paintings to these pupils is startling, to say the least.

The simplest word that describes the Rembrandt characteristics has been used time and again; and it must come back to serve one more purpose. That word is "deep." As a matter of personal opinion the writer feels that other Rembrandts owned by the Metropolitan Museum lack such depth. The



PORTRAIT OF TITUS (THE MAN WITH THE  
MAGNIFYING GLASS) REMBRANDT VAN RIJN  
*Unsigned, undated*



*Portrait of an Old Lady Seated*, signed 1635, might easily be Rembrandt's own work; but its hard, uncompromising surface defies one's feeling and leaves no illusion of insight. As in the *Head of a Young Dutch Woman* (signed 1633), the *Portrait of a Man*, called the *Portrait of Jansenius*, and the *Portrait of a Man with the Steel Gorget* (signed 1644), the sense of inherent conviction, to which "positive" attributions owe their existence, seems lacking. In its stead stands the sense of the mechanical. The *Portrait of Titus* (signed 1665) we question on account of its unrealistic, dreamy quality, and its peculiar composition—thoughtless composition, one might say.

The remaining "Rembrandts" scarcely repay naming. The so-called *Portrait of Hendrickje Stoffels*, a weak study identical with one by B. Fabritius in the Dresden Gallery, and probably painted by a fellow pupil, *Pilate Washing His Hands*, a fumbled weightless enormity, and the sentimental, empty

*Head of Christ* . . . all three are unimportant, no matter who painted them.

Before leaving this collection in the Metropolitan Museum, turn again to that stirring *Self-Portrait*, so vast in its power of suggestion, so surely and realistically constructed. This, indeed, seems the center of the collection and the one picture which without bravura echoes deepest in the memory. Why did Professor Van Dyke omit it entirely from his reckoning of the "dozen or fifteen" Rembrandts in the Metropolitan Museum?—of which "not one . . . is by him!" Indignation is excusable. But at the same time one realizes that some benefit may result from the attendant publicity. A few curious souls may be impelled to take a look for themselves at our public collection of Rembrandts. All this to-do may rouse them to freshness of vision, and their appreciation may strike a balance between ecstatic blindness and the coldness of a certain type of critic.





DECORATIVE SCULPTURE

*From a plaster cast*

JOSEPH BERNARD

## CUTTING DIRECT AND JOSEPH BERNARD

By ELIZABETH SAGE HARE

IN Paris at the moment, there is a small group of sculptors who cut direct from the stone, who believe that sculpture is only true sculpture when this is done, and whose respect for their material makes them accept the literal translation of the Latin word "*sculper*" as "the man who cuts."

This group is necessarily composed of men immensely sincere in their purpose, or they could not so easily discard the accepted methods of making concrete their mental images (which we look upon as legitimate in the sculpture of today) to follow the infinitely more difficult though more direct way used by the great men of the past whose traditions have come to us out of the remoteness of prehistoric time from Asia and Africa as well as Europe.

The point they make is, that in using the sculptor's ordinary routine beginning with a small sketch, your finished marble becomes a copy of that sketch. With them, designs are only made on paper to fix the image in the mind of the artist; then, with the form sketched roughly on the material itself, the work goes forward to completion with only the stone cutter's tool between the mental image of the creator and his reproduction of it. There is no

separation of the original conception and the execution. They draw a distinct line between "modeling" and "cutting." When one stops to think of how one process begins with a mass from which much is taken away and the other is a process of forming a mass by constant adding, it seems impossible to consider any relation at all between the two.

It is extraordinary how, after seeing wood and stone and plaster cut in this way, you return to even the best of the "modeled" works of art with less interest; the severity which the direct cutting gives is not there and the surfaces have become less simple and the form less significant.

This group of advocates of "*Sculpture en Taille Directe*" who recently exhibited at the Barbazanges Gallery in Paris, included André Abal, Carl-Albert Angst, Joseph Bernard, Joachim Costa, Paul Dardé, Auguste Guenot, François Pompon and Pierre Seguin. Their materials were marble, stone and wood of many kinds. Ivan Mestrovitch was to have been there too, but he was in Serbia. The exhibition was arranged by Emmanuel de Thubert, editor of "*La douce France*," and it is of interest





DECORATIVE SCULPTURE

JOSEPH BERNARD

to note in passing that "true fresco" has for him the same quality as the direct cutting, for it "translates the mental image of the painter and allows for neither retouching nor regret."

The man who is the center of this group has been cutting direct from his material for more than fifteen years; he is Joseph Bernard, who shares with Bourdelle, Aristide Maillol and a few others, the honors of present-day sculpture in France. He is much revered by his contemporaries and by the younger men. He will be remembered in New York by the lovely little Water Carrier which was sent over to the Armory Exhibition some ten years ago; it seemed so modern then, and now it stands in the center of a room in the Luxembourg, entirely at home.

Perhaps the strongest man among the younger ones of the group is Joachim Costa, whose war memorial at La Rochelle is without doubt one of the finest that has been produced in France, or anywhere. Although this is not cut direct in stone it has the quality of the direct method. By contrast this memorial is a pointed comment on the insufficiency of an over-modeled copy of nature to express a great idea. It is free, too, from the literary quality which has demoralized sculpture always and which has particularly affected the war sculpture. It is conceived in the large, and the massive forms belong to the material. A single figure, it has the

force of an army. I hope more of Costa's work will be seen in America.

The illustrations here showing Bernard's method of working are photographs of a frieze thirty-six inches in height. It is cut in marble to decorate a room in the house of M. Nocard, the French collector, and is very beautiful. The only photograph taken of the completed frieze is unfortunately of a plaster cast.

There are many other fine things, finished and unfinished, in the big studio—a relief in marble of a Mother and Child, which I wish could come to America, a granite head, a great piece of oak with three beautiful figures awaiting further release from the wood and an enormous block of granite standing in the garden with a life-size design upon it. You know that it, too, some day will be a finished thing; but, oh, the labor! Bernard has no assistant, no apprentice to do the tiresome details; he goes direct to his material for the perpetuation of his inner idea as did the creators of the reliefs of Angkor and those from the island of Java, the Egyptians and early Greeks, and later the Gothic sculptors, when art again became an expression of Faith.

Then there are the designs in black and white and the water colors, for Bernard uses all mediums. The latter are executed with a facility and a joyousness which one feels must be a release from the austerity of his heavy materials, a happy holiday in a



gay field. There is a great tenderness in his figures of women and children. I think the best of the French masters bring a higher intellectuality to their sentiment than we do, and Bernard's drawing and painting has the same architectural quality as his sculpture, which loses nothing of the spiritual in its added strength. The sentiment never becomes sentimentality, nor does the grace ever decline into insipidity.

A happy addition to the studio near the Porte D'Auteuil is Jean, the fourteen-year-old son, who is already an artist, working in true fresco and also in the direct method, who will one day be heard from. The whole atmosphere of Bernard's surroundings is suggestive of a man in the closest possible touch with his work, with the greatest faith in the traditions he is following.

These artists believe that "modeling" has said its last word with Rodin, that all further research in that field is vain; and it is for this reason that they return to direct contact with the block, searching knowledge of their material, considering its appropriateness to their uses and the forms to which it is suited. They believe the responsibility of an artist does not end with a perfect copy of nature, that you must come to nature as a master, not as a servant, and they search in their stern materials

for the ideal of the spirit as have all true artists from time immemorial.

It is better to quote from the Preface M. de Thubert has written to a profession of faith called "*Modeleurs et Tailleurs de Pierre*" by Costa, for here is a statement of the highest traditions. "If we consider the history of sculpture, it seems that all the sculptural types, from the most ancient times: the Kore of the Aegeans, the Maya of the Hindus, the Buddha of China, the Isis of Egypt, tend toward the supreme type which they could not themselves attain. This definitive figure appeared in the thirteenth century. You see it carved on the porches of our cathedrals; it is the statue of the Virgin-Mother; it is also that of God-made man. The workmen of antiquity passed on the chisel to our fathers of the Middle Ages, and it is to Christianity that we owe the fulfilment of sculpture. It is to this that we return after three centuries of error. Two traditions now exist: An official tradition which finds its inspiration in the Athenian Minerva; we leave that to the academies. The universal tradition, which centers upon the Virgin-Mother; this we embrace with all our being, and with a religious reverence. Let us realize that sculpture finds life, like all human thought, in a wisdom born in the beginning never to end."



DECORATIVE SCULPTURE

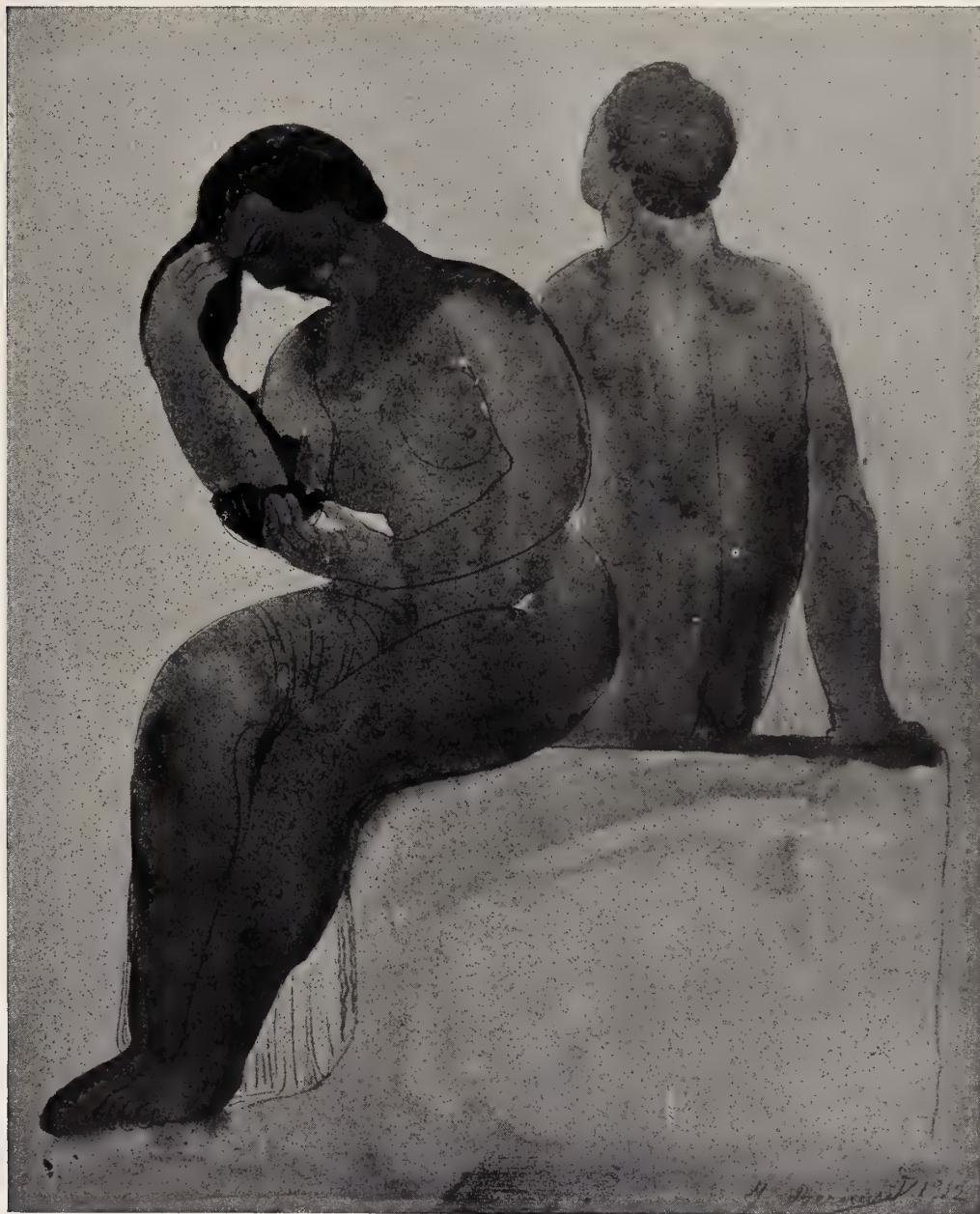
JOSEPH BERNARD





SELF PORTRAIT

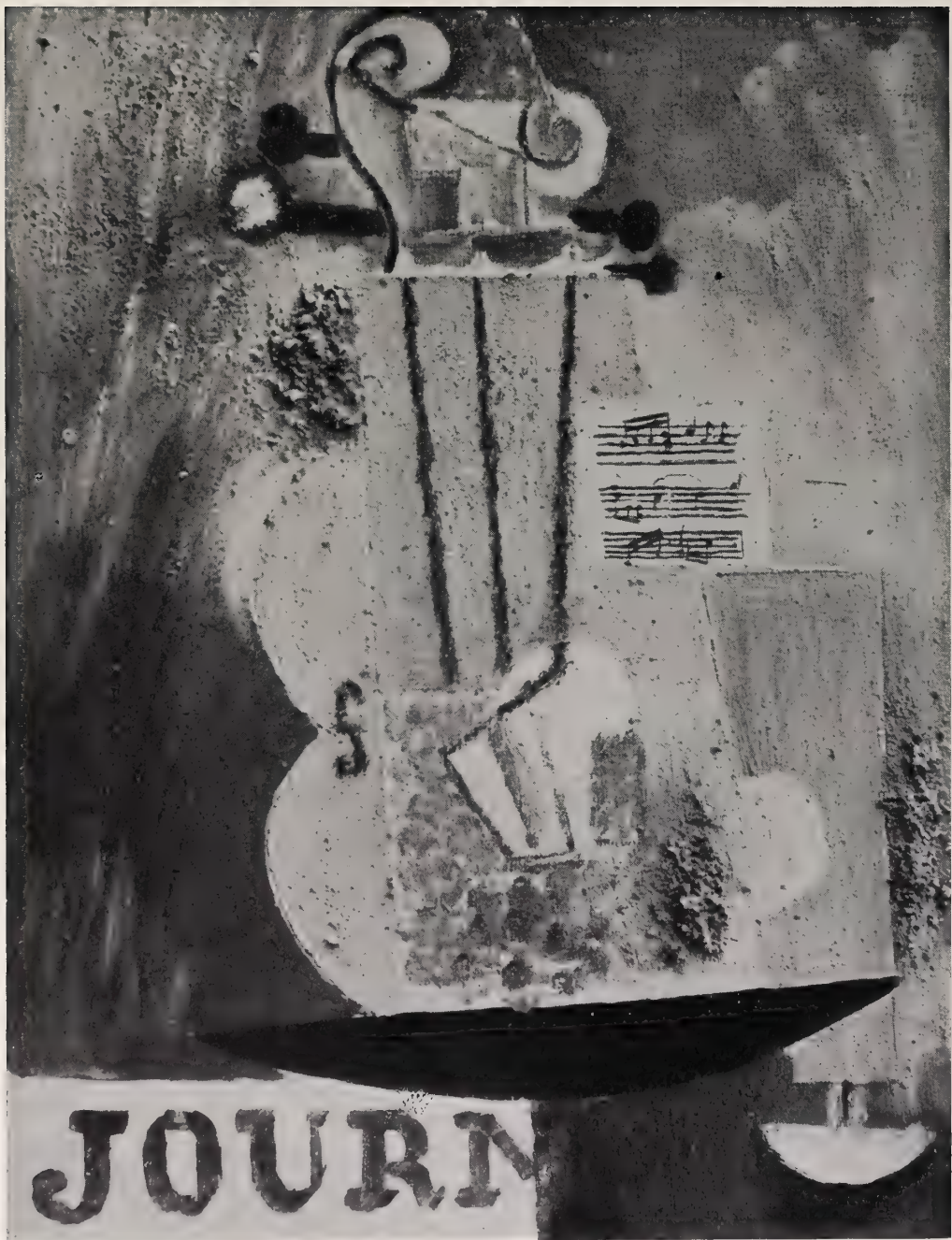
JOSEPH BERNARD



WASH DRAWING

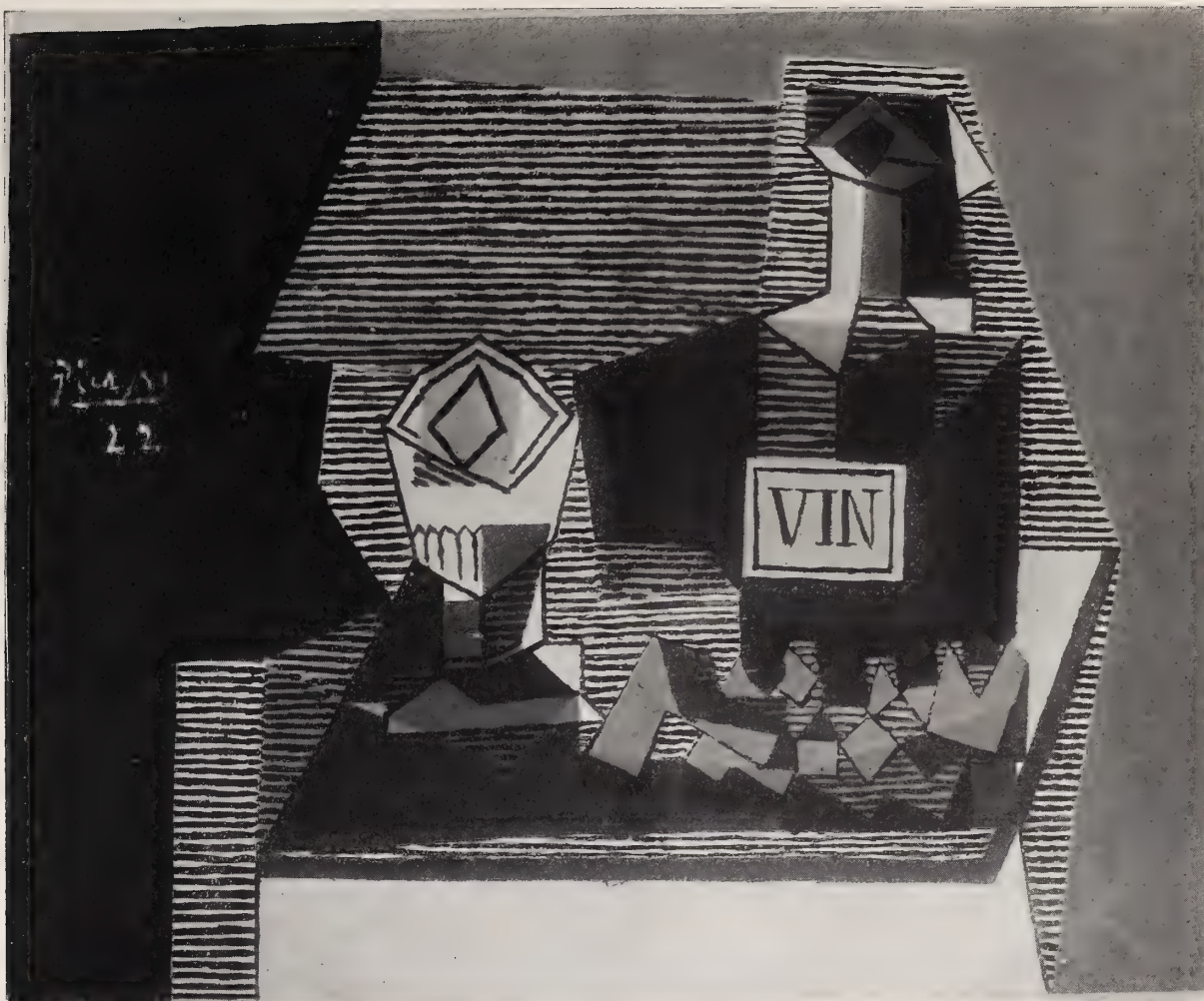
JOSEPH BERNARD





STILL LIFE

PABLO PICASSO



STILL LIFE

PABLO PICASSO

## CUBISM---ITS RISE AND INFLUENCE

By ANDREW DASBURG

THE influence of Cubism on American Art is apparent; yet in writing of Cubism in America one must hesitate to call anyone either its disciple or exponent, for "there are no Cubists"—none who call themselves so. *Isms* and classifications are "taboo." The illusion of individuality has cast its spell upon the artist. He resents being associated with any particular group. To him classification implies a loss of identity. This attitude is so general among our painters that one cannot write of "actual Cubism" in America, but only of the effort.

This ambition to achieve the distinctly personal

would be admirable were it not accompanied by a self-deception which, admitting nothing, takes from many sources the formal material for our art. We fail to recognize that form arises in personality and bears the impress of its origin. An idea can belong to all and become the way to individuality, whereas merely to adopt the results of another's use of the idea is essentially a negation of self. We lack the intellectual integrity to work logically within the limitations inherent in an idea. We want instead to gather what is best from many sources, forgetting that art is not compounded from extracts of differ-



ent significant qualities found in great art. We have yet to learn that each development has a character of its own which remains forever intact. One cannot, for example, present simultaneously the quivering aspirational movement of El Greco and the gravitational weight of Cézanne; the absolute loss of both would result.

This idea of combining a variety of forms of perfection into one complete ideal realization prevents any creative work being done which possesses the contagious force of Cubism. Usually we weave into the fabric of a new conception enough of current traditions to destroy its integral character, a process of peaceful penetration wherein little is risked and much may be gained. Not until it is realized that originality never follows from this attitude of assimilation and refinement can we become innovators. Though we fail in this rôle there are, among American artists, men of unusual talent whose work compares favorably with the best being done in Europe, excepting that of a few great figures. Almost everyone that can be called "modern" has at some time or other shown an influence of Cubism in his work. Among these are Sheeler, Man Ray, Hartley, McFee, Wheelock, Demuth, Marin, Cramer, Burlin, Sterne, Wright, Haws, H. F. Taylor, Dasburg, the Zorachs, A. Lohr, Baylinson, Judson Smith and, lastly, Max Weber, who has worked more consistently within the discipline of Cubism and developed it further than any of these.

Every innovation in the aesthetic field has always been greeted with opposition even to the point of calumny and abuse—witness Whistler, Manet, Wagner, the Impressionists, Byron, Keats, Shelley, Courbet and Giotto. So Cubism in its turn with the other phases of modern art is face to face with a resentment that arises from a desire for permanency and a fear of the insecurity of change. The uncreative mind, with its reverence for the past, stands as a barrier against the spirit of art, striving to appear in infinite forms out of the artist's intelligence. Nature and the conventions with which he may be familiar are the standards used by the unimaginative to appraise the new. For the modern artist, the objects and occurrences of natural phenomena are not art. Nature in itself is neither good nor bad; it exists—life is. For him not appearances, but causations—the underlying geometric mechanism—is the guiding principle on which he builds.

The art of Egypt, the art of China and all the arts foreign to us, when first seen, may appear strange and grotesque and unlike life. Not until

we become identified with the artist mind that conceived it do we discern its inherent beauty. Then miraculously it becomes similar to our own sense of life.

In its inception Cubism was unconsciously a geometric definition of a state of feeling induced by Picasso's preoccupation with the tactile sensations of mass and movement in the work of Paul Cézanne. A basic synthesis which for him became a plastic equivalent for three-dimensional forms.

Cézanne realized his art by the way of nature. Picasso, through the contemplation of Cézanne's achievement, found a method that created a new school. In one of his letters, Cézanne writes: "I see the planes criss-crossing and overlapping and the lines sometimes seem to fall"—a sentence vividly descriptive of the early work of the Cubists and bearing within it the germ of Cubism.

Cézanne, who remains today the inspiration and source of energy for "modern" art, opened up, not only through what he had accomplished but even through his own feeling of failure, new possibilities of expression that ultimately led to an abstract art—an art existing within its own material means, independent of the illusion of objective reality—such as the latest phase of Cubism, a phase so different from the first that the term Cubism hardly embraces it.

Though Picasso created Cubism in its fullest sense, there is already a legend as to the origin of the term. Appollinaire attributes it to a derisive remark made by Matisse in front of one of Derain's pictures. L. Madgyes gives it as having been said before a Braque. I have it that when Matisse's "Serf" was first shown in Paris someone remarked: "It is cubical in aspect"—the characteristic that distinguishes Cubism from all other phases of modern painting.

Before attempting to trace the modifications of Cubism by American painters, it seems necessary to define Cubism more completely. Cubism can be separated into three developments—movement, spatiality and pure form.

Cubism is a geometry of rhythm and an architecture of matter. Two considerations are fundamental to the understanding of rhythm. One is the force of gravity, the other, the upward impulse in living things. All matter shows the effect of one or both of these conditions, and they are two important factors in the invisible moulding of all forms. The so-called static nature of inanimate things is controlled by one; the organic materializes under the influence of both. Movement as opposed to the static effect of gravity on inanimate things—



FIGURE

PABLO PICASSO



as, for example, the formation and action of the human figure—implies a displacement from the center of gravity and a sequence of adjustments against resistance to a state of equilibrium. This adaptation is a constant sensory experience of man. He, in all his movements, instinctively seeks an attitude of poise and ease. Rhythm is the effect of the harmonious accomplishment of this action. And when the essence of this is achieved in a work of art, without expenditure of energy on our part, we receive a sense of freedom from the physical difficulties of a resisting world. These forces in the mechanism of growth are the underlying principles upon which a feeling for rhythm and rhythmic composition is founded.

The instinctive experience of our natures is then the truest guide for the proportioning and directing of form into significant symbols of rhythm. In this principle Picasso found a plan that served to coordinate the form element of planes. Not content with the bilateral displacements resulting through movement, he added yet greater and more vivid interest through asymmetrical surprises in the breaking up of his objects. This gave a complex and astonishing combination of dynamic and static elements. Here began the dissolution of the objective image until it ultimately became incorporated into the space surrounding it. A transformation obtained through the extension of planes through planes, forming an architectonic unit in which the remaining fragments of the dissolved objects were held together only by the law of association. Even though the sculptural aspect of things was destroyed and transformed into purely spatial sensations, the technique for bringing about illusional depth was still employed.

Painting has a two-dimensional objective reality, a plane on which depth and modeling are illusional occurrences supplied through the process of association. In the non-illusional elements of painting, such as color, line, tone, and in the unlikeness of images, exists a separation which for the painter should be the key to plastic space. Qualities that are dissimilar, like contrasts of color, differences of tone and line, exist on the same plane only in a tactile sense, i. e., on the surface of the canvas; the difference of their appearance is a spatial interval.

Picasso with a fecundity of invention finally achieved the method in which the means he employs become the motive for his composition. In this last phase of Cubism, so remote from the original conception, the emphasis is upon the material reality of the means involved, color existing for color, and all the other elements used accentuating their own

reality through the fundamental aesthetic law of contrast. An aesthetic achievement which in its finest examples penetrates into a high region, having a quality akin to great Buddhist art—one of ultimate poise wherein the conflict of elemental forces is transcended.

As in Europe, so in America; with a few distinguished exceptions, the idiosyncrasies of Cubism rather than its functional ideas are understood. Cubism has permeated our art in varying degrees with a severity of line and acute angles just as impressionism did before it with blue and orange. These, the essential symbols which remain intact always, will have to serve as an index for identifying those who come under its influence.

Among these, H. L. McFee combines a theme of planes, objects and cubical depth, which receive, through his sensitiveness, an appearance of poised solidity. Marin, in certain water colors, crystallizes exquisitely the spatial relation of things. Demuth, another artist of distinction, through a division of planes extending from his objects into their environment achieves an effect of displacement like the reflection of an image in a crystal. Haweis, Stella and Wheelock arrive at similar surprises in a distinctly personal manner. In contrast to the effect in the work of these men, that of Bluemner, Dickinson and the sculpture of Wolf and Nakian have a static simplicity, which in Hartley, Sheeler, and in recent improvisations of Paul Burlin, is especially fine.

Man Ray, in his *Invention Dance*, can be called a one-dimensional Cubist, carrying simplification to a point where his figures appear like paper patterns. However, this period cannot be compared with his later work. Hunt Diederich stylizes with the trait of Cubism the decorative theme of Greek vases. Applegate, with clearer insight, reveals the movement of Indian dancers through a constellation of planes. For purposes of improvisation and as a medium through which to symbolize impressions, Cubism has been used by H. F. Taylor, Cramer, Dasburg and others.

Judson Smith, with surprising inventiveness, succeeds in creating rich variations of forms. Such efforts as the "Ping Pong" drawings of Edward Nagle reach the lowest ebb of a virile movement. In Arthur B. Davies we encounter the incongruity of the thunderous voice of Cubism whispering softly in an Arcadian world of "Twilight Sleep." The "Cubist-Futurist" settings designed by Robert Edmund Jones for the production of *Macbeth* were the most extraordinary of their kind by an American seen in America.



STILL LIFE

PABLO PICASSO



It is singular that "synchronism," which Willard Huntington Wright calls "the last step in the evolution of present-day art methods," which "embraces every aesthetic aspiration from Delacroix and Turner to Cézanne and the Cubists," should have at one stage of its kaleidoscopic career borrowed from Cubism a scaffolding on which to support its color theories while at the same time denying its aesthetic validity.

Instead of finding Synchronism, as Appolinaire did in 1913, "*vaguement Orphist*," New York in 1915 only recognized in it the influence of Cubism. I refer to the figure composition of MacDonald Wright based on the attitude of Michael Angelo's Slave, where the form is reduced to planes, distributed co-ordinately with the movement of the figure, dividing the color contrast and making an appearance like that of a gay Harlequin suit. I refer also to Morgan Russell's radiations of angular planes circulating spirally throughout his canvas.

Aside from the influence of "291," which stands

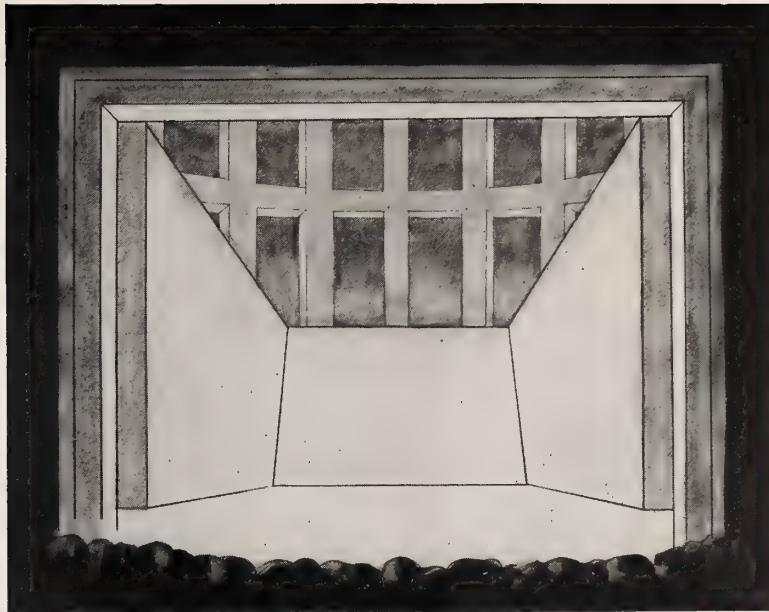
unique, the work of these two Americans, with that of Max Weber, who undoubtedly was our first "extremist," together with the phenomenal success of the International Exhibition, tended more than any other influence to bring to notice the new formal element entering into French art. But the single novelty that broadcasted Cubism throughout America was Duchamp's *Nude Descending the Stairs*—the sensation of the hour, making the term "Cubism" become in the mind of the layman synonymous with "Modern Art."

Among all the crafts—architectural decoration, textile designing—the flotsam of Cubism is scattered. For the gentle temperament, Cubism serves as a geometric web to support his lyrical theme. To the more energetic talent, it becomes a way into the wonder of creation. But for all, after the shock of its angularity and asymmetrical deformities, the influence of Cubism, with that of Matisse, resulted in a greater liberation from tradition than even Impressionism achieved.



THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS

SCHOOL OF PROVENCE



"MASSEMENSCH"

SCHEME OF SPACE DIVISION

## SCENIC AND DRAMATIC FORM

By MORDECAI GORELIK

ABOUT a decade ago the New Theatre burst upon America like a skyful of fireworks, bringing into the light every phase of the drama. Our most immediate reaction was in the matter of scenery. We learned that scenery is more than a necessary evil: it is a dynamic art that acts with the actors throughout a play. The first generation of American scenic designers showed us how charmingly and impressively, and even nobly, scenery can act. The public was delighted. But that was only the beginning. The designers came to understand that they had a medium peculiar to the theatre, not a bastard form of painting or sculpture or architecture. They began testing the power of this medium.

The results were astonishing. Scenery stepped out of its backstage obscurity, turned somersaults before the footlights and juggled actors like rubber balls. Or it became a tragedian trampling upon actors, terrible to the point of nausea. Or it became idiotic, magnificently idiotic, and in set pieces and baleful masks it performed "Macbeth" over the supine bodies of the actors. It began to be realized that a monster had been let loose in the theatre.

Dadaist developments in Paris, post-war expressionism in Berlin, gave this giant a bizarre and frightening visage that dismayed no one more than the artists who had trustingly released him.

I wonder if we are aware yet that the scenic theatre is being born? Our revues and "super-spectacles" are only an iridescent foreshadowing of the greatness and strength of scenery in the future. This will be a loud-mouthed theatre; it will roar with a Gargantuan mouth. It will have very little use for the subtleties of gesture and intonation. It will dominate with outlines, plead with color, argue with light and movement, overawe with sound. Human figures will be so many stage properties conveniently (or perhaps inconveniently) self-conscious.\*

I think there is an awareness of the approach of

\*With the production of the "The Miracle," New York may get an idea of the quality of the scenic theatre here described—not so much of scenic form, however. When the scenic part of the production was being drafted there occurred an incident significant of the opposing trends of the modern theatre. Some of the costumes designed for the play were so large that it became necessary for the designer, Norman-Bel Geddes, to go over the blueprints and measure the floor space in order to see how many actors could be brought on to the stage. Actors by the square foot for this kind of theatre!



this theatre: that is why some of the most sincere workers in the present-day theatre are finding themselves on the defensive against scenery. They fear for the human stage. Our great actors welter in painted symbols, our Shakespearian plays plunge down Jessner-treppen and reel under the explosion of red-and-yellow Cubist dynamite. The actors' theatre must be preserved from this orgy of form and color; therefore there now becomes audible a protest: "We've had more than enough of this scenic art. Give us our stupid scenery back!"

There are, always have been, and always will be, reasons for the actors' theatre. It will continue, and all who love the theatre (even hardened scenic designers) will attend it and be thrilled as now and in the past. But the way to make this sort of theatre rational in the future is not by going back to stupid scenery. That is no more feasible than a return to the days before the war. To the people who say, "Let's have no scenery at all," the designer should be excused from answering civilly. On this side of paradise nothing moves without surroundings, and actors are no exceptions.

How are we to arrive at passive scenery? If we examine the materials of scenic design, we find that the stage setting is capable of being negative in plays acted by human actors: *but only on condition that the playwright shall deliberately employ it as a negative element.*

At this time theatrical attention is on scenery for the reason that it is just now the designers who are advancing the theatre along the general line of modern perception, which insists on estimating objectively the symbols it uses for subjective research. The modern novelists describe the organic medium through which the human spirit is expressed; the painters keep us aware of the two-dimensional surface of their pictures; the sculptors and architects

attach meaning to the bulk and texture of the wood stone or metal they choose for their material. This attitude has brought about a consciousness of the stage proper as a physical space, not an ideational vacuum; into this place are brought physical appearances and movements so arranged that an audience accepts them as symbols of ideas. This is a technique of *pretense*, not illusion.

This conception of the stage-space did not trouble Ibsen. He had a literary mind. He thought in terms of characters and situations. The physical limitations of a stage were not for him a means; they affected his technique only in that he became adept at dodging some of them. He wrote his plays in such a manner that the time limitations, for instance, were camouflaged, so that if two people entered a scene immediately after two others left, the coincidence seemed plausible. His technique did not allow for the fact that the most realistic play is, mechanically considered, only an elaborate pretense.

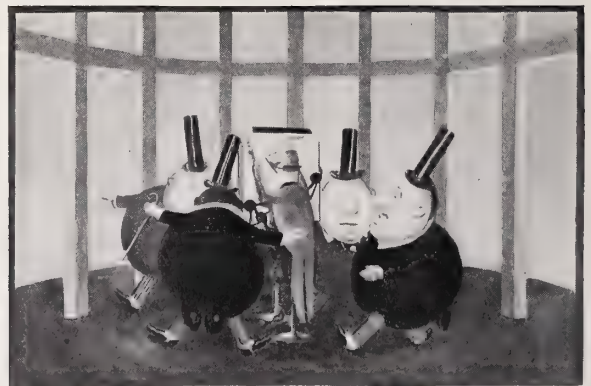
The modern scene designer uses the physical significance of the stage as the means of his art. Except for some very subtle purpose he would no more consider putting a real room on the stage platform than a sculptor would think of using wax, glass eyes and real hair.

Inevitably the designer, being at this time generally in advance of the playwright as to theatrical form, gets into difficulties. What is he to do with the whole order of Ibsenian and post-Ibsenian plays—those, for instance of Shaw, Bernstein, O'Neill, Molnar, or the productions of Al Woods or the Russian Art Theatre? Usually he can only shrug his shoulders and start work from the irrational premise that the spatial aspect of theatrical form is to be disregarded. I know of no designer outside of Robert Edmond Jones who can manage



"MASSEMENSCH"

SCENE 1



"MASSEMENSCH"

SCENE 2

to put on a realistic room as in "The Laughing Lady," and still give the impression that it is merely a set of screens on a platform. Even this achievement begs the question.

Gradually the newer playwrights are growing aware of the fact that they must take into consideration conventionalizations of space, form, light, color, movement and sound, as well as those of time. A technique which includes these considerations is described as highly stylized. The Brothers Kapek, who wrote "R.U.R." and "The World We Live In," are among those who tend in this direction; but their stylization is far from complete, being a conventionalization of subject-matter rather than of form, so that an artist who designs for their plays from the "pretense" viewpoint will eventually find speeches and scenery biting their thumbs at each other. Of recent plays produced in this country, Claudel's "Tidings Brought to Mary" seemed best adapted to rational scenic treatment. Lee Simonson's setting of this play did not receive the attention it deserved, for the reason that it was sufficiently perfect technically to accomplish its purpose of putting the responsibility of the play directly on the actors; in this case the actors were inadequate and the whole production died in peaceful obscurity.

Perhaps the most striking, so far, of the newer kind of play is Ernst Toller's "Massemensch," originally produced at the Volksbuhne in Berlin. Its material is the Communist revolution in Germany during the world war. The workers, led by a woman, are all about to go out on a general strike when a newer leader, a man, persuades them to attempt an armed revolution instead. This decision is made over the weak acquiescence of the woman. The revolt fails, and on the charge of having led it the woman is imprisoned and finally executed.

The play is made up of seven scenes, of which

every second one is a dream projected apparently by the ego of the woman. The opening scene is a workmen's council to which the woman's husband, a government official, comes to dissuade her.

The second is a fantasy in which capitalists dance around a recording clerk (the husband), bidding human souls for war profits.

The third scene is a mass meeting where the revolution is proclaimed.

The fourth is a troubled vision in which all the misery of the lower classes dances grotesquely and in torment about the urge to violence (impersonated by the bloodthirsty leader).

In the fifth scene comes the news of the suppression of the revolt; workmen keep rushing in seeking shelter; finally soldiers break into the scene and the woman leader is arrested.

In the next scene the woman sees herself jailed by her own conscience. Ghosts of workers killed in the uprising parade around her, accusing her of having morally caused the death of their bodies through her failure to oppose her rival. She questions herself, and comes to the conclusion at last that not she is to blame but God, who created the order of the universe. Thereupon her jailer announces to her that she is free.

The final episode is the actual imprisonment of the woman. She is taken out, calm and resigned, to be shot by a firing squad.

In planning my own scenic version of this play I had two technical objects in mind. These were: to achieve a pretense instead of an illusion, and to make the scenery a vehicle for the actors. As far as the action permitted it I did away with representation of definite locale, and cut the stage space up into arbitrary sections and entrances of a sort calculated to give the actors the most efficient utilitarian service in projecting the play to an audience. The "real" scenes I wanted done within a com-



"MASSEMENSCH"

SCENE 3



"MASSEMENSCH"

SCENE 4





“MASSEMENSCH”

SCENE 5

paratively shallow space in the foreground; this space is enclosed by slanting walls to denote that the enclosing planes are not intended to be walls of a room. For the dream scenes the foreground walls are removed and the action uses the entire stage; entrances and exits are made through a series of openings formed by vertical bars crossed by horizontal ones.

In scene 2 the capitalists wear masks covering almost the whole body. In scene 4 the dancers turn in distorted attitudes around an illumination

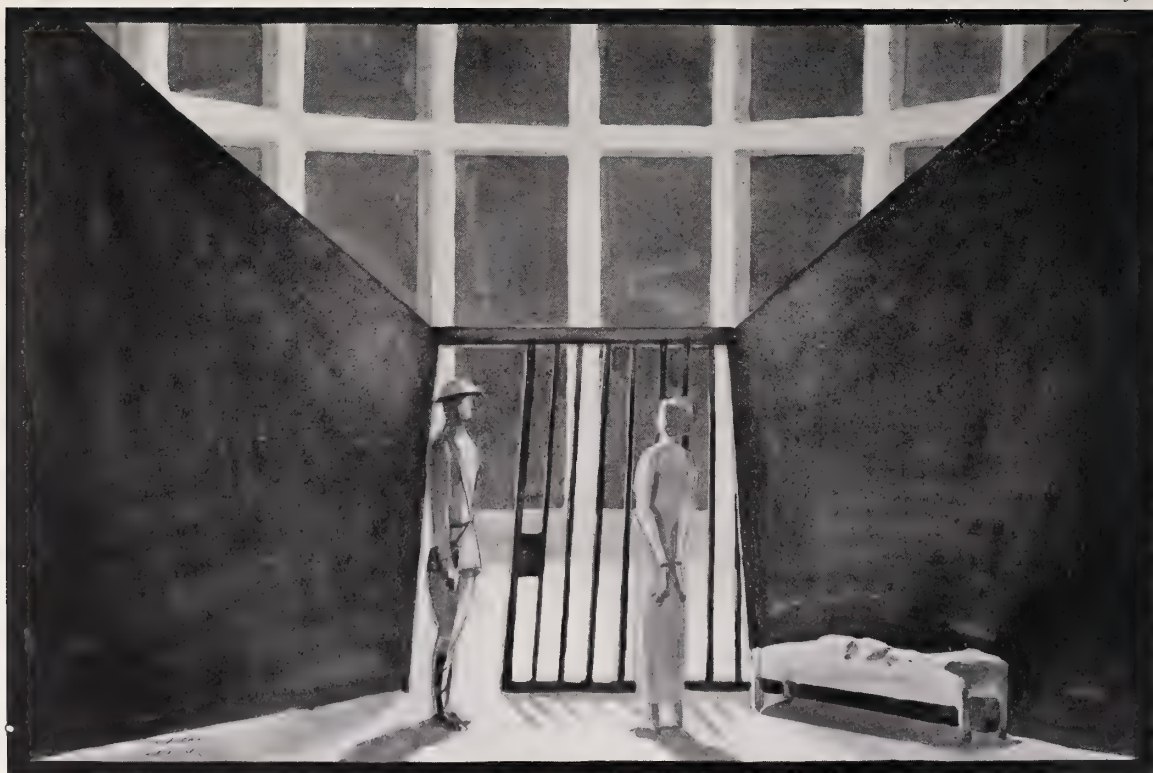


“MASSEMENSCH”

SCENE 6

which also turns. In scene 5 the entrance of the soldiers is accompanied by a flash of light, instead of bullets. Scene 6 is an unyielding glare of white light.

In the course of the play the actors' movements in the “real” scenes become comparatively negligible, while events in the dream scenes are increasingly vivid and significant; in order to accord with this action the lighting of the “real” scenes diminishes in intensity while that of the dream scenes rises to an almost unbearable pitch.



“MASSEMENSCH”

SCENE 7





SOUTHERN FRANCE  
*Courtesy of the New Gallery*

PAUL ROHLAND

## EXHIBITION NOTES

AS the season progresses the exhibitions increase in both number and size, but memorable pictures remain scarce.

The Woodstock painters, whose works are shown together for the first time at the New Gallery, really have something in common beyond geographical location. As to what that something is, it is hardly possible to be more definite than to call it a spirit of adventurousness, for there are certainly enough differences among this group to nullify any attempt at summing them up in a precise descriptive phrase; but all of them, even those who are working from other motives than inner compulsion, seem

exhilarated by what they are doing. Enjoyment also still characterizes the pictures of Jerome Myers in spite of the years that have passed since he first began to show his New York street scenes. Formerly Mr. Myers' colors were compelled to struggle through layers of varnish which sometimes impeded their appeal; but in several of this set of his latest canvases the pigment is allowed to speak its message more directly. The result of this greater purity of color is a decided increase of that gaiety and charm which, springing from an untroubled love of life, constitute Mr. Myers' contribution to our art.

VIRGIL BARKER.





PORTRAIT OF SEÑOR SANTO  
*Courtesy of the New Gallery*

JUDSON SMITH



GROUP OF HOUSES, EDDYVILLE, N. Y.  
*Courtesy of the New Gallery*

HERMON MORE





THE CLOUD  
*Courtesy of the New Gallery*

ERNEST FIENE



PETIT DEJEUNER  
*Courtesy of the New Gallery*

ALEXANDER BROOK



# CALENDAR OF EXHIBITIONS

NOVEMBER, 1923

Ainslee, 677 Fifth Avenue: Oils by James Weiland and Water Colors by Boyer Gonzales, November 1 to 15; Water Colors by Elizabeth Gowdy Baker and Julius Deldos, November 16 to 30.

Anderson, Park Avenue and 59th Street: Recent Etchings of Maine Landscapes by Ernest Haskell, November 5 to 17; Paintings, Drawings, etc., by Clara Tice and Screens by Roy MacNicol, November 19 to December 1.

Arlington, 274 Madison Avenue: Paintings by Americans.

Babcock, 19 East 49th Street: Paintings by Donald F. Witherstein, October 29 to November 10; Water Colors by George Pearse Ennis and William B. Crossman, November 12 to 26; Guild of American Painters, November 26 to December 8.

Belmaison, Wanamaker's: Paintings by younger Frenchmen.

Bourgeois, 693 Fifth Avenue: Modern paintings.

Daniel, 2 West 47th Street: Paintings by contemporary Americans.

Dudensing, 45 West 44th Street: Water Colors by John Kellogg Woodruff, November 1 to 14; Paintings by Eugene Higgins, November 15 to 30.

Durand-Ruel, 12 East 57th Street: Paintings by Canals and Loiseau.

Ehrich, 707 Fifth Avenue: Paintings by Old Masters.

Ehrich (Mrs.), 707 Fifth Avenue: Special Christmas exhibition with craft-work by Marie Zimmermann.

Fearon, 25 West 54th Street: Paintings by Old and Modern Masters and Sculpture by Jo Davidson.

Ferargil, 607 Fifth Avenue: Paintings and Drawings by Eugene Savage, October 22 to November 10; Garden Club of America, November 12 to 30.

Fine Arts Building, 215 West 57th Street: Winter exhibition of the National Academy of Design, opening November 17.

Folsom, 104 West 57th Street: Paintings by Clifford Snyder, November 10 to 24.

Grand Central, Grand Central Terminal: Paintings and Sculpture by Americans.

Kennedy, 693 Fifth Avenue: Aquatints in color.

Keppel, 4 East 39th Street: Early engravings, November 8 to 30.

Kingore, 668 Fifth Avenue: Water Colors by Marion M. Chase.

Knoedler, 556 Fifth Avenue: Prints by Corot, Degas, Legros, etc.

Kraushaar, 680 Fifth Avenue: Etchings by Forain; lithographs by Daumier and Toulouse-Lautrec.

Levy, 559 Fifth Avenue: Paintings by Johanna K. W. Hailman, November 12 to 24.

Macbeth, 450 Fifth Avenue: Paintings by Emil Carlsen, Theodore Robinson and J. Alden Weir, October 30 to November 17; Seventh Annual Exhibition of Intimate Paintings, November 20 to December 10.

Milch, 168 West 57th Street: Memorial Exhibition of Paintings by William Gedney Bunce, November 5 to 17; Water Colors by Walter Palmer and Paintings by Caroline Van H. Bean, November 19 to December 1.

Montross, 550 Fifth Avenue: Paintings by Oliver Chaffee, October 29 to November 17; Paintings by H. Varnum Poor, November 12 to 24.

New, 600 Madison Avenue: Paintings by the Woodstock group, October 26 to November 17; Paintings by Boris Grigoriev, November 19 to December 15.

Reinhardt, 606 Fifth Avenue: Portraits by Albert Herter, November 1 to 10; Paintings by Laureano Barrau, November 12 to 26.

Rehn, 693 Fifth Avenue: Paintings by Jerome Myers, October 22 to November 10; Water Colors by Dodge Macknight, November 12 to December 1.

Scott and Fowles, 667 Fifth Avenue: Sculpture by Paulanship.

Sterner (Mrs.), 22 West 49th Street: Paintings by Marie Van Vorst, November 1 to 17; Illuminated Books by Jessie Bayes and Sculpture by Gilbert Bayes, November 19 to December 1.

Whitney Studio Club, 10 West 8th Street: Paintings by Kimon Nicolaides and Sculpture by Roy V. A. Sheldon, November 5 to 18.

Wildenstein, 647 Fifth Avenue: Private exhibition of paintings by Impressionists and Post-Impressionists owned by M. Paul Rosenberg.

Young, 634 Fifth Avenue: Retrospective Exhibition of Paintings by Harry W. Watrous, November 1 to 15; Marines by Gordon Grant and Pastel Portraits by A. L. Ratzta, November 16 to 30.



STREET CONVERSE  
*Courtesy of the Rehn Gallery*

JEROME MYERS



## BOOKS

*THE ART SPIRIT*, by *Robert Henri* (Notes, Articles, Fragments of Letters, and Talks to Students, Bearing on the Concept and Technique of Picture Making, the Study of Art Generally, and on Appreciation; compiled by Margery Ryerson): Philadelphia and London, J. B. Lippincott Company, 1923. (\$2.00)

On the shelves reserved in a painter's library for books by artists, Robert Henri's book, *The Art Spirit*, should have a permanent place. There are not many such books. More would be welcome, for a special merit is apt to belong to them that sets them apart.

Those who observe from the outside may, of course, have all sorts of valuable and interesting things to say about art according to their gifts. But there is a certain intimacy in what the painter says about painting, or the sculptor about sculpture, which gives it a different kind of value.

Mr. Henri, as everyone knows, has held for many years a unique position as a teacher. It is not so long ago that, among students, not to be a member of Henri's class was to confess oneself a back number.

His influence upon the young generation has been quite incalculable. It would be hard to find an ex-student of Henri's classes who did not look back with gratitude and enthusiasm for the inspiration that he gave. He was the first to rouse his students to the joy of painting and he it was who taught them to respect their own gifts, which is the most fertile of all teaching.

Henri often told them, and he says in his book repeatedly in different ways, that he did not want them to paint like himself. As, for example: "I have little interest in teaching you what I know. I wish to stimulate you to tell me what *you* know. In my office toward you I am simply trying to improve my own environment." Clearly Henri had a fine idea of the relation of teacher and student, but probably it is a relation never quite possible to establish.

A teacher of strong personality naturally dominates the minds of his students and they inevitably wish to obtain his approval. Everyone's approval, including Henri's, is given to that which agrees with his own ideas, and each member of the class could not help producing work as much resembling that of the teacher as possible. As I never belonged to Mr. Henri's class I am judging by the work that his students put forth outside. A few years

ago the walls of countless exhibitions bristled with little Henris.

Some of these budding artists have disappeared. The subsequent development of others has taken them far from the ways of their student days. But even these would gladly acknowledge the stimulus that Henri originally gave them, for it was he that made them realize that art was a life to be lived, not merely the fabrication of a commodity. And it is perhaps his special capacity to lift the minds of the young to a genuine sense of this idea that is Henri's greatest contribution to the life of his period.

The book will be read with the most intimate understanding by the former students who remember Henri's teaching. If they have slackened perhaps they will find in it enough of the divine fire to regalanize them into activity.

Those present-day students of younger teachers, who have been imbibing a totally different set of conceptions of painting, will probably be less receptive. Yet if they are of the brotherhood of those who can feel a disinterested enthusiasm for an idea they will surely find much in the book to bridge the gulf.

Finally the general reader, not concerned with the special problems confronting painters, will get many an illuminating glimpse into art. A great many people who are not responsive to painting, or whose opportunities have not permitted them to learn to understand it as a language, are responsive to the written word and the book will give to these an insight into the painter's point of view which will make, not only Henri's own painting, but all painting mean more to them.

The volume is a sort of note-book, not a continuous reasoned thesis, but separate thoughts jotted down, a few letters interspersed, exhortations to the class, advice on definite technical processes, and critical comments on various works of art.

The specific counsels to students naturally reflect the intense individualism of Henri's outlook. The *elan* of the moment is of supreme importance—exclusive importance. To Henri, as anyone who knows his painting must already have discovered, art is the interpretation in the artist's own personal idiom of a vivid impression received from nature. He does not conceive of art as the result of a reflective process which creates a thing that has an isolated life of its own, apart from any representation of natural objects.

The following is a characteristic passage:

"A man possessed of an idea, working like fury to hold his grip on it, and to fix it on canvas, may not stop to see just how he is doing the work; nor may he consider what might be any outsider's opinion of it. He must hold his grip on the meaning he has caught from nature, and he cannot grope for ways of expression. His need is immediate. The idea is fleeting. He must have technique—but he can now only use what he actually knows. At other times he has studied technique, tried this and that, experimented, and hunted for the right phrase. But now he is not in the hour of research. He is in the hour of expression. The only thing he has in mind is the idea. As to the elegance of his expression, he cannot think of it. It is the idea, and the idea alone, which possesses him, and because it must be expressed, because he has need to express it, he makes a great draft on his memory, on all his store of knowledge and past experience, and all these he regulates into service.

"If later we find that there was an elegance in his expression, that there was brilliant technique, still he was not aware of it at the time of its accomplishment. It is only the sign of the success of his effort to recapture all his knowledge and make it work for him at a time of great need. He was not conscious of his gracefulness, for it was only a result of the high state of order to which he had raised himself."

As an example of Henri's criticism a passage on Twachtman and Homer may be quoted. It illustrates again his conception of art as being, not an act of pure creation, but an expression of a personal reaction to nature.

"Twachtman was one of the men in America who could see the greatness of life about him. It chanced that he lived much in Connecticut and saw it there, but he would have found it in Spain or France or Russia; and, had he gone to paint in those countries, his art would have still been American. To me, Twachtman is one of the giants in America. He got at the essential beauty of his environment and developed for himself a matchless technique. It is thus that art history must grow. There is no one recipe for this making of American artists, beyond affording to the men who have the gift the opportunity for supreme development and the right expression of it.

"For instance, contrast the work of Twachtman and Winslow Homer. The same scene presented by these two would not be an identical geographical spot, but an absolutely different expression of per-

sonality. Twachtman saw the seas bathed in mists, the rocks softened with vapor. Winslow Homer looked straight through the vapor at the hard rock; he found in the leaden heaviness a tremendously forceful idea. It was not the sea or the rock to either of these men, but their own individual attitude toward the beauty or the force of nature."

At the end of the volume are given a body of notes taken by Miss Margery Ryerson from Henri's criticism and talks to his class.

FORBES WATSON.

\* \* \*

CATALOGUE OF THE INDIAN COLLECTIONS IN THE MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON, by *Ananda K. Coomaraswamy*: Boston, Museum of Fine Arts, 1923. (\$7.75)

To judge by this first part, the complete catalogue of the Boston Museum's collection of Indian art will be an important example of fine scholarship fittingly set forth. The text is confined to a statement of what is really essential to an understanding of the art, and the illustrations are as numerous as could reasonably be expected. The latter are also generally adequate, although many are too small and indistinct to be anything more than reminders of the originals. The full-page plates frequently have a beauty of their own, and a comparison with the pictures in the *Portfolio of Indian Art* (reviewed in the September issue of *THE ARTS*) reveals a richer and more luminous effect gained by the use of a different paper in the book. The text demands special consideration.

It has often been remarked by writers on art how the artist seems to thrive upon difficulties, sometimes attaining his greatest achievements when conditions were most against him. Being shut up within the confines of a definite task which had to be done, the artist has been saved from the hesitations and questionings that are a part of complete personal freedom and has had so much the more energy to devote to the business of doing his work in the best possible way.

In a similar fashion, Dr. Coomaraswamy has here turned what might have seemed to be a limited opportunity into a real triumph. Being compelled to deal with a definite assemblage of material, he has treated it in so masterly a fashion that the volume constitutes an initiation into another kind of existence than our own.

He implies that, if we come to these objects in search of only the beauty which has a universal appeal, we are bound to miss the greater part of



what they have to give. The Indian artist was always bent upon conveying definite and complicated ideas, and the æsthetic appeal of his handiwork was something like a by-product. Therefore Dr. Coomaraswamy devotes his efforts as a commentator to setting forth what these works of art meant to those for and by whom they were made.

This is, of course, a necessary ingredient in any full and true comprehension of the art of any past age. That of our own day may make a powerful appeal to us without our being really aware of its nature or of its relative significance in the development of humanity; we may be vaguely sensitive to the spirit of our age without being entirely conscious of what that spirit is. But when we attempt to understand the art of another age, we must spend much time and effort in acquiring mere information and in thinking ourselves as completely as possible into the mentality which produced that art.

It is to help his readers do this that Dr. Coomaraswamy has brought to a focus all his learning. The result is a marvel of just and suggestive condensation.

VIRGIL BARKER.

### Important Art Books Recently Published

Note: The following books have been chosen from the new publications as being likely to interest readers of *THE ARTS*. Some of them have been reviewed in recent issues; some are reviewed in this issue, and others will be reviewed later. Any book here listed may be obtained through the office of *THE ARTS* at the prices noted (carriage charges extra).

PAUL CÉZANNE: HIS LIFE AND ART, BY AMBROISE VOLLARD (TRANSLATED BY H. L. VAN DOREN): NEW YORK, N. L. BROWN, 1923. (\$3.00.)

MODERN FRENCH PAINTERS, BY JAN GORDON: NEW YORK, IMPORTED BY DODD, MEAD & COMPANY, 1923. (\$7.50.)

CHINESE PAINTING AS REFLECTED IN THE THOUGHT AND ART OF LI LUNG-MIEN, BY AGNES MEYER: NEW YORK, DUFFIELD & COMPANY, 1923. (REGULAR EDITION, \$10.00; *De Luxe* EDITION, \$100.00.)

HISTORY OF ART; VOL. III, RENAISSANCE ART, BY ELIE FAURE (TRANSLATED BY WALTER PACH): NEW YORK, HARPER & BROTHERS, 1923. (\$7.50.)

DEGAS, BY JULIUS MEIER-GRAEFE (TRANSLATED BY J. H. REECE: NEW YORK, ALFRED A. KNOPE, 1923. (\$20.00.)

THE ART SPIRIT, BY ROBERT HENRI (COMPILED BY MARGERY A. RYERSON: PHILADELPHIA, J. B. LIPPINCOTT, 1923. (\$2.00.)

REMBRANDT AND HIS SCHOOL, BY JOHN C. VAN DYKE: NEW YORK, CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 1923. (\$12.00.)

AMERICAN ARTISTS, BY ROYAL CORTISZOZ: NEW YORK, CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 1923. (\$3.00.)

PORTFOLIO OF INDIAN ART, WITH TEXT BY ANANDA K. COOMARASWAMY: NEW YORK, E. WEYHE, 1923. (\$35.00.)



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aforesaid, personally appeared William A. Robb, who, having  
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## THOMAS EAKINS

An important study of his  
art and personality

By ALAN BURROUGHS

in THE ARTS for December. Profusely illustrated.

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# THE ARTS

VOL. IV, No. 6

DECEMBER, 1923



THE ARTS PUBLISHING CORPORATION  
19 EAST 59<sup>TH</sup> STREET, NEW YORK CITY

*ifty cents a copy*

*Five dollars a year*



# OPENING EXHIBITION

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The first of the six exhibitions (three of American art and three of French art) to be held at the Whitney Studio Galleries during the winter opens there in January. It will consist of the group of American paintings shown during November at the Durand-Ruel Galleries in Paris and is made up of pictures by the following artists:

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*Cover design: Mother and  
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*Acknowledgment is made to Charles Sheeler for the photographs  
of the Greek and Apulian Vases reproduced in the November issue*

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*The Editor is always glad to consider articles for publication. Full  
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will be exercised.*





ARCHAIC FIGURE

ACROPOLIS, ATHENS

# THE ARTS

VOLUME IV

DECEMBER, 1923

NUMBER 6

THERE is a certain astute collector who makes a point of never buying any work that is in the fashion. Being a man of fine independence and judgment, and of catholic taste, the system has worked out very well for him; although it will very probably not always serve his antipathy to being in the fashion. Everything that has merit is sure to come back at some time, as well as a good many things that have no merit. In these days of frantic searching after novelties, our friend, the collector, will doubtless find himself in the fashion one of these days in spite of himself.

Meanwhile this collector, who is also an artist, gives himself the satisfaction of buying what he likes at modest prices and blandly disregards the jibes of his up-to-the-minute friends. Artists often have curious enthusiasm for work that one would least expect them to admire. Van Gogh, for example, admired Meissonier, Mauve, Israels, Zeim, and Fantin-Latour. When one does not agree, one's first impulse is to scoff. But sound qualities may be overlooked in an artist's work when it happens to be out of the key of the current thinking.

A plea for tolerance, I know, is likely to be fairly unpopular. For tolerance in these days is the poor relation among virtues. The tyranny of fashion in art is far more intolerant than any other kind of fashion. The question is whether it is possible to have a taste that is really catholic and at the same time pure. To be positive in quality, is it necessary to be also narrow? Is it not better to have no taste at all and be human than merely to have an impeccable and priggish taste?

Anyone whose feeling for art is alive is bound to change constantly and, therefore, to be branded every now and then as inconsistent. But most of us are willing to pay far too high a price for consistency. It is not so important after all; and the understanding of art that comes through the love of art itself is on a far firmer foundation than that which is based on logic.

FORBES WATSON.





STUDY OF A GIRL'S HEAD

THOMAS EAKINS



THOMAS EAKINS

## THOMAS EAKINS, THE MAN

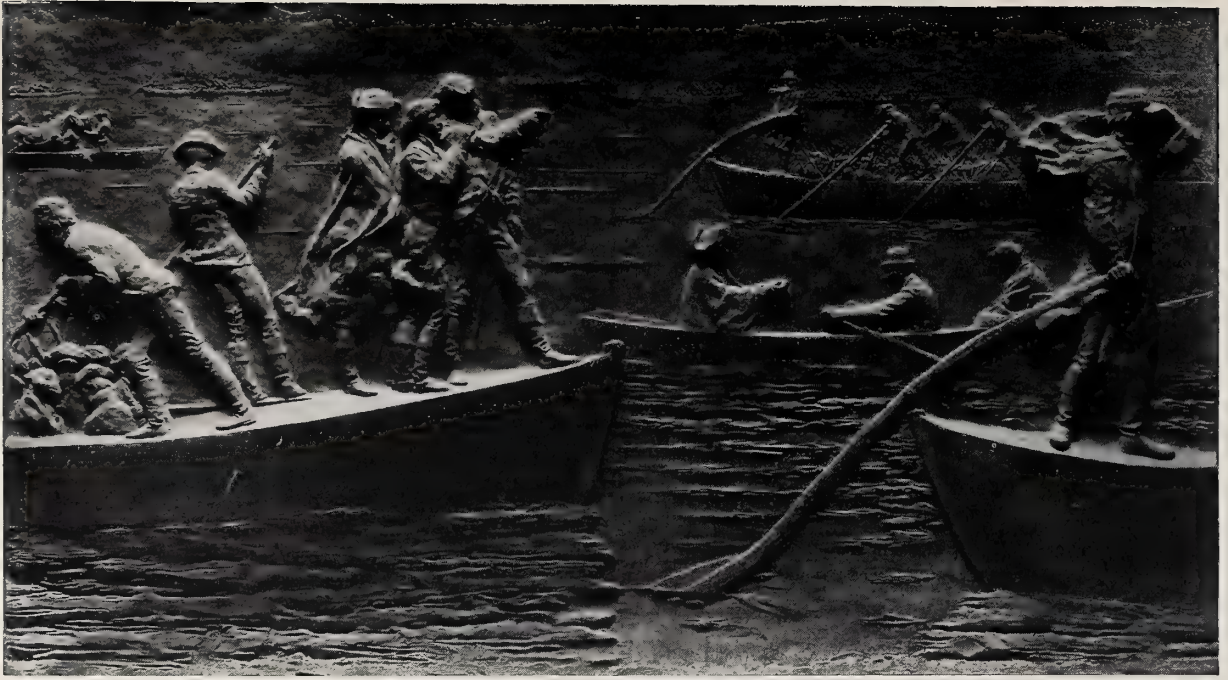
By ALAN BURROUGHS

IN discussing art one ordinarily overlooks the significance of the individual. One speaks in the abstract and compares artists merely by comparing their pictures. But sincere artists are first of all characters. Furthermore, though time and fashion alter our opinions about pictures, the artist's character once established after a formative period is not so easily changed. We may say that a certain age produces a certain man; nevertheless, the work done makes the age, and the man is what produces the work. Logically if we are to understand pictures, we must understand in some way the individuals back of them or form some idea of what these individuals expressed *per se* as units. Thus the

understanding one hopes to have is made up of character studies, roughly assembled like a string of beads, according to size, etc. One must have one's string before laying claim to any opinion; and the more complete this intellectual necklace the greater its value.

Thomas Eakins has not generally been recognized as an individual of importance in this connection—of great importance in any discussion of American art. Few have an adequate opinion of his work; few have any conception of his character, partly because of its modesty, partly on account of its extraordinary mixture of scientific and artistic qualities. But it seems inevitable that his personality





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*Trenton, New Jersey*

THOMAS EAKINS

will make itself known more fully with the lapse of time. One may judge so from the events of his life, laconically suggestive of strength and fixed values.

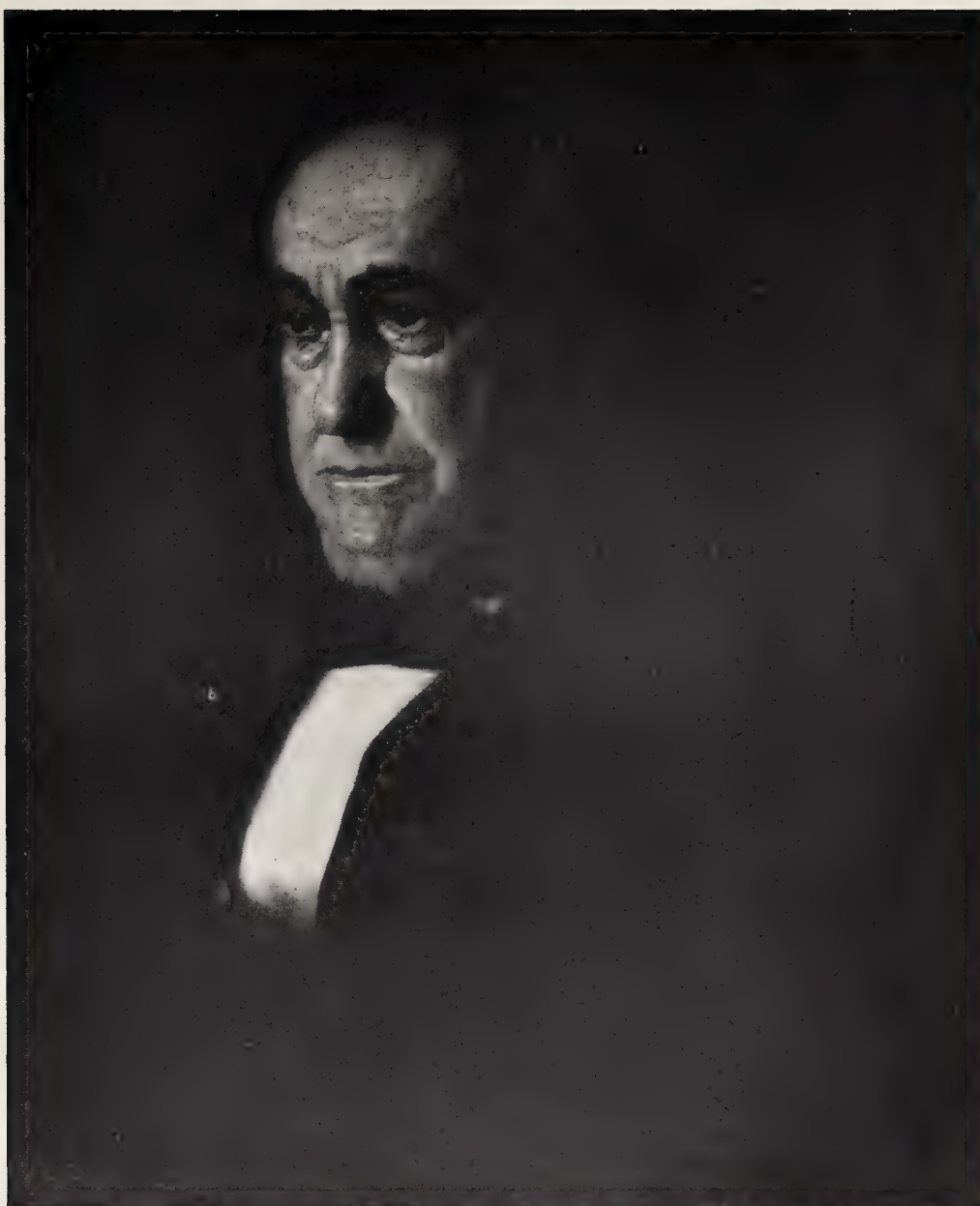
He was born July 25, 1844, the son of Benjamin and Caroline Cowperthwait Eakins, of English and Celtic stock. Benjamin Eakins was an old-fashioned writing master, one who engrossed manuscripts and lived a long, even life. The son inherited the father's deliberate ways. While still in high school he was known as an independent, thoughtful, but unobtrusive fellow. He began the study of art in Philadelphia and then, in the fall of 1866 (at the age of 22), sought more solid instruction in Paris under Gérôme, Bonnat and Dumont. Before the War of 1870 broke up Paris student life, Eakins spent seven months in Spain, painting a few studies and one or two large pictures.

On his return to Philadelphia he studied anatomy at the Jefferson Medical College, painting, as a result of his contact with Dr. Gross and other surgeons of the college, his famous Clinic of Dr. Samuel Gross, which was finished in 1875. This ambitious and dramatic picture was not received with approval. There was no order for the painting, and it is said Eakins received but \$300 for it. In 1873 his knowledge of anatomy brought him an opportunity to teach, which he did at the Pennsyl-

vania Academy of Fine Arts. When a group of students founded the Art Students' League they accepted Eakins' offer to furnish instruction there. He taught and lectured independently in Philadelphia, Washington and Brooklyn, spending his time with a number of students who since have become prominent.

He painted especially hard during the decade between his return from abroad and his marriage to Susan H. Macdowell in 1881, turning out a great many pictures in spite of the fact that he worked slowly, methodically and with minute devotion to detail. He kept his vigorous health with sailing and shooting trips; for he was an enthusiastic sportsman, though a calm one in the face of excitement. In 1887, when he took a few months' trip in the West, he engaged in a strenuous outdoor existence with ease and rode horseback all the first day without showing a sign that he had not been on horseback for years.

In photography and in problems of perspective, treated from a geometrical point of view, he showed the absorption of a man of consistent thought in the most tangible aspect of his chosen profession. And though he painted portraits constantly until well over sixty years of age, he gradually drifted toward a more complete interest in anatomy, making plaster casts and devoting much time to studies



THE ARTIST'S FATHER

THOMAS EAKINS





DRAWING

THOMAS EAKINS



DRAWING

THOMAS EAKINS





THE CHESS PLAYERS

THOMAS EAKINS

which were not appreciated but which (the artist hoped) would be of use to serious students who had not the time or the labor he himself had to give. Toward the end of his life he lost his good health, took on weight and appeared lethargic, in contrast to the boyish energy which he maintained even at middle age. For the six years preceding his death he did practically no painting. He died at the age of seventy-two, having received since 1900 a half-dozen medals and honors, and having lived to see a small flurry of appreciation for his paintings.

One approaches a man generally through his habits. Those Thomas Eakins had were comparatively few but striking. One may be cited in particular, for it typifies his mental thoroughness. He had a blackboard hung in his dining-room, as part of its regular furniture, so that anyone who wished to explain his conversation could do so by diagram or outline. Eakins himself did not draw easily, but he could use the chalk to explain a scientific statement readily enough. He was ever substituting deep thought for unconscious action. He saw through conventions and hated hypocrisy whatever

its disguise, living a life as independent as a keen mind could make it, saying little in anger though much in quiet scorn, and "counting ten" before speaking at all.

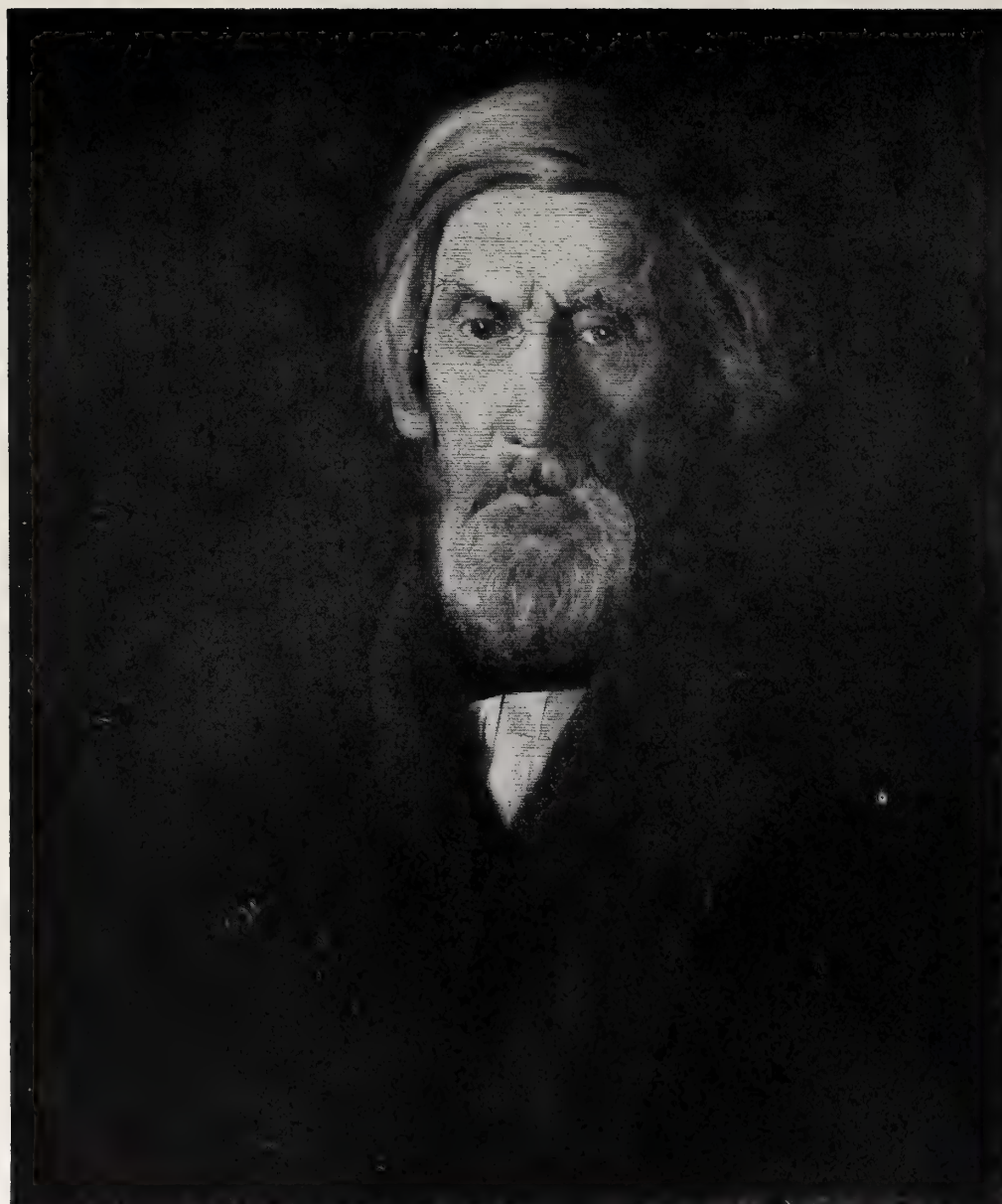
Several anecdotes illustrate his dislike for biased conduct, for thoughtlessness, for social formulas. But these may not be taken without reserve, although the spirit of such anecdotes has value, since all aspects of his life indicate the same independence in regard to petty conventions. He did what was natural more often than what was expected. And he had to live, it must be remembered, in the extremely proper atmosphere of Philadelphia, where his class of girl students could not take turns posing for one another without some "talk" going about. One of his other classes was even "investigated"! Though the investigation resulted in the reverse of scandal (and naturally so, since Eakins was, above everything else, honest in all his dealings), it reveals that there had been some doubt about the propriety of his methods. As a matter of fact, these little eddies in the Philadelphia current were the reaction against the Paris *atelier* system which



HOME SCENE

THOMAS EAKINS





WILLIAM MACDOWELL

THOMAS EAKINS



MRS. CUSHING

THOMAS EAKINS



Eakins brought back with him from abroad. The study of the nude is no longer an issue in the most exacting circles; and people will pass over these little items on our list with a smile.

Both as a scientist and as an artist Eakins was careless of side issues. But these two natures combined to form an absorbing interest in those things which did seem material to him. In a mathematician one expects thoroughness; in an artist, enthusiasm of a more sensitive sort. In a dissector of cadavers one does not expect much sentiment; nor much mental coldness in a painter of portraits. Yet from Eakins (who was both dissector and

painter) came a capacity for exactness and research and logic that was genuinely tinged with sentiment and human understanding.

The history of *The Fairman Rogers Four-in-Hand* reveals his thoroughness. He sketched the coach-and-four as it passed before him, probably on an exhibition run arranged by the owner. He made studies of the horses, not any horses, but the very horses which were used in this particular four-in-hand. He sketched a small portrait of Mrs. Rogers, dressed for a coach ride. And he made a study of a landscape in Fairmount Park for the background of his picture. Then he painted the brilliantly photographic and detailed "portrait" of the whole affair—brisk horses, sparkling harness, polished coach, driver, footman, owner, guests and sunlit park. Yet the painting is not altogether mechanical. Rather it seems a very moving "human document," for it recreates as few single objects can do the "seventies" when it was finished.

He frequently explained his point of view toward art by saying some such phrase as "That's the way it looked." This, of course, is scientific in attitude. What he was diffident about expressing was the way it felt. But one cannot doubt that feeling entered into his work. Portraits of people in his family, little pictures like *Retrospection*, *Home Scene*, *Spinning* and the sensitive portrait of his father, *The Writing Master*, glow with a peaceful, natural sentiment—totally removed from science in the abstract, yet curiously thoughtful and exact in the actual working out.

The two-sided character appears again in an obvious point when one thinks of the portrait of Gen. E. Bird Grubb, which is the result of one sitting. Perhaps the General thought one sitting sufficient. Admirers of Eakins' work certainly think so, for other reasons. There stands a caricature of a man not as striking in mind as in appearance—red nosed, watery eyed, listless, though accustomed (one imagines) to dictating. Gen. Grubb may not have been such a man. But "that was the way he looked!" One imagines Eakins sailing into the problem of putting this vivid impression into paint; and he must have worked hard to make so much of one sitting. On the other hand, in spite of the element of caricature, one feels an undercurrent in the portrait which must have resulted from the emotional side of the artist coming in contact with that of the sitter. Here is plenty of humanity. Gen. Grubb after all did not appeal wholly to the portrait painter as an object of certain shape and color. It may not have been sentiment in its soft sense that Eakins felt; but it surely was



THE THINKER

EAKINS

more than an impersonal appraisal of appearances.

For other examples take the boxing pictures, of which Eakins finished three. Billy Smith Between Rounds, owned by Mr. Smith, was a step in the more ambitious work of painting the canvas called Between Rounds. Eakins followed the sport for a year before attempting the picture. He learned the boxing "game" as a serious-minded novelist would do before writing the story of a boxer. He saw everything and slighted nothing. The smoke from five thousand cigars and pipes dims the lights over the ring. The people of both audience and stage are painted from the life. To this same period belongs Counting Out, an enormous canvas of life-size figures, for which he made two studies, that for the central figures and that for the referee's head. They are all portraits. What might seem strange to us, who today are so accustomed to movement in painting, Eakins did not try for the rapid action of actual boxing. Instead he found the less ostentatious movement of the whole scene, probably without being conscious of its importance to the new generation of more subjective painters. He probably did not think of it as drama, any more so than he would think of a man's face as drama. It would have been like him to seek only the inclusion of all the details and so to paint his boxers "between rounds" and during the pause of "counting out," when his eyes had most opportunity to rest on the scene. Nevertheless a feeling for the dramatic makes these pictures more than studies in vision. Notwithstanding meticulous and accurate sight, he in the end saw with his emotions too.

It seems strange to speak in this back-handed way of a quality which almost every good painter possesses. With Eakins' life in mind, it seems the only way. Remember that he looked with a cold eye; he was an ardent photographer in more ways than one. He became most interested when he had a problem in presentation—to get everything into a picture, to crowd his canvases and yet keep details well spaced, to plant a chair firmly on the floor or to surround a figure by accessories. One sees it immediately in the large canvases of Katherine and the portrait of Mrs. Frishmuth, Collector of Musical Instruments. It is only on second sight that one sees that these paintings also contain emotional passages and an austere variety of true sentiment.

One of his students has recorded part of a talk Eakins gave on perspective, and Mrs. Eakins has some notes on his talks to classes through which one can get at Eakins' beliefs about art in another way. He is quoted as saying, "You can copy a



SKETCH FOR THE CONCERT  
SINGER THOMAS EAKINS

thing to a certain limit, then you must use intellect." That tells a great deal. Though to him Art began with copying, it ended only after logic and knowledge had corrected first impressions. Again, he considered painting as a science. "All the sciences are done in a simple way; in mathematics the complicated things are reduced to simple things. So it is in painting. You reduce the whole thing to simple factors; you establish these and work out from them, pushing them toward one another. This will make strong work. The old masters worked this way." He held to constant things—things with weight and size, and things capable of being cross-sectioned. He believed in simple effects—that is in effects simply conceived—the kind of light, the time of day, the common facts of life. Exaggeration he considered a weakness, though less reprehensible than "common, ordinary work; respectability in art is appalling!"

The traditions of teaching, one sees, fitted him well. By nature and inheritance he not only accepted them as good traditions, but enlarged on them logically. What he taught he did. What he be-





DRAWING

THOMAS EAKINS



GENERAL E. BIRD GRUBB

THOMAS EAKINS





DR. WILLIAM THOMPSON

THOMAS EAKINS



E. O. TANNER

THOMAS EAKINS



lieved in, he thought—not as many do, “thinking they think,” but probing and expanding, turning over and measuring.

A letter refusing to give a talk before some group of people says as much by implication. Eakins' copy of this letter runs as follows:

February 12, 1897.

Dear Mrs. ——— : With regard to the matter of your letter of the 2d, I do not see my way very clear to comply.

The artist's appeal is a most direct one to the public through his art, and there is probably too much talk already.

The working people, from their close contact with physical things, are apt to be more acute critics of the structural qualities of pictures than the dilettanti themselves and might justly resent patronage.

In my own case I have not yet found time to examine the Academy Exhibit, and would be puzzled indeed to tell anybody why most of the pictures were painted.

I have, however, the greatest sympathy with the

kindly and generous spirit which prompts the action of your Club.

Yours truly,  
THOMAS EAKINS.

He more than once mentioned the belief that an artist's life was in his work. And in his own work his life, with all its depth and straightness, with its uncompromising loyalty to the mind, does appear with force. But his pictures alone may not be judged as readily as when considered in relation to his character. There is a certain coldness about them which does not immediately tempt one to look deeper. Looking deeper, of course, one feels the man behind them. But on the surface, which he finished so laboriously, shines a light not calculated to please, especially in portraiture. Never a single brush stroke conceded to mere prettiness! In fact he seems to have gone to the other extreme and occasionally done what he considered false—exaggerated. The portraits of his sister, Margaret, show a muscular, solid girl, quite devoid of prettiness. Yet she was known as a pretty girl. Others whom he painted are known as he made them—



THE GROSS CLINIC

THOMAS EAKINS



THE WRITING MASTER

THOMAS EAKINS

sometimes harsh, curt, flabby, sentimental, sometimes almost freakish in their self-revelation.

The larger fact seems to be that Eakins worked with more than ordinary insight and more than casual honesty for what he felt as well as saw. Few dare speak with such constant and serious regard for the truth as he did in his painting. His work has no joking elements. Reality to him was not to be laughed at through art. Personally he enjoyed jokes with a human-nature twist, like the tale a cowboy told of being frightened by a trip in a hansom cab. But he worked hard, without the time (one may say) for dallying with his abilities. He painted beauty; but it was the beauty of fact and not of imagination or play-time.

In the absence of sentimentality and much humor one guesses at a mild form of pessimism—the doubting of science. He seems to have had no faiths except that in the actuality of what confronted him. That was drama enough for him; he did not need to make either comedy or melodrama out of life in order to feel it. He distinguished the value of the more reserved and every-day details of existence from the more spectacular life of the imagination.

If one compares him to the leaders of the modern group, Eakins scarcely stands out as belonging to the generation of Monet, Renoir, or Cézanne. Yet he, the mathematically minded, drew his art from the same source which gave rise to these individuals. The difference is in method, they turning inward





BETWEEN ROUNDS  
*Reprinted from the April issue*

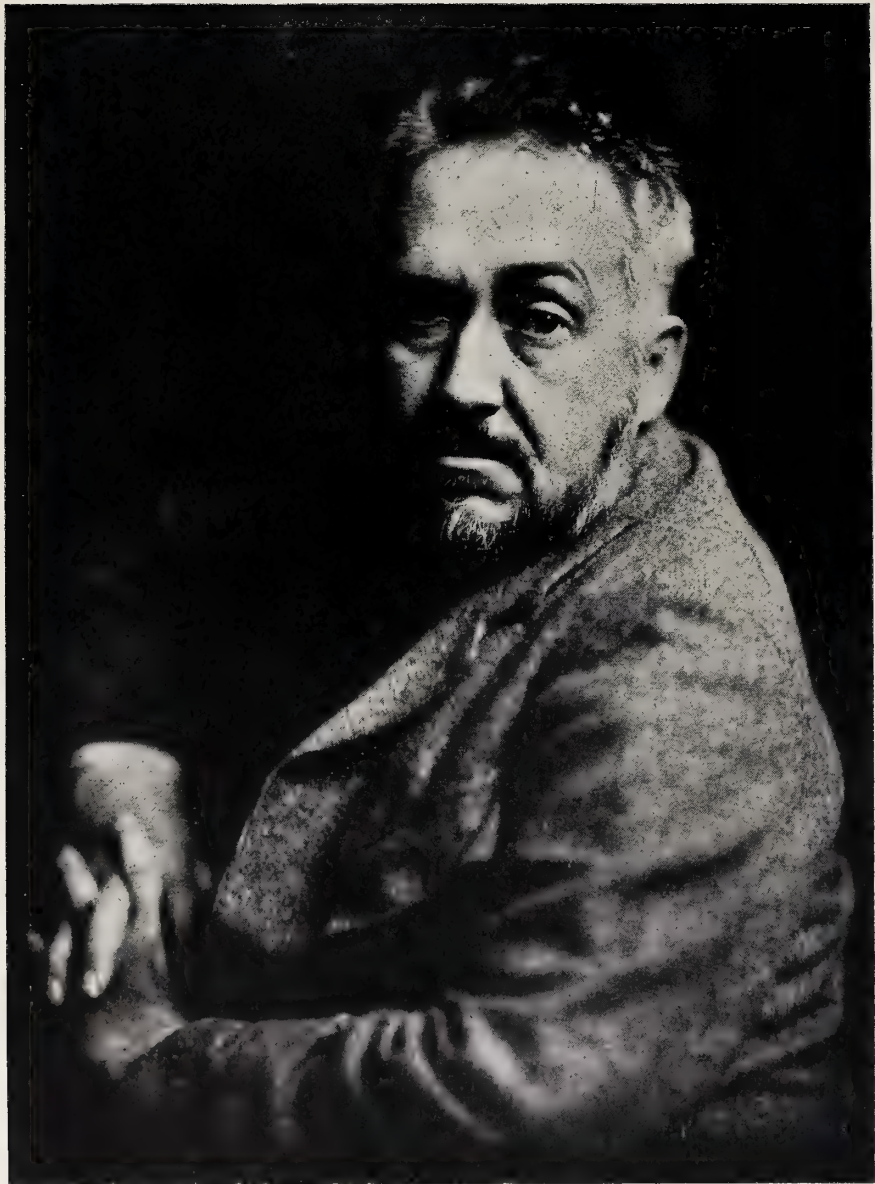
THOMAS EAKINS



MRS. SEARIGHT

THOMAS EAKINS





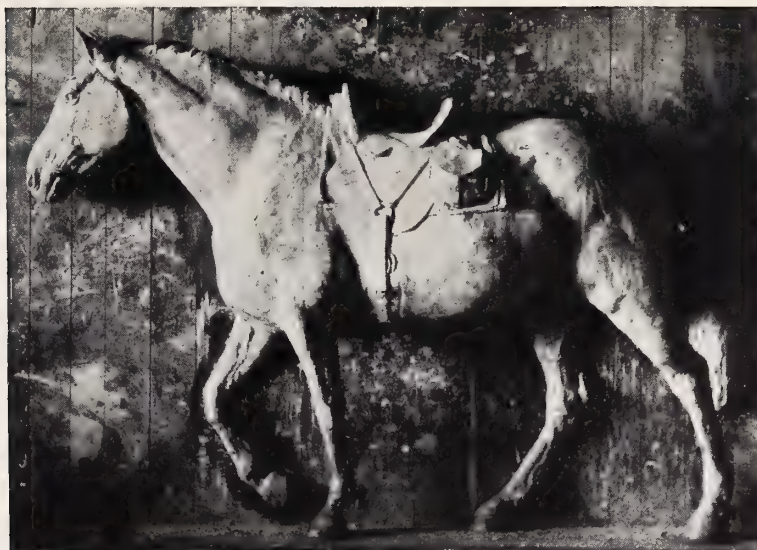
THOMAS EAKINS

for stimulus, and he looking outward, toward reality. Because of this difference, the "moderns" have found something purer and more restricted, something personal; while Eakins found Eastern America at the end of the nineteenth century—and found it not simple or personal, but complex and objective. They imagined; he illustrated. And his task on the face of it was enormously more difficult. Even when not as satisfactory as he would have had them, his results strike one as being immense.

Others have been realists in their own way. Corot in his early period was a realist more graciously, more sweetly. Courbet was more romantic. The Spaniards, having no such complexity to deal with in their seventeenth century, could do it more neatly; the Dutch with more conviviality and humor. But for steep, mountainous fact of accomplishment, Thomas Eakins' work stands by itself. Comparing him with realists, great and

near-great, one sees immediately that though he lacks the elegance, the kindness, the lightness and "significance," which have at one time or another meant most in art, he was a most dignified and thoughtful painter; and he measured his half-century well by standards which have been considered lasting. He did not really need the elegance or the other qualities which he lacked in order to portray a period in which those qualities were either side-issues or assumed. What he did need he possessed—a capacity for hard work, keen sight and power. And how careless seem most other methods of approach in comparison to his!

ED. NOTE—The three charcoal drawings and the *Study of a Girl's Head* were done before Eakins returned to America in 1870. *Home Scene* dates from the year of his return. The sketch for *The Concert Singer* is a small panel, paint-box size; it illustrates Eakins' first step in composing a large canvas. The majority of the paintings here illustrated have never before been exhibited or reproduced. The photographs of these pictures are by Yasuo Kuniyoshi, and are used here by permission of Mrs. Thomas Eakins. *The Writing Master*, *The Chess Players*, and *The Thinker* are reproduced through the courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.



PLASTER STUDY OF A HORSE  
THOMAS EAKINS





THE END OF THE DAY  
*Salon d'Automne, Paris*

MISEI KOSOUGI

## PAINTING AT THE SALON D'AUTOMNE

By WALDEMAR GEORGE

THE Salon d'Automne of 1923 does not mark, indeed, an epoch in the history of French contemporary art; nevertheless, it at least shows a new orientation among several of the younger painters and a very substantial rise above the average level of painting. Since the end of the war, a movement with academic and naturalistic tendencies has manifested itself in France with paintings that took their exterior aspect from the work of the old masters. That neo-classic rush, sometimes concealed and sometimes frankly proclaimed, appeared as a normal symptom to those who followed step by step the evolution of the art of today.

In 1914 the crisis of cubism was not solved. While Picasso and Braque exerted a strong influence on the choicest painters, imposing more an ideographic than a figurative mode of expression, Henri Matisse carried with him into his own milieu the best colorists, creating a plastic language in which color was the only constructive element. Going back to that already distant period of 1914, pre-

war painting appears as a field of experiments, showing a distinctive sign that a new art was in the process of gestation. In the lapse of seven years, Picasso has faced and solved with equal boldness the essential problems of art and altered the ensemble of æsthetic values previously held as intangibles.

In his cubist paintings Picasso breaks the plastic form, decomposes and juxtaposes on an unique plan its constituent parts, disassociating form from color, and defining clearly the rôle that each element plays in the body of the picture. He substituted for the discursive method, credited by the classic painters, a lyric method of expression. Cubism, starting from the descriptive study of the object, from the super-realism, from the visual synthesis that permits the expression of a form in all its phases, became an art of notation, registering a new order of images. Instead of enumerating, the cubist painter proceeded by an association of ideas. The plastic constructive principles are incarnated and

rendered alive through the medium of idea-images, which constitute the point of contact considered indispensable for the comprehension of the painter's intentions.

Such a method, though in accordance with the requirements of the modern spirit, and in spite of the fact that it gave back to art that sense of mystery it lacked, could not find among the public the recognition it deserved. French criticism declared the failure of cubism. The painters abandoned the researches aiming at the creation of plastic entities independent of their contents. Neo-classicism was born under the auspices of a primary æsthetics. Such a reaction was natural. It seemed as if the artists wanted to find contact again with optical reality and, taking advantage of their acquired experiences, to start their researches on a more concrete basis. But neo-classicism ignored not only what cubism had brought into painting, but also the contributions of Cézanne and the Impressionists. The influence of Corot and Courbet was substituted for that of the Provençal master.

Form, reduced by Manet and his successors to the pictorial element, takes body and acquires again a plastic character; chiaroscuro, the play of the brush, the complex craftsmanship of the academicians such as it was professed at the studio of Couture in 1850, found many partisans. Avoid the muddy colors, said Delacroix. The neo-naturalists have made an abusive use of the earths, of bitumens,

of the brownish juice that gives painting that old patine for which the public is so eager. Incapable of inscribing on the surface of a determined form the quantity of color necessary to attain equilibrium, they sift the tones. Painting is getting somber. It loses that transparency and fluidity that the Impressionists gave it. "Art is that which is modeled," declared Bouguereau. The young painters take resource in modeling. Their pictures are works in three dimensions, their form is treated in *trompe l'oeil*, their spaces are expressed in lines of perspective. They use somber backgrounds to bring into value the lighter parts of their canvases. They do not put on the color any more in delicate and contracted touches; they smash it on with the palette-knife, under the pretext of expressing its virtues of luminosity.

While some follow the example of Courbet, others obtain their inspiration (or believe they do) from the painter of The Great Odalisque. Ingres is the recognized master of a group of artists who claim to follow him, but they have not succeeded in understanding the intimate sense of his teaching. This influence manifests itself in works of a linear spirit, rather illuminated with color than painted, which remind us of the fashion plates of the romantic epoch. The latent taste for a finished beauty and a luxury of detail allows these painter-imagists to be taken as genuine artists. Their art, from its conception, is stricken in every one of its



PORTRAIT OF THE WOMAN IN BLUE  
Salon d'Automne, Paris

RENOIR





THE CARD PLAYERS  
*Salon d'Automne, Paris*

PAUL CÉZANNE

parts by impotence and offers no guarantee of evolution or development.

This was the state of French painting at the moment the Salon d'Automne opened its doors.

Derain rules as a sovereign master over the crowd of painters who imitate him. His art, purely retrospective, has gathered the most varied styles. His subtle spirit and picturesque manner have compelled respect among the young painters in search of certitudes. Derain has succeeded, by means of wise subterfuges of which he only holds the secret, in establishing the broken ties between modern art and the art of other times. His prestige is principally due to the traditional aspect of his work, which originates, sometimes in the paintings of the Greek vases, at other times in Bassano, or in Renoir or in Corot.

A new influence is nevertheless manifested this year. Maurice de Vlaminck, absent from the Salon, is present through the work of his numerous followers. Is his influence a beneficent one? It seems

peculiar that painters should turn from classicism and naturalism through the channel of the art of an artisan with popular tendencies. Vlaminck has found a plastic language perfectly adequate to his mode of feeling. The painters that follow his footsteps limit themselves to borrowing certain formulas of technique. But only an artist of the power of Vlaminck could have made the young painters quit the beaten path and modify the sense of their researches. The dramatic romanticism of Vlaminck opposes itself to the formulation of the neo-classicists. This romanticism is a medium for freedom and liberation. With Vlaminck, color finds again its brilliancy and its emotive power. It overflows the rigid frame of form, it plays again a functional rôle in the body of the picture. Color is emphatically Vlaminck's means of expression.

The Retrospective of Retrospectives shown in the Salon d'Automne from 1904 to 1922, gathers together the paintings of numerous artists, among whom are Greco, Ingres, Corot, Courbet, Manet,



Lautrec, Berthe Morisot, Eva Gonzales, Pissarro, Cézanne, Gauguin, Rodin, etc.

To be confronted with such masterpieces is always profitable to artists. One can easily follow, through the works on exhibition, the evolution of modern painting in France; for with the exception of the Saint Martin by Greco, all the paintings belong to the nineteenth century. The portrait of M. Devilliers by Ingres is a bichromatic canvas made of brilliant blacks, on which scintillate the milky whites of the silvery embroideries which decorate the uniform of the model, whose face comes forth from the background and participates in the luminous ambient. *Le Linge* is not one of the masterpieces of Honoré Daumier. The reputation of this famous picture seems overrated. If the movement of the amplified form is expressed here with force and passion, the color is muddy. *Le Linge* is a canvas treated exclusively by values—that is, by the quantities of light and shadows contained in the whole. And Daumier was a colorist. *Les Ribauds*, reproduced in *THE ARTS* some months ago, has a freshness and an intensity that this painting seems to lack.

*La Dame de Francfort*, by Gustave Courbet, is a work that represents a woman seated or rather reclining on a terrace before a balustrade. A red-

dish, green and brown spot is in the distance. The contrast, apparent in most of Courbet's work, between the figures treated in full relief and the landscape made of gradual tones, is not noticeable in *La Dame de Francfort*, which is one of the most homogeneous if not one of the most remarkable pictures by the master of Ornans.

*La Dame aux Evantails*, by Edouard Manet, is a rather schematic work. One does not find either the enameled tones of the *Olympia*, *Lola de Valencia* or *Le Dejeuner sur l'Herbe* or the ardent color of *La Serre* in the Berlin Museum. This painting is very characteristic of Manet's last manner, whose palette had become clearer, if not richer, under the influence of the Impressionists. One would have certainly regretted that Manet could not be represented in the exhibition by a more typical work if *La Loge*, by Eva Gonzales, did not show him in his real light. This canvas, in which Manet must have collaborated, could have been entirely by his own hand.

A figure in a landscape full of sunshine and composition by Pissarro represents the Impressionist school. A Tahitian landscape by Gauguin is eclipsed by the neighborhood of those two masterpieces of painting: *The Card Players* by Paul Cézanne and the *Portrait of the Woman in Blue*



LOVE'S SECRET  
*Salon d'Automne, Paris*

CAMILLE COROT





FOOTBALL ANDRÉ LOTHE  
*Salon d'Automne, Paris*

by Renoir. The Card Players, which M. Ambroise Vollard has sent to the Salon d'Automne, is quite different from the painting with a similar title that figures in the Cammondo collection at the Louvre. This canvas, larger in size, very sober in color, ought to be placed in a gallery of French painting at the side of the austere compositions of Louis LeNain. The blue and green background of this picture is bare; nevertheless every bit of this vast surface is saturated with a strong brilliancy.

The painting by Renoir represents a woman lying on a mahogany sofa, of the Empire style, inlaid with bronze. The chromo-like subject of this picture is turned by Renoir into a masterpiece. The yellows, the pinks, the greens and violets play their parts separately but are concurrent in the effect of the ensemble. Only in his old age could Renoir have attained such a plenitude and richness of color. There must be also mentioned the Secret de l'Amour by Jean Baptiste Camille Corot, a work of secondary value, and the Saint Martin by Greco, a symphony of old gold and silver and gray, which is more important.

The retrospective exhibition of the Belgian, Rik Wanters, who died in Amsterdam in 1916, puts us in the presence of a painter who pays tribute to Matisse and Henri Manguin in his treatment of color, but is capable, nevertheless, of creating works of a personal spirit and of a nervous pictorial and linear writing.

The Japanese Section, organized by a painter of great talent, Hakutei Ishii, shows the double orientation of the modern movement in the Far West, in the sense of the ancient Chinese tradition and in

the sense of an art in which Matisse and Marquet remain the promoters. The Japanese painting reproduced with this article clearly illustrates this statement.

Matisse, Bonnard, Andre Lothe, Robert Lotiron, Othon Friesz—these are the names of the painters who detach themselves from the mass and who ought to be remembered by the visitors of the Salon d'Automne.

Henri Matisse exhibits a nude of a woman in an interior. The surfaces in parts striated and in parts pointillistic, its planes slightly tinted, its sinuous lines—all reveal, in this painting of rare harmony, a great colorist who treats the plastic form as a normal limitation of color. It must be stated that the paintings Matisse sent to this Salon d'Automne are inferior to those he sent last year. Every time that Matisse undertakes to specify form more clearly, he overloads his composition without making it richer. This is the reason why his pen drawings seem to be finished works of art in spite of his workmanship. Compelled to limit his means of expression, Matisse suggests form by a few traits. On the other hand, in his charcoal drawings, which have a more complex execution, he alternates the lights and shadows which cover the surfaces and gives the impression of a laborious study conscientiously done.

The landscape and still life by Othon Friesz are very expressive. A vehement rhythm marks the unity of the composing parts of his landscape. That almost musical rhythm carries on a rondo movement with the clouds, trees, and the accidents of the ground. Friesz affirms himself once more as the heir of Les Baroques, whose style he perpetu-

ates with the technical means which fit modern painting.

Pierre Bonnard presents a still life, a figure and a landscape. His dull and melted color gets the value of an old tapestry. His subject is established in a linear manner, in two dimensions placed in space, thanks to the science he employs in the choice of his tones and in the way he places his motives.

Robert Lotiron gives a series of six landscapes. There remains in this painter enough naïveté to compel him to be simple. His landscapes succeed in moving us although they appear to be entirely in accordance with the average vision. Lotiron transposes without the need of deformations and only by virtue of his painting which, although full of details, is nevertheless strong.

In his Foot Ball, Andre Lothe makes an effort to reconcile those two almost unreconcilable elements: the laws of composition and the reality of vision. His point of departure is the image faithfully recorded. He poetizes that image without idealizing it. Lothe quickly registers an optic sensation. He even seems to superpose several sensations in order to draw from them their essential element.

Next year we will undoubtedly see some young "constructors." Such is the flattering name given by the critics to those painters who, modeling their volumes, treat historical subjects. Modern art excludes description. Only Henri Rousseau could have taken the liberty of painting the Feast of the

14th of July without risking ridicule or becoming, what is still worse, doctoral.

The Bather of Andre Lavory is a specimen of that sort of thing. Lavory has no sentiment for form. He also borrows from the masters of the museums, from Rubens and Veronese, the elements for his compositions. His Bather is a figure treated in full relief, with a profusion of ungrateful details. It represents a state of mind prevailing in many studios in Paris which causes a real devastation. Like Sabbagh, but with more intelligence, Lavory proves with his painting that he is an able worker but that he is unable to conceive a work bearing the marks of our epoch. These two painters are satisfied to describe their subjects without endeavoring to bring into play the master faculties.

To conclude, let us say that the Salon d'Automne, where the cubists are prominent by their absence, circumscribes more and more its sphere of action, and that, in order to live, this institution, still young and strong, needs new contributions. And those new contributions would come to it if a spirit more open to comprehension would preside over the work of the jury, if the Fauves of yesterday or the neo-impressionists of the beginning of this century would not show themselves so severe and so unreasonable toward their young confreres, and would follow the example of the furniture-makers and decorators, who welcome those who boldly attempt to meet the new needs of today.



THE CAFE  
*Salon d'Automne, Paris*

LOTIRON





THE WOMAN WITH THE BLUE VEIL      PABLO PICASSO  
*Courtesy of M. Paul Rosenberg*



PORTRAIT OF M<sup>L</sup>LE. MARS

DAVID



## A NOTE ON PICASSO

UNQUESTIONABLY the most exciting event of the winter thus far has been the exhibition of sixteen pictures by Pablo Picasso, which Paul Rosenberg, the Paris dealer, has arranged at the Wildenstein Galleries in New York. Most of these will eventually be reproduced in *THE ARTS* as part of the complete record which this magazine is making of the leading artists of the day.

We have saved the frosting of the cake until the last, and the best of the Picassos are postponed because just now the idea is to discuss a phase of the art of Picasso which is less easy to understand than his cubist pictures, and less easy also than those particular representative paintings of his that have within them the qualities of acid and iron which have given to Pablo Picasso his deserved eminence.

Beginning with the *Mother and Child* reproduced on the cover, if one looks at this group of illustrations, one discovers, with two possible exceptions—namely, *The Mountebank* and *The Harlequin*—a Picasso who is, comparatively speaking, unknown in America. Incidentally none of these pictures has been shown in Paris. They are seen in New York for the first time.

They are large canvases, exhibiting a degree of virtuosity that is startling, and, in the eyes of some artists, suspicious; and as you enter the beautiful gallery where they hang their brilliant color and arbitrary methods strike the eye as with a blow. Essentially they are exhibition pictures on a large scale, canvases that would not be lost on the crowded walls of a great international show. To discover what is their permanent effect upon the mind of the student of Picasso requires a good many visits to the gallery. And frank confession compels

the statement that on each visit these particular paintings have fallen a notch. Thinking over this fact, I happened upon a party of artists almost breaking each other's noses in a furious argument on the merits and demerits of their great idol, Pablo Picasso.

"He thought he'd get the American public with all that romantic junk," exclaimed one young barbarian, who a week before considered Picasso a god incapable of error.

"The forms do not work," said another.

"Why, there isn't any form to work, in such sickly things as *The Woman With the Blue Veil* or *The Lovers*," said a third.

Then an able young painter began to talk more coherently and said:

"Picasso didn't necessarily paint these things for the American market. These are the real Picasso. His earliest pictures show that he was born with a rotten romantic streak in him. Picasso never was quite human. That's why he's greater as a cubist. Keep him down to a real intellectual problem which prevents him from cheap illustration like *The Lovers* and the power of the man comes out in pure expression. But once let him illustrate and he reverts to type."

That Picasso had fallen in the esteem of his most ardent American followers was evident as the talk went on, and this in spite of the pictures of *The Lady With the Blue Turban* and the others, which will be reproduced next month in *THE ARTS*, and which will offer an opportunity to discuss further the revised estimate that his young American followers are making of Picasso.

FORBES WATSON.





WOMAN SEATED  
*Courtesy of M. Paul Rosenberg*

PABLO PICASSO





MOTHER AND CHILD  
*Courtesy of M. Paul Rosenberg*

PABLO PICASSO



MOUNTEBANK  
*Courtesy of M. Paul Rosenberg*

PABLO PICASSO





THE LOVERS  
*Courtesy of M. Paul Rosenberg*

PABLO PICASSO



THE REPLY  
*Courtesy of M. Paul Rosenberg*

PABLO PICASSO





HARLEQUIN  
*Courtesy of M. Paul Rosenberg*

PABLO PICASSO



THE CHESS GAME

JOHN SINGER SARGENT

*Courtesy of the Grand Central Galleries*





THE RECESSIONAL EUGENE SAVAGE  
*Awarded the Altman Prize of Five Hundred Dollars at the Winter Exhibition of the National Academy of Design, 1923*



VILLAGE

*Courtesy of E. Weyhe*

KARL CRODEL

## NOTES ON THE EXHIBITIONS

THE 1923 Winter Exhibition of the National Academy of Design is an occasion for sobering, not to say saddening, reflections. Mediocrity, honest though it may be, is in the long run a depressant; and for the mediocrity of this exhibit the Academy is collectively and directly responsible. Many members whose work could have been counted upon to raise the present level sent nothing; many of those who did send are responsible for some of the worst pictures shown. From the burden of this double handicap there could be no relief through the work by non-members which was sufficiently commonplace to meet the requirements of the jury of selection. Moreover, the jury of awards emphasized the nature of the event by choosing the pictures they did for honors.

Among the prize-winners, Eugene Savage requires some discussion, both because of the prize-winning picture itself and because of his "one-man" exhibition at the Ferargil Galleries during the first part of November. It is gladly to be granted that he exercises an almost impeccable academic draftsmanship, and also that he is putting it to better use than other academicians, of whom by no means all are members or associates of the Academy itself. But Savage's work as a whole fails to attain the goal towards which it is obviously directed. The attraction of this very sophisticated, even learned, craftsmanship is of course complex; but what is

most important about it is that it deliberately forsakes objective realism for decorative design with an imaginative appeal. And it is in respect to the last-named quality that this painter falls short. For success in imaginative art requires, not absence of labor, but absence of laboredness in the result. Every one of Savage's pictures is markedly labored. The deliberate and pondered piecing together of the multitudinous details keeps the painter from any soaring flight of imagination. Icarus remains on the cliff and busies himself with the fit of his wings, perhaps shrinkingly half-conscious of the shattering fall to follow upon his launching forth.

Another fact concerning Savage is so generally true of the academically minded that it might be put down as one of their fixed characteristics. Their large pictures are small ones inflated. Now, art is such a subtle affair that each conception, each motive, has its own proper scale of execution; and when a small conception is magnified for a bigger space than it can fill, the result is inevitably thin and empty. To realize this, one need only compare some of the pictures in the Academy with other "intimate" ones by the same men at the Macbeth Galleries; and there is hardly a gallery in town but can offer an illustration or two of this remark. One of the most serious penalties of the existing methods of exhibition is the prevalence of the "machine."





BOATS AT LANDING

*Courtesy of the Macbeth Galleries*

THEODORE ROBINSON

If the character of this exhibition is to be summed up in a word or two, it may be termed a collection of portraits. One among the several traits which separate portraiture from other painting is its degree of reliance upon accidental objective facts, upon what peculiarities of detail happen to belong to the individual sitter. The uncreative painter transforms this virtue of portraiture into the vice of all other painting. This is the reason why the Academy this year contains not merely portraits of faces and persons, but also portraits of nude models, of dresses, of book-shelves and wall-paper, of buildings, trees and rivers, of pots and pans and flowers. It is such an excessive dependence upon subject-matter—upon that and upon technical recipe—which marks mediocrity everywhere. And it is the mediocrity of this Academy exhibition which is to

be deplored, not its conservatism; for conservatism can be positive and distinguished when it is forceful and intelligent.

\* \* \*

The five paintings by Theodore Robinson seen at the Macbeth Galleries during the first part of November were not particularly "important" examples; but then, Robinson's work is itself apt to become less interesting in proportion as his canvases grow to the size which seems to have so much to do with determining that kind of importance. At any rate, these five pictures by him were sufficiently good to show how much nearer to the source of art Robinson got than did J. Alden Weir or Emil Carlsen, whose work was exhibited along with his. This judgment might not appear to be a sound one on the basis of specific paintings. In Washington,



for instance, the Corcoran Gallery possesses a moonlit seascape by Carlsen which is a finer achievement than Robinson's over-large *Girl Sewing* in the same room; and the National Gallery contains a *Portrait of a Lady* by Weir of which the same may be said. But when the average run of their work is considered, even on so limited a scale as at the Macbeth Galleries, it becomes plain that Robinson got hold of something more substantial and with a fuller flavor. He lacks a little of the delicacy which characterizes the others, but he possesses a compensating robustness which is a definite stage in the direction of a characteristically American art. That the subjects of his pictures are mainly French is an accident; longer life in this country would have made

his painting predominantly American in subject-matter as well as in mentality. The refinement of Weir and Carlsen is attained by a withdrawal from a very large part of life, a self-deprivation which results in a fragile art. Robinson's sincere record of homelier things wears better because its vitality is drawn from more widely ranging contacts.

\* \* \*

Boris Grigoriev has been spreading the bounty of his cleverness over the walls of the New Gallery. Out of his bounty he does not give away pictures—he has been saved from this desperate remedy by the exploitation to which he has willingly submitted—but he does give himself away. His stock-in-trade



PARNASSUS IN CENTRAL PARK  
*Batik, in the offices of Harcourt, Brace and Company*

BERTRAM HARTMAN





THE TWINS GRIGORIEV  
 Courtesy of the New Gallery

consists of a capable academic draftsmanship tricked out with superficially effective exaggerations. Adept

at catching a conventional likeness, he applies his technical sauce in varying amounts. Is this variation determined by the amenability of the portrait victims?

\* \* \*

Weyhe's book store has moved into its new home at 794 Lexington Avenue, and in its print department on the second floor is showing a group of contemporary German prints and water colors brought over from Berlin by Ferdinand Moeller. It is all similar to the exhibit earlier in the season at the Anderson Galleries; to a large extent it is even by the same men, though they are represented by fresh examples. So there is nothing to add to the comment made at that time. Weyhe's also has in stock a large collection of interesting French engravings made for the old-time peep-shows. It seems that a reflecting device gave these prints a depth which they do not have to the naked eye; but many of them reveal the bare bones of design in a way that should make them interesting to artists and connoisseurs of today.



Die bewaffnete Neutralitäts Flotte der Nordischen Mächte im Mitteländischen Meer ohnweit Neapel. | La Flotte armée neutre des Puissances du Nord dans la Mer Méditerranée proche Naples.  
 Courtesy of E. Weyhe

Oliver Chaffee, who exhibited two rooms full of oils and water colors at the Montross Galleries, appeared anxious to impress the beholder with his energy. Under different conditions that energy might be felt as effective power, for this painter has a talent which should improve with mellowing; but in this display there was such a superfluity of pictures that the visitor could carry away nothing except a rather irritated reaction to a muscular over-assertiveness. For this reason also the water colors as a group made a more pleasurable impression. A painter can splash about less objectionably in water color than he can in oil, because a certain dash and bravura are necessary to its fullest effect. But, without affirming the absurdity that every oil painting should be exactly reposeful, it may be suggested that this medium, to attain its highest expression, does demand a greater degree of restraint. The deepest and most lasting vitality springs from the inspiration whose urgent strength is adequately controlled.



CATS SCHMIDT-ROTTLUFF  
*In the collection of contemporary German Art brought  
 from Berlin by Ferdinand Moeller and  
 now on exhibition at Weyhe's*



*Vue de Venise quand on vient de la Côte de l'Est*

Courtesy of E. Weyhe





MISS SUSAN GARDINER WHEN A CHILD

*Courtesy of the Knoedler Galleries*

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH



FANTASY OF THE ANTIQUE      KENNETH HAYES MILLER  
*Courtesy of the Montross Galleries*





CAFÉ DE LA REGENCE  
*Courtesy of the Montross Galleries*

OLIVER CHAFFEE

The exhibit of work by Kenneth Hayes Miller, which followed Chaffee's in the same rooms, was in marked contrast; the turbulence was succeeded by a great calm. Miller's apprehension of form would seem to come more slowly and with more sureness; he is measurably farther along the road of eliminating non-essentials. In one landscape, the most moving of all, the focal point of the church is hardly visible where the up-swelling ground and down-swelling clouds make the horizon; but its influence is felt throughout the picture, so that every rounded plane and softened form leads toward that far-off meeting. In another, reproduced herewith, buildings play a more prominent part in a scene not so deeply infused with feeling; and in the other landscapes, which contain no such edge-giving contours, the absence of them seems to leave things rather vague and floating. In the figure subjects there is more variety, not to say inconsistency, of handling; some of them were muddy in color and weak in drawing, but in two or three form is as effectually realized as it more often is in his etchings.

In the *Fantasy of the Antique* there is a correspondence between the columns in the background and the fair column of the lovely body; it is a pleasure to come upon this restraint and simplicity of statement. Miller's most successful efforts are not so much creations as evocations.

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Overlapping both of these exhibits at the Montross Galleries was that of H. Varnum Poor. It will be possible later on to say more about his art in a special article; so here it is necessary only to point out its poise and concentration.

\* \* \*

Johanna K. W. Hailman's pictures at the Levy Galleries evidenced a range of subject as wide as the travels on which they were gathered. The tropics and the northern spring and the murky smokes of Pittsburgh, flowers and fruit, cactus and palm-trees and moving waters—such are the varied problems which she attacks with an easy technic.



Her very evident pleasure in opulent color in itself communicates pleasure apart from the charm of subject which intrigues her fluent brush. She is not one who needs allowances as a painter on the score of being a woman; she bases her appeal on honest and long-trained craftsmanship for its own sake.

\* \* \*

The Memorial Exhibit, at the Milch Galleries, of paintings by William Gedney Bunce revived memories of that figure of the immediate past who devoted himself to the lifelong elaboration of one theme. Single examples of his painting belong by historical right in every large public collection of American art, where the vision they embody can exert its charm with help rather than hindrance from contrasting works. But thirty-nine variations

of a subject which, after all, does not permit of much variety, would seem liable to injure his reputation by emphasizing an unpleasant monotony.

\* \* \*

An older day in another country was recalled along with the paintings by Gainsborough which are on view at Knoedler's. Landscapes and portraits and drawings together showed his accomplishment comprehensively. This array of his work forms an important addition to the wealth of Old Masters now available in this country; in particular the lovely little head of his niece Susan should be permanently placed where the public can have access to its charm.

\* \* \*

The museums are also entering the lists with



THE PASSAIC  
*Courtesy of the Montross Galleries*

KENNETH HAYES MILLER





CHINESE TOMB FIGURE  
*Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art*

special exhibitions. The Brooklyn Museum is showing a large assemblage of contemporary water colors, pastels, and drawings; drawings by Aubrey Beardsley and other famous persons of the Eighteen Nineties; and a group of Rodin bronzes. Over in Newark is a comprehensive exhibition surveying the

civilization of China. At the Metropolitan Museum can be seen the results of an impressive experiment in fostering artistic talent among the children of Vienna. Recently this Museum placed on permanent exhibition a very lovely group of Chinese tomb figures which the Museum Bulletin pronounces to be about the finest so far discovered.

\* \* \*

Kimon Nicolaides, with pictures being shown simultaneously at four different places, is apparently engaged in an elaborate assault on public attention. Amid the capable student work by members of the Tiffany Foundation at the Art Center, his own seems relatively mature; but when shown alone, as at the Whitney Studio Club, it can be seen in a truer perspective. He can adapt modernism so effectively that it is shorn of offense. In fact, adaptability is his most striking trait; he is still in the stage of assimilation, and distinctively personal utterance on his part is something to be awaited with interest.

\* \* \*

At the Rehn Galleries New York had its first sight of a whole group of water colors by Dodge MacKnight. Technical brilliance is his outstanding characteristic. The snow gleams, the sun shines, beyond a stretch of country the distant mountains glimmer—and all this is brought about by what seems the absolute minimum of pigment manipulation as applied to a naturalistic rendering of things. It is craftsmanship so astonishing as to distract attention from the essential prosaicism of the vision which it embodies.

\* \* \*

Elie Lascaux is a newcomer to exhibition rooms in this country, and doubtless more will be heard of him now that he has been so successfully introduced at the Brummer Galleries. Sprightly little figures and coquettish little buildings make enticing little pictures full of atmosphere of Paris itself. The attempts at large-scale figure-grouping do not come off convincingly, but two or three pretentious semi-failures hardly count against the gay and intimate charm of the others.

VIRGIL BARKER.

## CALENDAR OF EXHIBITIONS DURING DECEMBER

Ackerman, 10 East 46th Street: Etchings by Eileen Soper and T. F. Simon.

Ainslee, 677 Fifth Avenue: The Greenwich Village Historical Society, December 3 to 15; Paintings by Alexander O. Levy, December 17 to 31.

Anderson, Park Avenue and 59th Street: Water Colors by Edward Buk Ulreich and Decorative Panels by Clara Fargo Thomas, December 3 to 15; Silver by Georg Jensen, December 10 to 22.

Arlington, 274 Madison Avenue: Paintings and Etchings by Clifford Addams, to December 15; Black-and-Whites by Frank Mura, from December 17.

Art Center, 65 East 56th Street: Works by Members of the Tiffany Foundation, to December 19; Landscapes by George A. Traver, to December 22; Works by Children of Vienna, to December 31.

Babcock, 19 East 49th Street: Guild of American Painters, to December 8; Cabinet Paintings by American Artists, December 10 to 31.

Belmaison, Wanamaker's: Modern Painted Screens.

Bourgeois, 693 Fifth Avenue: Modern Paintings.

Carrington, 707 Fifth Avenue: Lithographs by Eugene Isabey and Early Engravings, to December 12.

Daniel, 2 West 47th Street: Water Colors by Charles Demuth.

Durand-Ruel, 12 East 57th Street: Paintings by Camille Pissaro.

Ehrich, 707 Fifth Avenue: Early Paintings of the Madonna.

Ehrich (Mrs.), 707 Fifth Avenue: Modern Crafts and Decorative Metalwork by Marie Zimmerman.

Ferargil, 607 Fifth Avenue: Small Works by Members of the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors.

Folsom, 104 West 57th Street: American Paintings.

Grand Central, Grand Central Terminal: Works by Artist Members.

Harlow, 712 Fifth Avenue: Etchings by Donald Shaw MacLaughlan and Marguerite Kirmse.

Higgs, 11 East 54th Street: The Bachstitz Collection of Renaissance Bronzes.

Keppel, 4 East 39th Street: Etchings by J. W. Winkler.

Knoedler, 556 Fifth Avenue: Paintings by Thomas Gainsborough, to December 15.

Kraushaar, 680 Fifth Avenue: Paintings and Drawings by Charles A. Bischoff, to December 15; Etchings by Alphonse Legros, December 10 to 30.

Macbeth, 450 Fifth Avenue: "Intimate Paintings" and South American Sketches by Rachel Hartley, to December 10; Paintings by Douglass Parshall, Marion C. Hawthorne and Charles W. Hawthorne, December 11 to 31.

Milch, 168 West 57th Street: Recent Paintings and Etchings by Childe Hassam and Bronzes by Jane Poupelet, December 3 to 29.

Montross, 550 Fifth Avenue: Water Colors by Arthur P. Hunt, to December 15.

New, 600 Madison Avenue: Paintings by Boris Grigoriev, to December 15; Color Designs for the Swedish Ballet, December 17 to 29.

Rehn, 693 Fifth Avenue: American Paintings.

Reinhardt, 606 Fifth Avenue: Recent Paintings by Walter Dean Goldbeck, to December 15.

Scott and Fowles, 667 Fifth Avenue: Water Colors by Ambrose McEvoy and Drawings by Augustus John, opening December 15.

Weyhe, 794 Lexington Avenue: Prints and Water Colors by Contemporary German Artists, to December 11; Recent Drawings by Arthur B. Davies, December 12 to 31.

Whitney Studio Club, 10 West 8th Street: Water Colors by Thomas H. Donnelly, Richard Lahey, Richard Marwede and Mary F. Wesselhoft, to December 14.

Wildenstein, 647 Fifth Avenue: Paintings by Marie Laurencin.

Young, 620 Fifth Avenue: Paintings by Lillian Genth and Harry F. Waltman, December 1 to 15; French Landscapes by J. Barry Greene, December 15 to 31.



CHINESE TOMB FIGURES

*Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art*





CHARTRES  
*Courtesy of the Whitney Studio Club*

KIMON NICOLAIDES



WINDY AUTUMN  
*Courtesy of the Rehn Galleries*

DODGE MACKNIGHT

## THE SKYLIGHT

### LADY ART

LADY ART lay dying. Stretched she was straight on the bed, the fine hands were outside the coverlet, motionless, the heavy lids closed, the gold hair paling as the blood flowed slowly through the round blue veins.

Straight she lay, the thin figure making scarce a line in the covering except where the long pointed feet made near the foot of the bed a steep little hill.

The breasts slowly rose and sank with the dwindling breath. Lady Art lay dying.

Around her bed were gathered all the great ones, men of weight, men of power. Each was there with his advice, each was ready with his cure.

Lady Art, stretched straight, did not heed them.

"If," said the distinguished Director, "she were taken at once to a museum and placed in a case properly covered with glass and with proper labels applied to her head and feet, I feel that the rest and

the absence of all annoyance or notice would speedily perform a cure."

"Ah," said the eminent archaeologist, "first she should be properly authenticated, properly established in her historical sequence. Then she will soon be her ancient self again."

He was interrupted by Mr. Shem saying that he had dealt in these matters for years and entirely understood the case. He considered that it would be necessary for her to be put through the auction treatment and continued, "I know, I care for these things, they are my life; but money is what makes art; without money where, I ask you, would art ever be? Take her to the auction room and get some money for her, and she will revive."

But Lady Art moved not.

A child came sliding into the room, holding a dirty slate on which was pictured an outline figure





CHINESE TOMB FIGURES  
*Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art*

of grotesque shape labeled "Teacher" and came near the bed. Lady Art opened her purple lids, looked at the child, and at the drawing, and a slow smile moved across the pallid face.

"She must be collected! It is only by being collected that anything comes to a better state," ventured the widely-known Collector.

The learned priest thought that an application of 14th century stained glass would bring the color back.

"No," said the bulging Senator, "we will appoint a Minister of Art, put him in charge, and all these difficulties will disappear. A treatment of politics will entirely make over the patient."

The Broker thought she should be incorporated. Then the people would take an interest, for he knew that nothing could live without interest.

The German Professor, with hands not over-clean, said, "I know art. I have four years in Northern France studied, and vat the patient needs is organization. Everything organization must have. Zat is vat made the Germany army invin—" and then with a sudden remembrance he choked.

The Eminent Surgeon, whose heart was touched, thought an operation, the cutting away of all new growth, would assuredly save the life of the patient, and he generously offered to perform the operation for nothing.

Some thought one thing, some another. It was difficult for such distinguished men to agree.

But Lady Art lay still and white.

Finally the consultants went into the next room, where they could more easily confer.

While they were away the child, unobserved, went to the long window and softly opened it so that the summer breeze stole in and moved about,

touching with gentleness the bed and her who so stilly lay thereon.

Following the breeze, appeared a young man, thin and graceful, his first beard just showing, with eyes that were bright and far-seeing and hands with long muscular fingers. He was poorly dressed in old and tattered clothes, his trousers were baggy, his coat was covered with paint, but his battered hat carried a gay cock's feather.

When the child said, "Who are you?" the young man replied, "I am an artist—at least, I will be an artist when I have found my Lady Art, who I hear is sore sick."

The child sucked his thumb and held out his slate. He was pleased when the young man said, "Pretty good, keep it up, my boy," and then asked in a whisper, "Have you, too, seen a beautiful lady?"

The round-eyed child straightway pointed to the bed whereon the dying Lady lay.

Quickly the eyes of the artist filled with tears at the sorry sight; he crossed the room and with unerring grasp took the Lady in his arms.

Instantly at his touch, with reviving life, her colour returned and she smiled.

"Yes," she said, "you will cure me."

He bore her through the open window.

"I will cure you, I will keep you strong forever, with the only cure, the everlasting cure, called Love."

They went out together into the bright world, the child waving to them, holding tight his slate, secure he was not forgotten.

When the wise men and the great ones returned, to their surprise, they found only the empty bed.

ALLEN TUCKER.

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### Important Art Books Recently Published

NOTE: The following books have been chosen from the new publications as being likely to interest readers of *THE ARTS*. Some of them have been reviewed in recent issues; some are reviewed in this issue, and others will be reviewed later. Any book here listed may be obtained through the office of *THE ARTS* at the prices noted (carriage charges extra).

EGYPTIAN ART, BY JEAN CAPART (TRANSLATED BY WARREN R. DAWSON): NEW YORK, FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY, 1923. (\$5.00.)

ANIMALS IN CHINESE ART, BY H. D'ARDENNE DE TIZAC: NEW YORK, BRENTANO, 1923. (\$30.00.)

A MUSICAL CHRONICLE, BY PAUL ROSENFELD: NEW YORK, HARDCOURT & BRACE, 1923. (\$3.00.)

THE BOOK OF LOVAT CLAUDE FRASER, BY HALDANE MACFALL: NEW YORK, IMPORTED BY E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, 1923. (\$9.00.)

A HISTORY OF MUSIC, BY PAUL LANDORMY (TRANSLATED BY F. H. MARTENS): NEW YORK, CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 1923. (\$2.00.)

A HISTORY OF ORNAMENT; RENAISSANCE AND MODERN, BY A. D. F. HAMLIN: NEW YORK, THE CENTURY COMPANY, 1923. (\$5.00.)

ARTISTS' PIGMENTS, BY F. W. WEBER: NEW YORK, D. VAN NOSTRAND, 1923. (\$2.50.)



## BOOKS

AMERICAN ARTISTS, BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ: NEW YORK, CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 1923. (\$3.00.)

Mr. Cortissoz's long and active career as a writer on art has resulted in comparatively few volumes, but the number of these is now increased by *American Artists*. This book contains a series of essays, selected from his voluminous production in the *New York Tribune* and other publications, touching upon a goodly number of historic and contemporary established figures in our art.

It is a real service to recall to notice Edward Martin Taber and to make known the name of James Wall Finn; but to dwell at length upon Frederick Remington and Edwin A. Abbey would seem an act of supererogation. Mr. Cortissoz is warmly responsive to the depth of character in such men as Thayer and Brush; he writes equally well of such diverse temperaments as Homer and Twachtman; and his knowledge of the great past of European painting enables him to bring down to their proper level such overrated men as William M. Chase and J. Francis Murphy.

The oft-recurring refrain is "How much bigger an artist this man would be *if only* . . ." It is a refrain which is inevitable in dealing with most of the artists whose names are found here; and it is to Mr. Cortissoz's own credit that he refrains from gush and chooses to give deft appraisals from his point of view.

This point of view was fully expounded in his previous miscellany, *Art and Common Sense*; it is reiterated in the opening section of *American Artists*. Mr. Cortissoz counts himself a conservative. He defines conservatism as opposition to modernism. He defines modernism in turn as the abolishment of the standards of conservatism. Thus the circle is completed.

In paying his respects to modernism, he expresses himself in entirely general terms, naming no names and citing no examples. Perhaps Mr. Cortissoz would agree that the only thing more futile than an inferior work of art is getting wrought up about it. Now, an entire movement is only a series of individual works. Why should the movement require a more copious indignation than any part of it? Why denounce a whole group whose formidableness seems to depend upon their remaining individually indistinguishable?

This very volume is proof that the writing on art which best beguiles and profits the reader is that

which deals sympathetically with concrete works and specific workers. Would that all critics could give us books as readable as this!

VIRGIL BARKER.

\* \* \*

ARTISTS' PIGMENTS, THEIR CHEMICAL AND PHYSICAL PROPERTIES, BY F. W. WEBER: NEW YORK, D. VAN NOSTRAND COMPANY, 1923.

Unlike most men who write books on color, Mr. Weber has suppressed any opinions of his own as to how to obtain an infallible color scheme. His is a purely scientific book concerned wholly with pigments, what they are made of, how they act on each other or in contact with various climatic conditions, and how, by simple tests therein clearly elucidated, the artist may ascertain for himself whether or not any particular color is all that it is supposed to be. Truly an invaluable reference book, conveniently indexed, which will teach one to paint better pictures, in that, profiting by Mr. Weber's knowledge and long experience, the paint, oil and varnishes used will be of a more durable quality.

The text is plain and seems very gentlemanly. Mr. Weber is never didactic, saying that it is "advisable" to mix a certain color with another rather than that these colors must never under any circumstances be found on the same palette. It is gratifying to have a man of science treat artists with polite respect.

Mr. Weber received many inquiries from artists and art students concerning the permanence of colors and he has prepared in detail this book from technical matter outlined in his numerous lectures. It is a comprehensive, conscientious and plain-spoken book and should be a great help to any painter who harbors doubts as to the materials he employs. It quite convinces one that the same confidence that the old masters felt in their pigments may be felt today and that permanence may be secured without the involved nuisance of grinding one's colors oneself.

ALEXANDER BROOK.

\* \* \*

THE OUTLINE OF ART, Vol. I, edited by Sir William Orpen: New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1923. (\$4.50)

Any comment upon this book, to be fair, should take into consideration its professed aim, which is

printed at length upon the jacket. The most important sentence of this announcement is as follows: "The main purpose is to reproduce as many as possible of the greatest pictures in the world and to say enough about their painters for the reader to understand what are their peculiar characteristics, and what are the qualities of the work that make it beautiful and inspiring."

On the first count, that of reproduction, it must in honesty be said that the quality is poor. The actual pictures chosen for illustration are good enough and representative enough as far as they go; but they are marred in the plates. The half-tones are all somewhat muddy and in a few instances, such as *The Man With the Pinks* (p. 26) and *The Adoration of Jesus* (p. 35), so badly blurred as to be useless. All the color plates are raw and unfused, too hot with an ugly shade of red.

On the second count, that of text, more credit can be allowed. However, the reliance upon others who have previously written about the painters here considered seems rather excessive in view of the fact that Sir William Orpen assumes responsibility. It need not be supposed that he actually wrote the book, since the title-page is careful to state that he *edited* it; but we might reasonably look for fresher and more personal judgments than the excessive amount of anecdote and quotation permits.

Yet the prevailing tone and specific opinions are quite in harmony with what one would expect from an examination of the editor's own painting. The whole course of the art in Europe is regarded as a progressive solution of the problems of surface imitation. "Realistic efficiency," a phrase applied to classical painting, is insisted upon at every stage; the artist's business is to render the normal vision of man and wisely to refrain from "a futile endeavor to dig beneath the surface." Altogether, the tendency of this book, which will doubtless, because of the pronounced success of the preceding *Outlines*, be widely purchased and adopted as a guide, is not towards deepening and liberalizing its readers' understanding of painting, but rather towards confirming the most widespread of all misapprehensions concerning the nature and function of art. It affords one more instance to show that the ideas of a painter about painting—just as those of a poet about poetry, or those of a musician about music—are likely to be limited by the nature of his own practice and so cannot be taken for gospel truth by those who desire to attain an appreciation of its various historical manifestations.

Since this first volume is confined to painting from Giotto to the nineteenth century, room may

still be found in the second for some hint that there are in existence other kinds of painting and many other arts. But there is evidence enough that the work is wrongly called *The Outline of Art*. For in little more than three pages of text it airily passes over prehistoric, Egyptian, Assyrian, Babylonian, Greek and Roman art; nor does it so much as mention the Mycenaean discoveries out of which Reinach years ago made so important a link in what is still the best popular introduction to the history of art.

VIRGIL BARKER.

\* \* \*

THE BOOK OF LOVAT CLAUD FRASER, BY HALDANE MACFALL: NEW YORK, IMPORTED BY E. P. DUTTON AND COMPANY, 1923. (\$9.00.)

This is in no sense an official biography but a personal appreciation by the friend who claims to have been the closest of all to the lovable Lovat. On two or three occasions the author seems to be trying to pay off old scores by remarks which have a touch of bitterness in them, but in general the book is a vivacious and occasionally touching record of friendship. Fraser himself was very much of a Splendid Wayfarer through life, a high-spirited gentleman with a shade of swagger; so it is, in a way, appropriate that he should be written about in MacFall's ornate and mannered periods. But the chief merit of this volume, a merit which makes it an exceptionally desirable addition to the class of "gift-books," is the profusion with which it reproduces Fraser's own drawings; almost every page bears its romantic little house or its strutting cavalier, put down with a reed pen so boldly as to make one think of wood block prints.

VIRGIL BARKER.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

GOUDY, AN ADDRESS BY TEMPLE SCOTT. PRIVATELY PRINTED.

ABBOTT THAYER, COMPILED BY NATHANIEL POUSSETTE-DART: NEW YORK, FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY, 1923. (\$1.00.)

WINSLOW HOMER, COMPILED BY NATHANIEL POUSSETTE-DART: NEW YORK, FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY, 1923. (\$1.00.)

ORIGINAL DESIGN: BOOK 1, GEOMETRIC PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS, BY S. J. CARTLIDGE: NEW YORK, E. P. DUTTON AND COMPANY, 1923. (\$2.50.)



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If by any chance your dealer does not carry a supply of THE ARTS, we shall, if you can conveniently furnish us with his name and address, be pleased to take up with him the matter of placing an order. We wish to make it as easy as possible for you to secure your copy each month.

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Einsel, 34 E. 58th St.  
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Hanfstaengl, 153 W. 57th St.  
Holliday Book Shop, 10 West 47th St.  
R. H. Macy, Broadway at 34th St.  
Montross Gallery, 550 Fifth Ave.  
Mussmann Gallery, 144 W. 57th St.  
The New Gallery, 600 Madison Ave.  
Putnam's, 2 W. 45th St.  
Sunwise Turn, 53 E. 44th St.  
Times Building, Basement.  
Wanamaker's, Broadway at 9th St.  
Washington Sq. Book Shop, 27 W. 8th St.  
M. J. Whaley, 749 Fifth Ave.  
Weyhe, 710 Lexington Ave.

## OAKLAND, CAL.

Emma R. Ilsen, 534 15th St.

## OMAHA, NEB.

Holtz News Co., 103 N. 16th St.

## PHILADELPHIA, PA.

George W. Jacobs & Co., 1628 Chestnut St.  
Wanamaker's, Market St.

## PITTSBURGH, PA.

The Hamilton Book Co., 123 S. Whitfield St.  
Pittsburgh, E. E., Pa.  
Hays' Book Shop, 6126 Penn. Ave.  
Highland Cigar Store, 132 S. Highland  
Jones' Book Shop, 637 Wood.  
Kaufmann's, Fifth Ave.

## PORTLAND, OREGON.

Rogers' Candy Store, B'way and Yamhill St.

## ST. LOUIS, MO.

Scruggs Vandervoort Co.  
The Grand Leader.

## SAN DIEGO, CAL.

Artemesia Book Shop, 1155 6th St.

## SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Paul Elder, Books, 239 Post St.  
The Print Rooms, 540 Sutter St.  
French Book Shop, Stockton St.

## SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Johnson Book Store, 391 Main St.

## WASHINGTON, D. C.

Brentano's, 11th and F Sts.

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